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MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND.

VOL. III.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND;

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui——— VIRG. Ecl.

Spem longam reseces——— HOR. Od.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET,
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But abſent, what fantaſtic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd ſpring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk

Strays,

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Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoften'd ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world
And all the ſons of care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight-ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart in to the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies.
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then, perhaps,
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,

And

And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft' with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where, ſuccourleſs and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by the outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks!

THOMPSON.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND.

LETTER XXXVI.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Zurich, July 30.

ARRIVED thus far on our way to Schaffhauſen, we purpoſe to remain here ſome time in order to view every object worthy of obſervation in this place; and

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thoſe moments which our party ſpend in repoſe, Gertrude's friendſhip dedicates to her beloved Angelica.

The enlivening vivacity of Madame de Valmont yielded to an intereſting dejection, that encreaſed from day to day, as our departure from Richterſwyl drew nearer; and in compliance with our entreaties, ſhe readily conſented to make one of our party to Schaffhauſen. Her ſociety is a moſt pleaſing acquiſition to us ſince ſhe poſſeſſes a gaiety of diſpoſition, and manners extremely engaging, and which have the power of diſpelling the melancholy that might infect our domeſtic circle, at the approach of our affecting ſeparation.

Our journey hither has been delightful.

The weather proved enchanting; and the luxuriant ſeaſon cloaths this beautiful country in its richeſt dreſs.

Sometimes

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Sometimes we ſkirted my native lake, whoſe borders preſent a continued variety of ſcenery, and innumerable fine points of view, which might inſpire a painter's pencil with an almoſt endleſs ſucceſſion of ſtriking landſcapes.

Our road now winded along level ſhores overſhadowed by groves of beech, oak, and elm; and then aſcended and deſcended alternately over gently ſwelling hills covered with lively verdure, and tufted with clumps of trees; and ſometimes we mounted acclivities of rude and ſhaggy mountains, whence we beheld an extent of proſpect ſtretching over cultivated vallies, fertilized by meandring ſtreams, and enriched by numerous villages, and thickly ſcattered cottages emboſomed amidſt woods, whoſe ſylvan ſcenes were terminated by a diſtant perſpective of the rugged and ſtupendous Alps.

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As we wound up and down the mountains ſurrounding the lake, our path was frequently overſhadowed by foreſts, whoſe thickly interwoven branches excluded alike the enlivening ſun beams and the proſpect of the lake, till we reached a glade whence we caught a view of the glittering expanſe of water and landſcape burſting on the ſight, and illumined by the refulgent rays that could not penetrate our ſhades.

Here frequently we ſpread our ſtore of proviſions on the cool and verdant graſs, refreſhed by a limpid current which ſerved for beverage at our repaſt, that we ate with reliſh after exerciſe; while we reſted ourſelves on rude ſeats of moſs-grown ſtones, encircled with ſoft herbage and fern, with broom, heath, dock-leaves, and thorny brambles enwoven. Often as we ſat thus at our rural meal the mountain-goat ſtarted from

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from the neighbouring thicket, and bruſhing through ſurrounding buſhes, bounded off to his rocky cliffs, where he was uſed to browze upon the thymy ſteeps. Here we beheld him with his herd hanging on the ſhrubby precipices, or gamboling with frolickſome ſkips from rock to rock, while we purſued our way at their foot, along the water's edge, or over promontaries looking down on the lake below us, whoſe clear expanſe reflected the impending heights quivering on the undulating ſurface.

Wherever we found a ſpot peculiarly pictureſque we ſtopped for ſeveral hours wandering up and down the ſcene.

In theſe ſituations we frequently arrived at a romantic hamlet, the neat cottages of which afforded us a temporary lodging, as comfortable as it was rural. In ſuch we generally took up our abode for the night, ſharing the ſimple

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fare and amuſements of our ruſtic hoſts.

Excellent bread, butter, milk, honey, and fruits almoſt every where abound; and the induſtrious and hoſpitable peaſants gladly ſet before the weary traveller the choiceſt produce of their well-tilled grounds.

The frank kindneſs of their manners, the delicate cleanlineſs, and extreme neatneſs of their ruſtic cots, the harveſt labours, and the innocently joyous ſports which ſucceed them, and cloſe the rural pleaſures of a toilſome day, preſent the livelieſt image of ſylvan happineſs and a paſtoral life.

The gaily picturesque dreſſes of the country people, the ſprightly muſic of the ſhepherd's rebec, and the blithſome peaſant dances, exhilirated my ſpirits, while I beheld them every evening aſſembled in a jocund throng, amuſing them-

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themſelves in ſportive groups before their cottages. My amiable parents, who unite information of the world, and a reliſh for the ſoft elegancies of poliſhed ſociety, with a taſte for the ſimple charms of nature, enjoyed the ſight of country felicity; and Madame de Valmont's gaiety delighted in the appearance of feſtive pleaſures, while Arminfeld's heart in uniſon with mine, and the general teſtimonies of joy, felt ours as complete as mortals dare aſpire to experience in this ſublunary ſtate.

Sometimes we hired a boat, and coaſted the lake, admiring the wild and picturesque ſcenery which preſents itſelf on every ſide.

Arminfeld's pencil and mine were frequently employed in ſketching the various proſpects. On one ſide he delineated vallies bounded by gently riſing hills, above whoſe wooded brows, ſtu-

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pendous chains of barren mountains carried the eye up to the pyramidal and rocky ridges of the alps; and, on the other hand, I drew the ſteepy craggs of granite, which riſe perpendicularly from the water's edge, fringed with feathery pines, and from whoſe impending cliffs, foamy torrents daſh into the lake.

Whilſt we were thus occupied in ſtriking off unfiniſhed draughts, as deſigns for future pictures, the watermen buſied themſelves in fiſhing, and procuring our dinner, either with the deceitful line or wily net, we landed to prepare our repaſt, and dine on ſhore, wherever an inviting ſpot attracted us. Sometimes we ſpread our cloth on verdant meadows, richly enamelled with flowers, and ſkirted with thickets of coppice-wood; or, if the ſun ſhone too brightly, we retired from the open lawns to coverts, where, under the refreſhing ſhade of oaks, beeches,

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beeches, and elms, we ſeated ourſelves near the ſedgy bank. Here the breeze whiſpered coolneſs, even at mid-day, as it murmured through the ruſtling grove, ſighed among the bending ruſhes, and gently agitated the foliage of the water-lily, floating near the weedy verge of the lake, ſought by the panting cattle. Some of the herd drank the pure wave; others, laving their ſides, ſtood reflected in the cryſtal mirror round them, while the reſt reclined, ruminating on the tender herbage at the root of the trees that ſtretched their verdant arms over the bank, and dipped their leafy branches into the flood.

Nothing could exceed the delights of our journey through this ſingularly romantic country, every ſtep of which was diverſified with the moſt pleaſing objects, conſiſting of a ſeries of hills and dales, mountains and vallies, and luxuriant

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paſtures, vineyards, and corn-fields, interſperſed with foreſts, hamlets, and villages.

Each morning getting up at break of day we ſaw the dawn bluſh, and the dew drops gliſten in the riſing ſun. At an early hour we purſued our way, generally on foot, to enjoy the ſweet breath of morn. After a charming walk over ſpangled lawns or dewy encloſures, we gained ſome neighbouring farm, where eggs, cream, honey, and bread and butter, afforded us a delicious breakfaſt. At noon we reſted in foreſt glades, near a purling brook, or ſought ſome woody dell, where fountains bubbled, or elſe deſcended a rocky glen, where cool ſprings murmuring flow from their ſource down a flinty channel. Every evening we watched the ſetting ſun reflected in the lake of Zurich, and gilding its ſurrounding ſcenery with its depart-

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ing rays; and as the ſtarry night came on we ſheltered ourſelves in ſome ruſtic cabin, to the hoſpitable wicket of which we were guided by the glimmering light.

As we entered the rural habitation to aſk an aſylum till the morning, the honeſt farmer bowed with a clowniſh grace, the civil dame courteſied with an uncourtly air, and the peaſant lads and laſſes of their houſehold ſaluted us with aukward reverences, while the engaging ſmile of natural benevolence, beaming from each eye, and irradiating every countenance, welcomed us with a grace as winning, though not ſo poliſhed, as that of courts.

The peaſants in this country are generally virtuous, and the innocence of their manners touch and pleaſe the heart; but I can conceive that in countries where the lower orders are leſs

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amiable, the vices of ſociety muſt be infinitely more diſguſting and terrific amongſt the common people, than in the higher claſſes. The latter, inſtructed and trained by education, and reſtrained by pride (if by no moral or religious feeling), will ſhun thoſe crimes to which the inferior ranks are more prone from ungoverned paſſions and want of ſhame.

We could not prevail on my dejected brother to accompany us on this excurſion. He has, however, reluctantly conſented to leave Richterſwyl; but has requeſted to remain there with our truſty and faithful old domeſtic Arnold, until my father is ſettled at Stutgard, whither Auguſtus and our confidential attendant are to follow by the ſhorteſt and ſpeedieſt route.

Alas! I much fear no change of air or ſcene will have efficacy to re-eſtabliſh my

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my beloved brother's health, or reſtore his mind to its original chearfulneſs.—But the will of Heaven be done!

The evening is fine, and we are going to the public walk. It is planted with a double row of lime-trees, and follows the ſerpentine courſe of the Limmat, which, uniting its current with with that of the Sil, winds through a lawn, laid out into a promenade, where the inhabitants of Zurich daily aſſemble in the ſummer.

The river divides the town, and flows with a rapid ſtream into the lake, on which the city is beautifully ſituated.

A delightful amphitheatre of hills, ſloping in a gentle deſcent to the borders of the water, form the environs, which are charmingly diverſified by paſtures and vineyards, interſperſed with cottages, hamlets, and villas; and on the weſtern ſide, the bold and gloomy ridge

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ridge of the Utliberg extends towards the Albis, connecting with that chain of mountains that riſe gradually to the Alps.

Auguſt 2.

The refined taſte, and extenſive information of the accompliſhed Arminfeld, has been a continual ſource of delight and inſtruction to me ſince our arrival at this place, juſtly celebrated for the immortal geniuſes it has produced.

We have viewed the public ſeminaries, and libraries, viſited the charitable inſtitutions, and examined almoſt every private cabinet of natural hiſtory, muſeum, and collection of books worthy of notice; to which we have been introduced and accompanied by the ſeveral profeſſors of this city. Our ſtay in it has been rendered

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rendered agreeable by their polite attentions to my amiable mother, Madame de Valmont, and myself, recommended to their affiduities by the merits of my beloved father and Arminfeld, who are both infinitely refpected here in their profeffional capacity, and almoft adored for their perfonal virtues.

Arminfeld, at all times engaging, never appeared to fuch advantage as in the literary focieties here, where I have had the delight of feeing him particularly diftinguifhed by his talents, and the moft flattering confideration of men eminent in genius and learning.

To the information of maturity, he unites the becoming modefty of youth, that engaging quality which almoft induces wifdom to excufe ignorance, adorns the moft brilliant acquirements, and is a teft of the fineft underftanding. Arminfeld's modefty is even greater than his

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his knowledge, and ſets it off to the higheſt advantage.

To-morrow we quit Zurich; and purpoſe to purſue our way to Baden by water. The navigation of the Limmat at this ſeaſon muſt be enchanting: you ſhall have an account of it from Baden, where we mean to remain as long as we find our ſtay agreeable.

Receive now, from this place, a token of my affectionate remembrance; and be aſſured, my beloved Angelica, that the tender and faithful heart of Gertrude cheriſhes in every ſituation the affecting recollection of her deareſt friend.

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LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Baden, Auguſt 7.

We arrived here in excellent health and ſpirits, after a very pleaſing expedition on the Limmat; and I ſeize the firſt leiſure moment to aſſure my deareſt friend Angelica, that ſhe lives continually in Gertrude's fond remembrance.

Leaving the delightful environs of Zurich, as the ſun roſe we beheld his beams glittering on the river, which rolls to the lake his tributary ſtream. The Idylls of Geſſner had lately been our ſtudy; and we quitted thoſe ſcenes with regret

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regret, which had inſpired the touching verſes of the immortal poet.

The borders of the Limmat, which, at our firſt embarkation, exhibited a flat, ſwelled, as we advanced, into ſylvan hills, clothed with rich paſtures, and encloſures of vine; and, as we approached Baden, roſe into ſteep banks, fringed to the water's edge with pictureſque and hanging trees, the pendent branches in many places drooping into the ſtream.

Baden is not remarkable for any thing, except having been a Roman fortreſs; and on that account, I could not help viewing it with veneration.

On the day after our arrival we made an excurſion to viſit the ruins of the caſtle of Hapſburg. It ſtands on the ſide of a hill, crowned with variegated woods; and our way to it aſcended through a dark grove of beech, which appeared

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appeared as ancient as the mouldering tower it ſurrounded. Conſtructed with maſſy ſtones, diſcoloured with moſs, and mantled with ivy, it overlooks the adjacent country, through which the Aar, deſcending in torrents from the neighbouring mountains, and ſpreading into a vaſt baſon in the vale below, thence precipitates its foaming current down narrow glens among the rocks to wind its courſe majeſtically through wide and fertile plains.

From the ruins we beheld the Reuſs and the Limmat roll their ſtreams to unite with the waters of the Aar. Here we viewed the ſolitude where the remains of princes reſt in ſilence. At a diſtance, we diſcovered the valley where the ruins of the celebrated Vindoniſſa lie ſcattered amongſt weedy rubbiſh and long waving graſs; and beyond this magnificent country we ſaw ſeveral anti-

quated

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quated caſtles on the hills raiſe their turrets above ſurrounding gloomy ſhades, marking with deſolation the deſerted and ſolitary ſcenes, terminated by the ſublime and uninhabited ſummits of their Alpine boundaries.

Theſe awful proſpects addreſs the heart and underſtanding, teaching both not to aſpire ardently after worldly grandeur, nor place confidence in human happineſs: The firſt, like its emblem the ſtupendous pile, falls into mouldering ruin and decay; and the laſt fades away, as the light of day vaniſhes from the ſight at the approach of night.

Occupied with theſe reflections, I leaned penſively over the ruined walls of the deſolated fabric, once the reſidence of ſovereigns, who roſe to the imperial dignity, and yet have paſſed like ſhadows that attend the ſun's courſe, and ſink into darkneſs in his abſence.

As

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As the long grafs and ivy waved around me midft huge heaps of ruins, my eye was carried to thofe of Vindoniffa, ftill more ancient, now the juft emblem of their once powerful founders; whofe former wide dominion exifts no more—perifhed with the Roman greatnefs, at prefent a mere found! A tear ftole down my cheek as I marked the fite of the citadel erected by the Romans.

"Why does my Gertrude weep?" demanded Arminfeld tenderly.

"At the reflection of the viciffitudes of life, my dear Arminfeld," replied I, "Yet a little while and we fhall be no more, as thofe who have paffed before us. And who can tell what incidents may intervene between this period and our deceafe!"

"Whatever occurs, fhall we not confole each other?" cried he eagerly, "Shall

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"Shall we not live inſeparable? Perhaps it may be our happy fate to die in each other's arms—lie in the ſame grave—and ſoar together to immortal felicity! At any event if death ſhould part us, our ſeparation can be but ſhort. —I feel I could not ſurvive you, and, perhaps, Gertrude, my deceaſe might haſten yours. What is time to eternity? A moment in compariſon.

"Far from the buſy cares of greatneſs we ſhall paſs our days in calm contentment. We have ſpent the morning of our life together; the meridian and evening of it will glide on in each other's loved ſociety. And, if we ſhould part for a ſhort while on this ſide Heaven, ſhall we not part to meet in bleſſed eternity?"

The enthuſiaſm with which Arminfeld ſpoke this touched my heart, and yet enlivened it.

We

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We refreſhed ourſelves at a cottage in the vicinity of the caſtle, and proceeded in the evening to Baden; which place we are to leave to-morrow. This letter I mean to continue on my journey to Schaffhauſen, and diſpatch it thence.—At preſent, my dear Angelica, I muſt lay aſide my pen.

Auguſt 8.

Unwilling to break a promiſe to you, my beloved Angelica, and bearing in mind that I made yeſterday at Baden, of writing to you on my way to Schaffhauſen, I ſeize the pen to acquaint you of our approach to that place which will terminate our travels for ſome time.

Our journey to-day has, as uſual, been delightful. The weather fine, the

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road romantic, and our breakfaſt and dinner amongſt the woods quite in the paſtoral ſtyle.

I an now writing in a cottage, ſeated on the ſide of a hill. The lattice, near which I have placed myſelf, is half ſhaded by vine branches clinging round, and ſhooting acroſs while ſome of the luxuriant foliage and tendrils creep into the ruſtic apartment. From this lattice I behold a hanging wood of beech, elm, oak, and pines; and through the knotty ſtems of the trees I catch glimpſes of the Rhine, winding his flood between his picturesque and verdant banks. Through a viſto in the adjoining grove I ſee the ſpire of a neighbouring village church illuminedwith the ſoftened rays of the weſtern ſun. This reminds me that our ſupper hour draws nigh. The peaſants are dancing in front of the cottage, to the merry ſound of a rebec played by

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by an old ſhepherd. I hear Madame de Valmont laughing, and Arminfeld's voice calling me to the lawn.—Adieu

Ten o'Clock at Night.

I was called away from my letter this evening, my beloved Angelica, to ſee my father and Madame de Valmont dance an almand. The marchioneſs had propoſed it, and my dear father could not refuſe the entreaties of ſo amiable a ſupplicant. My heart leaped with delight to behold the gaiety of my reſpected parent, which ſeemed to enliven the whole groupe.

The engaging and elegant Arminfeld ſolicited my hand for a dance with ſuch a grace that I was forced to comply. Never did I move with a lighter heart or ſteps. The ruſtic ſpectators were de-

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lighted; and expreſſed their admiration with a ſincerity that could not fail to pleaſe and affect us.

Our rural ſupper was ſerved upon the lawn before the cottage door; and the rude table, benches, and utenſils tempted us to a repaſt as reliſhing as it was ſimple. The laſt ſheaf of wheat, gleaned from the corn fields of our honeſt hoſt, had been this day houſed; and each ſwain and his laſs had a trophy of harveſt home in their hats.—They ſeated themſelves on the graſs about us, and the ſmile and jeſt went round the circle; while an old venerable goat-herd, from a neighbouring cot, played on his ruſtic inſtrument, the younger peaſants danced; and the blithſome farmer and his dame diſtributed the fare which labour rendered delicious.

In theſe ſylvan ſcenes of innocence and peace the ſoul expands, and ſeems to

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to embrace all human kind with fraternal benevolence.

The laſt ſtreaks of light faded away on the horizon as our ſupper concluded. The peaſants and ſhepherds retired home with their implements of labour. Our good hoſt enjoyed his pipe under his vine at the cottage door, and his dame arranged every thing within the cabbin, while we ſtrolled down the ſide of the romantic hill, and beheld the Rhine meandering his ſilvery courſe through proſpects darkened by the ſhades of evening—its creſcent faintly illumined the dewy landſcape, and the deep celeſtial concave, glittering with myriads of lucent orbs, ſhed a trembling radiance through the night.

During our ſilent walk, at that ſtill and ſolemn hour, my heart was abſorbed by religious awe refining the ſocial ſen-

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timents of general benevolence, love, and friendſhip; and the latter gave a ſigh to the amiable Angelica.

Schaffhauſen, Aug. 9.

At the cottage where I wrote the latter part of the preſent packet, we reſted peaceably under the humble roof, and were awakened next morning at dawn by the matin ſong of birds, the blithſome whiſtle of the young goat-herd, and the chearful chanting of the cottage milk-maid. A blue miſt concealed the vale till the riſing ſun's bright ſaffron beams diſperſed the fog, which aſcended in bluſhing vapour—the dew drops, pendent on the vine leaves encircling my lattice window, fell in a gliſtening ſhower on the moiſt boſom of

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of the earth as I threw open the caſement to admit the ſcented breath of morn. And as I ſtood to inhale the refreſhing air, I beheld Arminfeld leaning with folded arms againſt a tree, contemplating the opening landſcape. He remained ſome moments fixed as if wrapped in thought, then raiſed his eyes to my window, and kiſſed his hand to me as I waved mine to him. He beckoned me to the lawn, and pointed towards the path winding down the declivity of the hill. Preparing inſtantly for a morning walk, I joined him under the tree, where we ſtood ſome time viewing the goats turned out to browze, and frolicking over verdant flower-enamelled hillocks to the banks of thyme where they were uſed to feed on aromatic herbs.

The low of cattle grazing in the fields below us, rang through the val-

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lies, and was echoed by the ſurrounding mountains. And ſhortly a herd advanced up the ſide of the hill, driven by a peaſant to a neighbouring cow-ſhed. Here we ſaw them milked, and the brimming pails frothing over in the dairy, while the ſweet-ſcented breath of the cattle perfumed the farm yard.

After a walk through dew-beſpangled glades and enamelled meadows, we returned to breakfaſt at the cottage, and thence purſued our route to Schaffhauſen.

As I approached it, my heart palpitated with acute and indefinable ſenſations. The expectation of meeting the amiable Baroneſs Wetzler, whom I had not ſeen for many years, the intereſting occaſion of my viſit to her, and the idea of ſoon beholding my beloved parents leave me, perhaps, never to meet again, ſunk me into a temporary dejection

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jection. Arminfeld ſeemed to be affected almoſt equally with myſelf; and we entered Schaffhauſen in ſilence.

Our arrival at the houſe of the Baroneſs was the firſt thing that drew our attention from our own thoughts.

Arminfeld's amiable relation received us with an affection equal to her courteſy. The recollections of our childhood are often erroneous; and, perhaps, for that reaſon, I imagined the Baroneſs much altered. The ſoft ſmile of benevolence beams from her eyes, her manners are mild, and her converſation engaging. She embraced Arminfeld with parental tenderneſs; and he reveres in her the likeneſs and reſpectable repreſentative of a deceaſed mother, whom he loved with the moſt enthuſiaſtic filial affection. To me the Baroneſs extends a portion of the regard ſhe feels for her amiable nephew,

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and honors me with thoſe careſſes by which ſhe gained my heart in my childhood. While ſhe recalled thoſe times to my remembrance, Arminfeld's eyes gliſtened with tears of ſentiment, and thoſe of ſympathy bedewed my cheek.

"Ah! Madam, we were then bleſſed with the preſence of my regretted parents," cried he with a ſigh.

"We were ſo, my dear child," ſaid his aunt, paſſing her handkerchief acroſs her eyes.

Adalbert walked to the window, and I paſſed into another chamber to conceal my emotion.

Baroneſs Wetzler announced to us that ſhe was in daily expectation of her ſon's arrival, whom ſhe has apprized of Arminfeld's viſit, and his approaching nuptials; at which ſhe had wiſhed all her children to be preſent; but her ſecond daughter is now at Vienna, and her

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her eldeſt, the young Counteſs Delmanhoff, is confined at home in daily expectation of becoming a mother.

Informed of our intended viſit, Baroneſs Wetzler excuſed herſelf from attending her daughter at this critical moment: a circumſtance ſhe wiſhed to conceal from us out of motives of delicacy, had not Arminfeld's particular enquiries reſpecting the Counteſs unavoidably led to an unwilling diſcovery of the amiable Baroneſs's poſition.

"Ah!" cried Arminfeld, "how concerned am I to be the cauſe of ſuch a mortifying diſappointment to my dear aunt and couſin, whoſe mutual preſence on this intereſting event muſt be ſo deſirable to both. Ah! if the kind Gertrude will conſent to accelerate my happineſs, and name a day that will ſpeedily arrive, to celebrate our union, you may yet, my deareſt Madam, be

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fortunate enough to reach the Countess before her confinement."

I felt the delicate propriety of Arminfeld's proposal, and the utter impossibility of preventing, by my refusal to acquiesce in it, the long projected visit of an anxious mother to her daughter, at a time when they must ardently desire to be together; and I blushed assent to Arminfeld's desire; whilst the prospect of an immediate separation from my beloved parents, whose society I had flattered myself with the hopes of enjoying for several weeks at this place, started tears to my eyes. My beloved mother caught the infectious melancholy, and the tender bosom of Arminfeld heaved a sigh at the diminution attending his felicity; whilst the amiable Baroness penetrating our respective feelings, and knowing how to sympathize in them, generously insisted on

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on our remaining her gueſts for many weeks; aſſuring us the ſight of our happineſs, and the lively intereſt with which her parental affection participated in it, would ſufficiently conſole her for being abſent at the birth of her little expected grand-child.

"Ah! my dear Baroneſs," cried my mother, "I feel that nothing can conſole the maternal affliction of abſence from a beloved child; and particularly on ſuch an affecting occaſion as that of becoming a grandmother. My fate, alas! ſeparates me from a loved daughter at one of the moſt intereſting events of her life. What are days or weeks, compared to months and years which may be the term of our ſeparation? Let us then have the pleaſure of preventing a ſuffering of whoſe acuteneſs we can judge from experience. And while Gertrude and I lament each

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other's abſence, let us each conſole our-ſelves with the comforting reflection that our haſtened ſeparation has prevented yours and the amiable Counteſs of Del-manhoff's.

"I pretend not," ſaid the Baroneſs, ſmiling at Arminfeld, "to retard your felicity—but I inſiſt on detaining you all as my gueſts, until the approach-ing feſtive ſeaſon of the vintage. I ſhall then have an opportunity of en-livening my abode with rural pleaſures, ſuch as muſt delight hearts of ſenſibility like yours. And you, my dear Ma-dam," added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to my mother, "who know the charm of Gertrude's ſociety, will not, ſurely, relinquiſh it whilſt there is a poſſibility of enjoying it, nor wiſh to deprive me of a happineſs I can ſo rarely obtain as that of her preſence."

My

My dear mother, melting into tears of affection and gratitude combined, was obliged to retire to her own apartment; whilſt Arminfeld exclaimed, "charming, excellent women! who are capable of ſacrificing your tendereſt feelings to each other."

My father paced the room in ſilent emotion. Mine prevented the utterance of the various ſenſations which filled my heart.—And at that inſtant the entrance of a domeſtic with a letter relieved us each from a diſtreſſing and embarraſſing ſituation.

"This packet," cried the Baroneſs with a ſweet ſmile, "comes from my daughter the Counteſs Delmanhoff, who deſires me to preſent her ſalutations to each of my gueſts, and entreat them to honor her by becoming hers until after the birth and chriſtening of my little expected grand-child."

We

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We all bowed our thanks for the kind and flattering invitation, while Baroneſs Wetzler continued, "I know not how you can refuſe the earneſt entreaties of my daughter, ſince the Count her huſband joins in them, and, under his own name and hand, makes his compliments to all my preſent company, uniting in the invitation to his caſtle in the moſt preſſing manner."

"I feel," ſaid my father, "that it is impoſſible to reject an honor which innumerable obligations induce us to accept; and believe me, madam, the pleaſure of preſenting ourſelves to your amiable ſon and daughter, the Count and Counteſs Delmanhoff, will be conſiderably augmented by the idea that permitting her to enjoy your preſence at this moment, muſt conſiderably overbalance the trouble ours may occaſion."

"May

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"May I then announce your having obligingly consented to honor them with your company?" demanded the Baroness, addressing herself to my father.

"Certainly madam," replied he, bowing.

She instantly sat down to write an answer to her daughter; to whom, and to the Count, Arminfeld requested his acknowledgments might be made in the most respectfully affectionate manner.

"And do me the favour, madam," cried I, "to present mine also, with an assurance that few events could delight me more than this opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with persons whose courtesy impresses me with the most favorable idea of their character."

"You are worthy of knowing and loving each other," said the Baroness, "and

"and this introduction will give me the ſincereſt pleaſure."

Madame de Valmont, who is of courſe included in the invitation, is in ecſtacies at the proſpect of ſharing in feſtive entertainments, from which ſhe has been for ſeveral months debarred. Devoid of exquiſite ſenſibility or extreme refinement, ſhe poſſeſſes a heart naturally amiable and benevolent. Her habits of life, and the diſpoſition they have nurtured, for pleaſure and diſſipation, are too ſtrong to be overcome, or even ſuppreſſed by melancholy circumſtances or diſappointments; but in ſpite of her natural gaiety and volatility, I perceive that the remembrance of the Chevalier frequently checks her vivacity, and that her heart is more faithful to a ſoft attachment than her verſatile fancy leads one to ſuppoſe.

My

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My amiable mother anticipates this visit to the Castle of Delmanhoff, with infinite satisfaction, as a means of retarding our separation for some time; and this reason more than any other renders it delightful to me, although in point of novelty and amusement alone it would be desirable. The principality of Furstemberg is reckoned a pleasing part of Germany, and I shall have the most agreeable opportunity of visiting a country extremely different from my own, which probably I may never in future have occasion to leave. Think not, however, my friend, that will be a subject of regret,—No—sublime are the extensive prospects from my native mountains, sweet the views of our peaceful lakes, and delightful the sylvan scenes of our vallies; and my fancy would never roam from them unless to think of beings tenderly beloved. Friendship has often led

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led my thoughts to England, filial affection will frequently waft a ſigh to Germany, whilſt my heart, bound by the ties of faithful love to the ſpot of my nativity, will wiſh its incomparable ſcenes to be enlivened by the loved preſence of my parents, and my firſt and deareſt friend Angelica. The ſociety of Arminfeld, and his alone, is capable of conſoling me for the abſence of thoſe whom I can never ceaſe to regret.

The neceſſary preparations for our journey to-morrow, although extremely preſſing, have not diverted my attention from the duties of friendſhip, which has a claim on me for an account of our arrival here, and the circumſtances attending it.

Behold me then, my beloved Angelica, preparing to enter the Germanic empire, which I had not the ſmalleſt idea of ſeeing at preſent. How little

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are we aware of the events awaiting us! I can answer for nothing except the affections of my heart; and that of those you must ever possess a very considerable portion. Farewel!

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LETTER XXXVIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Caſtle of Delmanhoff, Aug. 30.

ON the ſummit of one of the loftieſt mountains in Suabia, overlooking the black foreſt, and the courſe of the Danube, one of the fineſt rivers in Europe, the reſidence of Count Delmanhoff rears its antiquated towers, which mark the nobility and ſplendor of a family as grand and ancient as the caſtle, inhabited by its Counts for many generations. As the noble deſcendant of a long race of anceſtors, the preſent poſſeſſor here maintains a magnificent eſtabliſhm[illegible]

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tabliſhment, conformable to the pomp of German pride.

Haughty in his appearance, commanding in his air, and at the ſame time courteous in his addreſs, and polite in his converſation; the Count welcomed us to his caſtle in a manner as engaging as it was ſtately.

The Counteſs uniting beauty with ſenſe, and affability with dignity, renders herſelf and her reſidence charming, by a thouſand little pleaſing condeſcenſions, which true nobility, conſcious it cannot be degraded by them, aſſumes without the fear of diminiſhing the conſequence ſuperior birth and pretenſions muſt always command.

The engaging Counteſs received us as friends, and even as relations, and endeavoured by every means to make the caſtle agreeable to us, until her confinement to her own apartment; ſince which

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which all the care of entertaining us devolved on the Count, who has done the honors with the grace of a finiſhed courtier.

The birth of a ſon, who may be the future ſupport of an ancient and illuſtrious name, has filled every inhabitant of the caſtle with joy, in which we have moſt ſincerely partaken; and when the Counteſs is releaſed from her confinement, theſe extenſive walls will be the ſcene of a ſplendid feſtivity, of which Arminfeld and I cannot at preſent from any idea. The manners of Swiſſerland, ſimple and devoid of all oſtentation, form a ſtriking contraſt with thoſe of Germany; and although prepared for obſerving a difference in dreſs, modes, and behaviour, we were extremely ſtruck by the diſſimilarity between the inhabitants of this country and our own.

Although

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Although it may be natural for every perſon to feel a ſtrong predilection for the manners and cuſtoms of the place of their nativity, I think it an inexcuſable illiberality to depreciate every thing that differs from them. I ſhould be inclined to tolerate, and even approve each variety, from a ſuppoſition that every nation had adopted the exact government, and modes ſuitable to their local ſituation; both which in time model the national character to a peculiarity that renders the people abſolutely unfit for any other ſyſtem, however apparently preferable to their own.

Madame de Valmont cannot accomodate herſelf to the German gravity and formality.—"How inſupportably ſtupid and abſurd are all theſe nobles who viſit the Count!" exclaims the Marchioneſs.

"Do you not conſider madam," demanded Arminfeld one day, "that

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your vivacity, and Parisian etiquette, may be equally distressing to the German nobility, as their seriousness and form are to you."

It is a problem I have not yet been able to solve, how it should happen that the French, who pique themselves on being the politest nation in the world, should be precisely the people, and the only people, perhaps, to despise, harshly condemn, and ridicule, even to the face of foreigners, the manners of their respective countries at the moment they are extolling the modes of France!

The national pride of Count Delmanhoff, perfectly satisfied with the consequence of his own country, feels no necessity to boast its merits, nor depreciate those of surrounding kingdoms, till Madame de Valmont dwells on the superiority of France over every other country. This provokes the Count to contest,

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conteſt, while I calmly witneſs the warmth of argument on both ſides, and ſmile to perceive that each imagines themſelves triumphant; ſince neither the obſtinate ſelf-ſufficiency of French conceit, nor the haughtineſs of German pride will yield, or believe itſelf conquered.

The Prince of Furſtemberg, who has been expected, is at length arrived with a numerous retinue of nobles. Some from the neighbouring ſtates have alſo been invited to ſhare the commencing feſtivities, which the Counteſs is to grace by her preſence to-day. The hurry of the ſcene calls me from this pleaſure to others not equally intereſting to my heart, which, amidſt its greateſt gaiety, will wiſh its deareſt friend Angelica happy enough to enjoy that of London.—Ah! how ardently I long to hear from thence of you, and of Lord Albion.

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September 10.

The Prince is this day departed, and his abſence has cauſed a ceſſation of the feſtivity his preſence rendered indiſpenſible.

Entertainments of concerts and balls enlivened his Highneſs's abode in this caſtle, which daily echoed to muſic and dancing during his ſtay.

The Prince's perſon is handſome, his air dignified, and his mind accompliſhed; he converſes with affability, and dances with grace, is in fine an amiable and intereſting character, but—how infinitely does Arminfeld excel him!

Good God! had Arminfeld been a ſovereign, how diſtinguiſhed he would have been!

In

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In his native rural ſcenes he is irreſiſtably charming; in literary ſocieties he is particularly brilliant; and in courtly aſſemblies he ſurpaſſes all the grace and elegance they exhibit.

Among the nobility invited to the caſtle on this occaſion, Baron Wetzler, brother to Counteſs Delmanhoff, was included; pride is his chief characteriſtic, as it is of all the German noblility. In them, however, it ceaſes to be a vice, dignifying every idea and action; it elevates their minds, and gives a poliſh to their manners, extremely engaging, in my opinion.

The amiable Baroneſs is to be accompanied home by the young Baron her ſon, and the Count and Counteſs Delmanhoff. Adieu, my deareſt Angelica, I ſhall be impatient to reſume my pen—ſtill more impatient to hear

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from you; and in every place and situation remain your faithfully affectionate friend.

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LETTER XXXIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Schaffhauſen, Sept. 28.

BEHOLD us all, my ſweet friend, once more in Swiſſerland.

We have left German magnificence behind us, at the ſumptuous caſtle of Delmanhoff, and are here aſſembled in the peaceful ſcenes of my native country where we are amuſed by the rural feſtivities of the vintage.

Baroneſs Wetzler has a beautiful vineyard on the banks of the Rhine, not far from the cataract of Lauffen, which is ſeen to the utmoſt advantage from a pavilion erected near the river

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ſide. The building is open, light, and airy, conſtructed in the form of a temple, round the colonade of which luxuriant vines twine their wreathing branches, now overloaded with bluſhing cluſters of purple grapes. An avenue of almond and mulberry trees, conducting to the pavilion, forms an arborous walk, the ſides of which are encloſed by feſtoons of vine, hanging between the ſtems and twiſting round them.

From this avenue leading to the gate, the iron work of which is interwoven with richly loaden branches of the juicy grape, numberleſs winding paths, covered with trellis overgrown with vines, diverge through the extenſive vineyard.

To this romantic ſpot we now daily reſort; at ſun-riſe our ſociety leave Schaffhauſen, and after a ſhort and pleaſant

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pleaſant ride, aſſemble to breakfaſt in the pavilion; while the foliage and fruit adorning it gliſten with morning dew, hanging in pearly drops on the verdant leaves and bloomy bunches of the green and purple grape.

The yellow autumnal ſun-beams ſhine brightly over the dewy landſcape of the vale through which the majeſtic Rhine meanders his ſhining current, fringed with tufted woods, variegated with an endleſs diverſity of ſhades in different hues; the tender green of ſpring, in latter ſhoots, peeps through the dark verdure of ſummer, which in ſome places flouriſhes in vivid freſhneſs, and in others is embrowned by autumn that dips her pencil in a hundred different dyes of fading greens, lightly tinged reds, and yellow in ſoft gradations from pale primroſe to deep aurora, emulating, in bright ſaffron tints, refulgent gold.

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Whilſt we ſit at our breakfaſt we behold the neighbouring cataract precipitate its ſea of foam down a rocky channel, in the midſt of which two rugged crags, whoſe ſummits are ſprinkled with ſhrubs, riſe to break the fall of the great ſheet of water, ſcattering it to a conſiderable diſtance and height in a cloud of ſpray.

One of the crags is perforated by the violence of the torrent, which ruſhes through the rude arch with a hollow ſound that almoſt drowns the daſhing noiſe of the principal caſcade, and the hoarſe murmurs of the foam roaring round the baſis of the ſubjacent ſtones, and ſpattering thence in hiſſing ſpray to the rocks above, whence it ſtreams in little ſilvery currents down their bare and flaty ſides.

Theſe ſhining rills, and the white foam of the torrent in its deſcent, contraſts

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traſts agreeably with the ſea-green colour of the Rhine; and the whole cararact and river form a ſtill more ſtrikingly beautiful contraſt with the variegated tints of the ſurrounding woods.

It is impoſſible to conceive a more ſublime ſcene than that beheld from the pavillion, which beſides the wonderful and awful object of the juſtly celebrated cataract of Lauffen, commands a view of its pictureſque caſtle, ſituated on the edge of an immenſe precipice, and projecting over the river; near the maſſy fabric ſtands a church; and ſeveral romantic cottages appear cloſe to the water-fall, which is ſet off by a back ground of rocks planted with vines, or tufted with hanging woods, above whoſe tops the eye is carried to an amazing height, where on wild cliffs is diſcovered a hamlet emboſomed in trees which crown the ſummit of the mountain.

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Theſe beautiful accompaniments to the tremendous body of water, that ſeems to ruſh from the bottom of the rocks, the two rude crags, boldly advancing their heads in the midſt of the torrent, and dividing it into three diſtinct caſcades, forms a proſpect which, perhaps, cannot be ſurpaſſed.

Each day it attracts my admiration and aſtoniſhment; and Arminfeld and I gaze on it every morning enraptured; obſerving it under different aſpects that ſeem to change the whole view.

As the clouds of autumn paſs over the ſky, the landſcape varies unceaſingly into endleſs diverſities of light and ſhade, producing new and ſtriking effects.

Sometimes the caſcade, irradiated by the rays of the ſun, gliſtens as it deſcends amidſt the dark foliage, and the ſhining ſpray in a tranſlucent ſhower reflects the priſmy colours of the rainbow,

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bow, while the ſurrounding ſcenery is darkened by the ſhadows of heavy clouds. At other times the yellow tufts of the woods are gilded by ſun-beams while the cataract is ſhaded; and frequently the projections of the caſtle, hanging over the ſteep is illumined partially by golden rays, which brighten the ſummits of the mountains, and the tips of the trees, while the groves and vallies are enveloped in ſhade.

Thus every object in the view, by turns catching the partial ſun-beams, becomes the prominent feature of the landſcape, and produces an aſtoniſhing variety, which we are never tired of contemplating.

Arminfeld and I have tinted this charming view in many of its diverſities of light and ſhadow; and on the borders of the peaceful lake of Zurich, theſe ſketches will recal ſcenes, and

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perpetuate the lively remembrance of a time extremely dear to us both. Our delightful breakfasts in the pavilion, our rural and amusing occupations in the vineyard in the mornings, our chearful dinners in the arbours, our festive suppers, and our sprightly dances, either in the illuminated pavilion, or on the smooth-shorn green by moon-light, with the amiable company, whose engaging society heightened the exquisite charms of nature, shall remain impressed on Arminfeld's heart and mine; and we shall annually commemorate this joyous season which gives us to each other.

September 30.

Thus far I had written the day before yesterday, since which I have not had time to continue this letter till to-night.

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It is already very far advanced, but I muſt conclude, and diſpatch my packet, for to-morrow will unite your friend Gertrude and Arminfeld in indiſſoluble bonds.

The agitation which the ſpeedily approaching ſolemnity inſpires has repelled ſleep. My fluttering ſpirits ſeem to play around my heart in gentle tremours of mingled ſerioufneſs and gaiety, each tempering the other into calmneſs. In this placid temper of mind, I have reflected on the importance of the duties I am about to aſſume. I have compoſed myſelf by addreſſing prayers to Heaven for power to fulfil them as I ought; and after this duty, I remember that I owe to friendſhip, and haſten to communicate an event, in which my firſt and deareſt friend, Angelica, will take the livelieſt intereſt.

Although

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Although this ſeaſon of the vintage has been paſſed in a continued ſcene of gaiety, I think this day has been uncommonly joyous.

The Baroneſs had invited a good deal of company to the vineyard, to honor with particular feſtivity the day previous to the nuptials of her beloved nephew.

The dawn bluſhed ſweetly as we roſe to purſue our way to the vineyard; and on our arrival at the pavilion, we found it decorated with bunches of flowers tied to the wreaths of vine, which ſeemed, like the orange-tree, to bear both bloſſoms and ripened fruit together.

The company ſoon aſſembled, and the dome of the temple echoed to ſoft ſtrains of muſic, that played on the river during our breakfaſt. After it, the gueſts amuſed themſelves in various ways till dinner. Some parties ſtrolled through the

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the vineyard, ſome ſeated themſelves in the arbours, and others aſſembled in groups to dance on the green, ſloping to the river, in front of the pavilion. On this lawn, tables were ſpread for dinner, under the ſhade of clumps of trees, the ſtems of which were wreathed with fanciful garlands interwoven amongſt the rich feſtoons of vine, from whoſe luxuriant branches we plucked for ourſelves the moſt delicious grapes, while other autumnal fruits in baſkets loaded the rural boards.

Nothing could exceed the gaiety and feſtivity of the ſcene. During dinner, the band played in the pavilion; at ſun-ſet it was illuminated, and the muſic ſtill ſtationed there, with lively meaſures inſpired the ſportive dance. Several groups on the lawn lightly tripped in fantaſtic mazes to the ſprightly ſound of merry dances.

Never

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Never did I ſee Arminfeld move with more admirable grace. Every eye was turned on him; and every tongue extolled his elegance.

Politeneſs obliged him to relinquiſh my hand, ſometimes to ſolicit that of his amiable couſin Counteſs Delmanhoff, and Madame de Valmont's, while Baron Wetzler in courteſy entreated mine.

The Baron has always lived at courts, and has acquired all the poliſh they can give to manners.

On reſigning my hand to Arminfeld at the concluſion of the ſecond dance, he aſſured him he relinquiſhed it with infinite regret, although his couſin was alone worthy of obtaining it.—"I ſhall experience pain alſo," ſaid the Baron, "in ſeeing you united, from the idea that you are going to bury for ever in

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ſecluſion, graces and accompliſhments that might adorn a court."

I ſmiled my commendation of that part of the compliment addreſſed to Arminfeld, but bluſhed at the portion referring to myſelf, whilſt Adalbert encreaſed my embarraſſment by remarking that his noble couſin's eulogeum proved he thought the fair Gertrude perfectly faultleſs, ſince he would not even allow her taſte to have erred in the election of her humble adorer, although he could not conceal how much he envied the fortunate Arminfeld's happy fate." Baron Wetzler ſmiled at this complimentary pleaſantry of Adalbert.

The dancing which had begun in the evening, as the rays of the weſtern ſun gilded the caſtle of Lauffen, continued till the moon's argentine beams ſilvered the dewy landſcape, and illumined the the ſpangled lawn where we were aſ-

ſembled.

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ſembled. As night deſcended a miſty vapour roſe from the river, ſpread over the vale, and enveloping the ſhadowy trees, chilled the air, while a ſoft ſhower obliged the company to ſeek the ſhelter of the pavilion.

Here we danced under the blaze of brilliant lights till ſupper, which concluded the amuſements of a chearful day. Mirth and happineſs pervaded the feſtive circle until it grew late. We then retired to Schaffhauſen.

On our way thither, the moon which had been obſcured, broke through the fleecy clouds, ſilvering their edges and the landſcape, whilſt gliſtening drops of rain fell heavily from the branches of the foreſt through which we paſſed, and pattered around on thick ſtrewn withered leaves, ſcattered by autumnal gales.

The ſcene was calm, the hour was ſtill, and I felt a ſerenity that was uninterrupted.

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interrupted. My dear mother was ſilent, and even the gay Marchioneſs did not ſpeak, but in a ſoft melancholy tone, which ſeemed to lament the abſence of a loſt object, dear to ſentiment, ſhe appeared affected by the placidity of nature's repoſe.

Now, at the peaceful hours of night when all are retired to reſt, my thoughts ſalute the friend of my heart with the moſt ardent wiſhes, that ſhe may yet experience the happineſs of that ſtate I am about to enter.

But hark! What noiſe diſturbs the advancing morning?

My heart palpitates, and I am called. Angelica farewel!

October 1, midnight.

The day which was to have united me to Arminfeld is paſt, and the night ſucceeding

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ſucceeding it has deſtroyed the proſpects of its dawn!

Let us never feel aſſured of human events; as moments paſs our circumſtances vary, but amidſt all the diſappointments and ſorrows of life, Gertrude's affection for Angelica remains unchanged!

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LETTER XL.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Stutgard, Oct. 14.

THE laſt letter I diſpatched to my deareſt friend, muſt have occaſioned an extreme ſurpriſe, and awakened an uneaſineſs, perhaps, even more diſtreſſing than the detail of my ſorrows and diſappointment; which the embarraſſment of my ſituation, at that time, prevented the poſſibility of my communicating even to a heart that would ſincerely have ſympathized in my afflictions. Never were the conſolations of friendſhip more neceſſary to me than at the moment I was debarred

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debarred from enjoying the ſolace they muſt ever afford.

Ah! Angelica, how anxiouſly have I wiſhed for the happineſs of hearing from you and of you! and this anxiety impels me to addreſs you with an entreaty to write to me immediately on the receipt of this, and to requeſt you will direct your letters to this place, which will be my reſidence for ſome time.

I muſt now account to you for the ſudden alteration in our plans and views.

How blind are mortals in all things! and in none more ſo than in their deſtiny. But let us be thankful to Providence for concealing future events from our knowledge, ſince to know them would often deſtroy entirely the portion of happineſs we are permitted to taſte in this earthly ſtate. Frequently on the eve of our bittereſt diſappointments our hopes

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hopes are moſt elated, and often on the brink of the ſevereſt afflictions we enjoy an extraordinary gaiety. This kind ordinance of Heaven abbreviates our ſorrows, and gives an additional inſtance of the wiſdom and mercy of the Power that governs our fate.

But I muſt haſten to acquaint you, my beloved Angelica, with the preſent aſpect of mine.

The day fixed for my union with Arminfeld, inſtead of celebrating it, as we had imagined, preſented a diſappointment to his ardent hopes and expectations; and inſtead of the joy and feſtivity we had anticipated, brought mourning and the cruelſt apprehenſions reſpecting my beloved mother.

In the middle of the night preceding the day fixed for our marriage, I was ſummoned to her chamber, where I witneſſed the afflicting ſight of beholding

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ing her to whom I was indebted for life, apparently haſtening to the awful term of hers. A ſudden and alarming illneſs drew us all round her, to watch every ſigh as her laſt. Never ſhall I forget thoſe agonizing moments, nor the impreſſion they made on the amiable Arminfeld. From three in the morning till ſix, he ſat with folded arms in motionleſs grief near my mother's pillow; and as the day dawned, and ſhed a faint grey light into the chamber, the glimmering taper nearly extinguiſhed, caſt a pale and ſickly hue over his ſad countenance almoſt as death-like as the pallid viſage of my apparently expiring parent, whom we contemplated in ſilent grief.

Arminfeld at length raiſed his tearful eyes to mine, and ſeizing my hand, exclaimed with a deep ſigh, "Good God! my deareſt Gertrude, how drearily does

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does the day fixed to celebrate our nuptials break on us!"

I replied only with a ſigh reſponſive to his, as I looked up and beheld a drizzling rain beating againſt the windows, and every object around me in the diſmal apartment as cheerleſs as my heart.

"Let us, however, my beloved Gertrude, hope the beſt," cried Arminfeld, "and let me indulge the idea that your charming mother's ſpeedy reſtoration to health, may permit me ſoon to enjoy that felicity which this ſorrowful day denies me. This hope can alone conſole me, while I behold your parent's ſufferings, and conſider that by them my happineſs is retarded."

While he ſpoke, I regarded her pale and lifeleſs countenance, where mortality ſeemed to be written in the moſt melancholy certainty; and I ſhuddered

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to look forward to the morrow, or the days ſucceeding it.

Arminfeld participated my fears, my ſorrows, and my ſolicitudes; and our attachment was to us each the only conſolation in our affliction. The amiable Baroneſs Wetzler, and her engaging daughter Counteſs Delmanhoff, with the Marchioneſs, ſhared our cares and anxieties, while the young Baron and his brother-in-law the Count, endeavoured to ſooth the grief of my afflicted father.

The firſt day of my beloved mother's illneſs was a melancholy one indeed! Towards the evening my father called me aſide, and diſcloſed to me that he feared her indiſpoſition originated from the grief occaſioned by the proſpect of her approaching ſeparation from me; and that in conſequence of this idea, he had been endeavouring to prevent the neceſſity of our parting. The ſadneſs which

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which had oppreſſed my ſoul was lightened as he ſpoke, and a gleam of uncertain joy flaſhed acroſs my mind, while I admitted the hope that my union with Arminfeld need not occaſion my ſeparation from my family. Sometimes a half formed notion preſents the proſpect of perfect happineſs, which on maturer reflection is proved fallacious: ſuch was the nature of mine, while my father continued,—"You are not ignorant, my dear Gertrude, that our prudence had fixed a time for your union which is not yet arrived, and I feel it incumbent on me to inform you now, that indulgence to your ſenſibility and Arminfeld's induced us to accede to his earneſt ſolicitations to obtain your hand at preſent. Enthuſiaſtic love diſdains the conſideration of intereſt, but cooler reaſon feels the obligation of attending to it, as a means, although not the chief, of

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ſecuring the happineſs of a wedded life; which may be interrupted, if not deſtroyed, by the anxieties and embaraſſments of the world.

"I had wiſhed and hoped to ſee the amiable Arminfeld's ſmall fortune accumulated to ſomething conſiderable, his ſtudies compleated, and his profeſſional emoluments encreaſing his income to enſure you my dear children from the corroding cares which have hitherto deſtroyed my happineſs, and embittered the life of your excellent mother. The apprehenſion of leaving you and Arminfeld a prey to pecuniary anxieties in the exact ſituation of which I have experienced the uneaſineſs and difficulties, has infinitely encreaſed the ſorrow of our ſeparation from you; and I much dread that your mother's exceſſive ſolicitude for your welfare will deſtroy a life precious to us all!"

"Heaven

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"Heaven forbid it! my father," I exclaimed, claſping my hands, and burſting into a paſſion of tears.

"Heaven forbid it! my child," repeated he alſo, "We have all been concerting meaſures to prevent this dreadful calamity; and with your concurrence hope ſucceſs in our plan."

"Ah! my dear father," cried I, ſeizing his hands, "doubt not my obedience to any paternal command. You have only to point out the means by which I can ſpare you diſquietude, prevent the ſufferings of my mother, and ſecure the advantage of Arminfeld. I feel that my wiſhes ought to accord with yours, ſince their object is the intereſt of thoſe whoſe welfare and happineſs it is my chief duty to conſider and promote. Never could I experience comfort while acting in oppoſition to propriety—No my father, I can ſacrifice every thing to

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you, my revered mother, and Arminfeld."

"And can you my beloved child," demanded my father, "conſent to defer your union with Arminfeld, until your mutual intereſts authorize it? Can you agree to a temporary ſeparation from him, while he compleats his profeſſional ſtudies, and renders himſelf perfectly competent to fill a ſituation in the vicinity of our future reſidence, which the intereſt of his relatives will certainly be able to procure? His couſins, Baron Wetzler and Count Delmanhoff, have each promiſed to exert their influence in his favor at their reſpective courts; and we have every reaſon to expect that Arminfeld may ſoon obtain an honorable and profitable appointment, either from the Prince of Furſtemberg or the Margrave of Baden. The talents of your accompliſhed lover

are

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are calculated for an eminent ſituation; and in either of thoſe we ſhould have the happineſs of your neighbourhood added to that of knowing, and witneſſing frequently, by a perſonal intercourſe, that you were both the ornament of a poliſhed ſociety, in which you are each equally formed to ſhine."

Tears prevented my uttering an anſwer to this ſpeech, and a heavy ſigh was my only reply.

"You heſitate, my child," ſaid my father, taking my hand and preſſing it between his with paternal tenderneſs, which ſeemed to reproach the ſilence that kept him in ſuſpenſe of my determination. Whilſt I read it in the expreſſion of his anxious countenance, my heart reproved me alſo for a failure in filial duty, and I endeavoured to repair it by aſſuring him I was decided to act according to his wiſhes and advice.

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My kind parent embraced me affectionately, and thanked me in the moſt animated manner for my ready acquieſcence in his deſires, requeſting me to guide Arminfeld's reaſon by mine, by convincing him that the delay of our union was for our mutual advantage. "You my ſweet child," added my father, "have the greateſt aſcendance over the energetic mind of Adalbert; you have power to perſuade him to any thing and every thing; and your reaſon and fortitude will be the beſt example and ſupport for his."

"Yes! my father, I feel my power over the enthuſiaſtic ſoul of Arminfeld, and that it is a duty I owe myſelf and thoſe connected with me, to exert it for our mutual advantage. I poſſeſs the power of reſolving to delay the preſentation of my hand to the amiable Adalbert, of relinquiſhing the happineſs of his

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his ſociety for a time; but I feel I poſſeſs not the power of announcing to him reſolutions which will aſſuredly wound his feelings, although they may be approved by his underſtanding. I know his exquiſite ſenſibility, and fear my own might yield to an exceſſive emotion deſtructive to our fortitude at the moment we ſhould moſt require its ſupport. Therefore, my dear father, to your tenderneſs I commit the painful taſk of apprizing Arminfeld of the neceſſity there exiſts to retard our union; and in your ſtrong reaſon I place a confidence of perſuading him to ſubmit as he ought to the preſent urgent and unalterable circumſtances.

My father was too deeply affected to ſpeak; he paced the room in ſilent emotion, and I felt the neceſſity of retiring to conceal mine.

On entering my mother's chamber, I perceived Arminfeld kneeling at her bed-

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ſide, watching a peaceful ſlumber which promiſed a little reſtoration of her exhauſted ſtrength. As I approached he roſe, and, ſeizing my hands, exclaimed in a fervent manner and a ſoft voice, "thank heaven! my Gertrude, our beloved parent ſleeps compoſedly; and we may now hope her recovery. Ah! how many motives ſhall I have to rejoice at the arrival of that day which reſtores her to health! That day I fondly hope will be celebrated by feſtivities attending our union; which will be rendered doubly joyous to us all by the recovery of the moſt amiable of women.

Whilſt he ſpoke, tears of ſentiment gliſtened in his eyes, and bedewed the ſmile of hope; which ſeemed like the revivifying rays of the ſun ſhining through a vernal ſhower.

The animated expreſſion of his countenance, that beſpoke a heart elated with

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with joy and expectation, ſtruck through my ſoul a chilling ſenſation at the idea how ſoon his would be ſaddened; and deſiring him in a low and tremulous voice, to ſeek my father, who had ſomething to communicate, I burſt into a flood of tears, which I hoped would prepare him for the ſentence he was going to receive. Affected by my ſorrow, he tenderly enquired its cauſe, and would have inſiſted on learning it from me, had I not entreated him to enquire it of my father.

Whilſt he kiſſed the hand he preſſed, I motioned him from from me with the other, and the amiable youth obeyed the ſign in ſilent dejection.

The inſtant he left me I ſunk into a chair by my mother's bed-ſide, and mourned, with innumerable tears, the neceſſity of afflicting the heart of Ar-

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minfeld, but the reflection that our mutual ſacrifice would accelerate the recovery of my revered mother, and enſure her eaſe and happineſs, inſpired me with a peaceful ſenſation which enabled me, when ſhe awoke, to conceal from her the ſorrow that ſenſibility found unavoidable.

After ſome time my father appeared; in his countenance I perceived an emotion which aſſured me Arminfeld's had been extreme; and I was impelled to ſeek him in order to leſſen by my preſence and conſolation, the affliction I ſhared equally with himſelf.

I found him in the ſaloon, in a ſtate approaching to diſtraction, which Madame de Valmont was endeavouring to tranquillize.

On beholding me ſhe roſe to meet me, and, with her uſual gaiety took one of my

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my hands and joining it to Arminfeld's, prayed us to continue friends.

"Does Arminfeld doubt I am his madam?" demanded I.

"I do not know," replied the Marchioneſs, "whether he queſtions your friendſhip, but he appears to doubt your affection, for I aſſure you he has been making the bittereſt complaints of your cruelty."

"My cruelty!" repeated I with emotion, "and is the amiable Arminfeld ſo little moved by my mother's ſituation, whoſe grief and anxiety on our account, may prey fatally on a frame too delicate to ſupport the agitation of extreme ſenſibility. Would the gentle Arminfeld bind me, whom he profeſſes to love moſt tenderly, to an engagement, which now compleated, would inevitably haſten the deceaſe of my revered parent?"

"I will

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"I will not mention the affair of our future intereſt, which my father aſſures me would be much injured by our immediate union; I will only inſiſt on that point which I am certain muſt have greateſt weight with the ſentimental Arminfeld. Will that Arminfeld purchaſe the preſent gift of my hand, by the death of my mother?"

He was ſoftened—turned away to conceal a tear, which he bruſhed off; and then bending over my hand, with a look and ſigh of contrition, ſaid, "Ah! my Gertrude do you, can you really think me inſenſible to the ſituation of your revered parent? Believe me, my Gertrude, I regard her as my own, and am taught by your exemplary conduct that which I myſelf ought to purſue. You have convinced me we owe every thing to a mother; and that we can make

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make any ſacrifice to procure her peace.

" Your mild reaſon has obtained a compleat victory over my irrational impetuoſity; and I bluſh at the obſtinate folly it has occaſioned me to commit."

" Ah! madam," cried he, addreſſing himſelf to the Marchioneſs, " with confuſion I muſt retract my unjuſt accuſation of the admirable Gertrude; I cannot ſuſpect her of cruelty—on the contrary I remain more convinced than ever (if poſſible) of the tenderneſs of her heart; which ſurely can never fail towards me, while it is impreſſed ſo ſtrongly with the ſenſe of filial duty."

" Yes, Gertrude, I muſt rely implicitly on your affection for me, ſince I ſee it ſo tenderly evinced for a mother, whoſe claims are great indeed; were you inſenſible to them you might be equally ſo to mine. Intrinſic virtue can alone

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alone be confided in, and yours is proved beyond the poſſibility of doubt.

"To ſave your mother from anxiety, I feel I can relinquiſh the delight of your ſociety, until circumſtances permit me to enjoy it with propriety. To enable myſelf to procure a ſituation more worthy of your excellence, than your affection for me induced you to think of accepting, ſhall be my buſineſs between the period of our ſeparation and re-union."

Arminfeld's eyes ſparkled while he uttered this. A noble ambition animated him with a ſentiment which, in a leſs refined and elevated mind, might have aſſumed the character of pride—but in Arminfeld's ſoul every paſſion, although violent, partakes more of dignified virtue than any ſhadow of vice.

Whilſt I admired, with encreaſed affection, the energies of his enthuſiaſtic character,

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character, he gazed on me with emotion, and after a silence of some moments exclaimed—"Yes! Gertrude, I must—I will leave you—I will not incur the reproach of burying the admirable Gertrude's charms and accomplishments in seclusion.—No; the world shall see them and adore them as I do."

The dejection of parting sorrow, which the varying expression of his countenance pourtrayed, was again lightened by the fire of ambition that flashed from his eyes—and, desirous of strengthening a sentiment which might fortify his soul against feelings that would soften it too much for our situation, I said—"Dear and amiable Adalbert! how can I sufficiently thank you for the ready acquiescence with which you yield to my wishes, and the urgency of the circumstances in which they originate.—Ah! believe me I am fully

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fully ſenſible of my obligations to you, and perceive with pride that you are fitted to ſhine in courts. To behold you the ornament of one would be infinitely gratifying to my affection; which ardently deſires your elevation to a conſpicuous ſtation, although it aſſures me that retirement, and an humble ſphere with you would be delightful. Thus youthful attachments generally argue; but perhaps, Arminfeld, the time might arrive when you would, like my father, regret the ſequeſtration of our native village; and your abilities might then in vain aſpire to a ſituation more congenial to the brilliancy of your genius. To be diſcontented with a lot we cannot alter is abſurd, and may be criminal; but it is both abſurd and criminal to neglect an honourable opportunity of purſuing the road to a ſuperior fortune and ſituation that may make us become more

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more uſeful members of ſociety; to which every man owes the beſt exertion of his talents and powers. Never ſhall Gertrude have to reproach herſelf for bounding your views, and preventing the future eminence and celebrity, which ſeem to await you for purpoſes of public utility. Go then, my dear Adalbert, and purſue with your wonted ardour, thoſe ſtudies that will mature your genius. And let me, in the fulfilment of filial obligations, alleviate the ſorrow of a temporary abſence from you, by reflecting that in ſubmitting to it with fortitude we perform our duty to our friends, each other, and ourſelves."

Some tears fell from my eyes at the concluſion of this ſentence, and raiſing them towards Arminfeld's, I perceived his gliſtening with thoſe of tenderneſs.

After a pauſe of ſome moments he heaved a labouring ſigh and exclaimed,

"Yes!

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—" Yes! Gertrude, I have reſolved to leave you, and purſue my advancement in the world—I have promiſed you this, and my word is ſacred; yet I know not how I ſhall be able to endure the torments of the ſeparation I have determined."

The anguiſh depicted in the countenance of Arminfeld penetrated my heart with the acuteſt pain; and I was obliged to hide my face with my handkerchief to conceal from his obſervation the emotion excited by his.

For ſome time I wept in ſilence. At length I heard Arminfeld riſe from his ſeat beſide me, and walk acroſs the room. Every thing around me was quiet; I looked up and ſaw that Madame de Valmont alone remained in the apartment, and that the table, on which Arminfeld had reſted his elbow while he leaned his forehead againſt his hand,

was

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was wet with ſeveral drops of tears that ſpoke forcibly to my feelings the extreme agitation of his.

The Marchioneſs ſeemed much affected; I even perceived ſhe had been weeping.

"Ah! Madam," cried I, "you know how to ſympathize with me, and the ſorrowful heart always experiences conſolation from congeniality of ſentiment in thoſe around us. I am, therefore, greatly indebted to you for the kind intereſt you take in my ſituation, and that of the amiable Arminfeld."

"Not to take an intereſt in it," returned Madame de Valmont, "would argue an inſenſibility I ſhould be ſorry to poſſeſs.

"I admire your ſtrength of mind, and the conduct it leads you to purſue. Yet I feel I ſhould never be able to acquire

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quire that cool government of a paſſion to which all others yield, and which refuſes frequently ſubmiſſion to reaſon itſelf."

"Love, madam," replied I, "according to my ideas, deſires nothing, ſeeks nothing, but the real advantage and happineſs of its object; and beſt proves its ſincerity by ſacrificing all ſelfiſh feelings and conſiderations to the intereſt of thoſe we love. My attachment to Arminfeld induces me to regulate my ſenſibility, and to ſummon my reaſon and fortitude to direct me for his welfare."

Of the propriety of this I was convinced; yet, my deareſt friend Angelica, how arduous did I find the undertaking of ſubmitting ſentiment to neceſſity!

It was my duty, and it was therefore requiſite that I ſhould conceal, as much

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much as poſſible, that tenderneſs of feeling which might have deſtroyed the power Arminfeld was ſtruggling to obtain over himſelf. My calmneſs inſpired him with a compoſure which was neceſſary at our ſeparation, to ſpare my own feelings, thoſe of my lover, and my amiable mother, whoſe indulgent tenderneſs never could have permitted her to enjoy without alloy the pleaſure of my preſence, if ſhe had imagined my accompanying her to Germany coſt me the pain which I feel muſt be the unavoidable conſequence of my ſeparation from Arminfeld.

She ſeemed charmed to hear of the alteration in our plan, appeared extremely gratified by the idea of the conſequence and celebrity Arminfeld might attain; but maternal affection was ſtill more delighted with the certainty of my preſence for ſome time to come,

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come, and the proſpect of our future vicinity.

"I ſhall no longer regret Swiſſerland," ſaid this dear parent, "ſince Germany will become the reſidence of my beloved Gertrude and her amiable Adalbert."

The ſmile of joy beamed from her benignant eyes on us both as ſhe gazed on us, and ſeemed to promiſe returning health, in which we rejoiced, without reflecting, that her ſpeedy recovery would haſten the ſeparation we each dreaded.

While we were lamenting it one evening, my father announced to me and Arminfeld, who was ſeated beſide me on a ſopha in the ſaloon, that he purpoſed to leave Schaffhauſen on the day after the morrow. My father ſeemed moved as he pronounced our ſentence; we liſtened to it in ſilence.

Arminfeld

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Arminfeld was affected even to tears—and I roſe to leave the room in order to indulge mine in ſecret.

In the way to my chamber I met Madame de Valmont, who followed me with the wiſh of conſoling the grief ſhe obſerved in my countenance. At firſt ſhe endeavoured to ſooth my dejection by ſoftneſs, and afterwards ſtrove to diſſipate it by her gaiety. In a tone of raillery ſhe aſſured me the little abſence Arminfeld and I were going to experience was neceſſary to us each, to try and prove our fidelity.

"Ah! Madam," ſaid I, "neither of us have occaſion for this teſt of it, either for our own ſatisfaction, or that of each other; we are reciprocally convinced of mutual affection and faith. Neither of us can doubt the other, nor require additional teſtimonies of a fidelity which we each believe inviolable."

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"Ah! my dear little friend," exclaimed the Marchioneſs laughing, "you are ignorant of the world, and are not, perhaps, quite acquainted with your own heart. Believe me, who know more of mankind, that their affections are variable, and that men are proverbially inconſtant."

"Surely, madam, you have not experienced this in the Chevalier du Chateaufort."

The Marchioneſs ſeemed ſtruck and affected at the recollection I had awakened. She ſighed, and aſſured me that other men had proved their levity although Chateaufort had not. Yet who knows," continued ſhe ſorrowfully, "whether he continues to think of me as he once did! Perhaps ſome other now engroſſes thoſe affections which he has ſo often vowed were devoted irrevocably to me."

"I am

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"I am certain, however, madam," interrupted I, "the Chevalier has not given you any reaſon to ſuſpect him of verſatility."

"No, my dear child, he has not," reſumed the Marchioneſs, "but I know the ſickleneſs of fancy, and the treachery of the human heart; and believe me, women do wiſely to miſtruſt both."

"Never, madam," replied I with ſome warmth, "can I doubt the affection and conſtancy of Arminfeld."

"If your lover's be really as firm as your reliance on him is great," continued the Marchioneſs ſmiling, "you need not quarrel with me for any thing I have ſaid; ſince it can neither change Arminfeld, nor awake miſtruſt of him in your mind. But in ſpite of your diſpleaſure againſt me, you cannot avoid giving me credit for having diſſipated

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your grief a little by the ſubſtitution of a leſs painful ſentiment, that of anger towards me—for which, however, I forgive you, and continue to love you notwithſtanding the ſeverity of your regards."

The good humoured pleaſantry of Madame de Valmont, and ſtill more, her deſire of alleviating my ſorrow, induced me to aſſume the appearance of chearfulneſs. And I fell into a gay turn of converſation, that on the part of the Marchioneſs was kept up with an admirable ſpirit, and a vivacity that almoſt led me inſenſibly into a participation of it. How frequently does the ſemblance of a ſentiment inſpire one at length with the ſenſation; and in certain ſituations it is a duty we owe ourſelves and others, to endeavour as much as poſſible to baniſh unavailing regrets, which

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which muſt diſturb the tranquillity of thoſe around us.

That, however, which concealed under ſmiles of compoſure the grief that preyed ſecretly on my heart, ſeemed to diſpleaſe the dejected Arminfeld; whoſe evident melancholy tacitly reproached my aſſumed placidity, and almoſt prevented the poſſibility of my maintaining the appearance of it.

Ah! Angelica, how hard it is to maſk ſadneſs with a ſmile!

In order to avoid ſoftening the heart of Arminfeld too much before our parting, I ſhunned, during the remainder of the day and the following one, any particular or intereſting converſation with him.

On the evening previous to our departure for Germany, and his return to Richterſwyl, whither he was to conduct

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Madame de Valmont, and ſettle his affairs, I was ſeated between him and the Marchioneſs on a ſopha. The company were engaged in a general argument, and Madame de Valmont was ſpeaking to me in a gay tone as uſual; which, although extremely diſſonant with my feelings, I felt it would be an impropriety to check by a diſcovery of the grief that oppreſſed my ſpirits. The frequent ſighs of the ſilent Arminfeld, at length prevented my proceeding in the converſation with the Marchioneſs; I regarded Arminfeld with a look of tenderneſs.

"Let me not be a reſtraint on your gaiety," ſaid he to me in an accent of reproof.

"How long is it, Adalbert," demanded I, "ſince you have ceaſed to read what paſſes in my heart?"

"Since

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"Since it has changed towards me, madam," replied he with an air of coolneſs.

His manner and the ſentiment it expreſſed, was as poignant as a dagger to my boſom.—The ſhock my feelings received threw me into a univerſal tremour; a chilling ſenſation pervaded my whole frame, and I was unable to reply by words, but a look diſcovered to Arminfeld, who had been accuſtomed to the language of mine, the overpowering agitation I ſuffered.

Madame de Valmont perceived it likewiſe, and, willing to ſpare our embarraſſment and divert our thoughts, exclaimed, "How intolerable are theſe unreaſonable lovers, who will have every one as irrational as themſelves!"

I preſſed the hand of the Marchioneſs to thank her for this little ſally of pleaſantry; which frequently during the

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laſt days we ſpent together, turned us from a diſtreſſing ſeriouſneſs. For once however her gaiety failed to effect its friendly purpoſe; and I aroſe to hide the emotion it could not diſpel.

On entering the adjoining apartment I encountered Arminfeld, who had left the ſaloon by another door in order to meet me.

I had intended to proceed to my chamber, but he arreſted me, and drawing me towards a window, intreated forgiveneſs for the agitation he had occaſioned me. The warm tears he ſhed on my hand as he preſſed it to his lips, aſſured me his contrition was ſincere, and my pardon was without reſerve, while our affection ſeemed to each to be more cemented and more fully proved than ever by this little incident.

The engaging Arminfeld acknowledged with ſorrow the vehemence of his paſſions, and, ſenſible of the errors they

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they might lead him to commit, he promiſed to controul them.

"And for my ſake I am aſſured you will reſtrain them, my dear Adalbert."

"Yes! Gertrude, for your ſake I ought to do every thing. And this night, which is the laſt before our ſeparation, I ſhall give you a proof that I am capable of regulating myſelf by your admirable example; and that by it I may become leſs unworthy of your excellence."

He preſſed my hand, and raiſing his regards to Heaven, I ſaw by the light of the evening creſcent, a tear trembling in his eye before it fell, to ſeal the vow of perpetual obſervance of my wiſhes, that affection impreſſed on my heart as his enthuſiaſm pronounced it.

On rejoining the company our fortitude reciprocally ſupported us, and the pleaſures of our parting ſupper were not interrupted by our ſadneſs, which we

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concealed out of regard to each other, and reſpect to our friends.

As we roſe from the table Baroneſs Wetzler drank round to all her gueſts an agreeable journey, which each was to commence on the following morning; and tears of parting regret ſtood in every eye, as this domeſtic circle of endeared relatives wiſhed each other a good repoſe.

The mutual adieus of the company were tender and affecting—my heart was full—I dared not ſpeak for fear of giving way too much to my emotion—Arminfeld was ſilent alſo, but a ſupplicating look which he directed towards me, entreated my ſtay ſo eloquently that I felt it impoſſible to leave the room until our friends had all retired. Their departure at length left me alone with Arminfeld, who finding himſelf unreſtrained

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ſtrained by my preſence, yielded to an agitation that I participated.

A thouſand reiterated and empaſſioned profeſſions of inviolable faith and love retarded the moment of our laſt farewel. At length I pronounced it in a tremulous and inarticulate voice, while I diſengaged my hands from the graſp of the almoſt diſtracted Arminfeld.

"Farewel!" cried he, in a low and mournful accent, claſping his hands with an expreſſion of mental agony.

At the door I ſtopped to take a laſt view of the dejected youth; who ſtood motionleſs like a ſtatue of grief, and too much abſorbed by it to obſerve me.

"Remember your promiſes to Gertrude my dear Adalbert," ſaid I, in a ſoft tone; "Compoſe your feelings for the ſake of her who participates them."

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At the found of my voice he ſtarted to recollection. Springing towards me he fell on his knees, and ſeizing my trembling hands ſealed on them with innumerable kiſſes, the vow I dictated of preſerving and watching over himſelf for my ſake.

"Yes! Gertrude for you, and for you alone will I live, ſince for you I could even die."

My heart was impreſſed by the fervor of his manner; and I hurried from him with precipitation; but ſtopping in the paſſage leading from the ſupper-room, I contemplated his intereſting figure ſhadowed on the wall oppoſite the door, where he continued to kneel for ſome time after I left him. At length I heard him ſigh; and perceived by the ſhade that he had riſen, and thrown himſelf into a chair near the table, on which he leaned, ſupporting his forehead with his

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his hands. The entrance of a domeſtic at laſt rouſed him from this attitude, expreſſive of his grief; and as he took a candle to light himſelf to his chamber, I haſtened to mine, where a flood of tears bedewed the pillow on which I ſought repoſe from my affliction.

Towards morning a diſturbed ſleep interrupted my watchfulneſs, but brought no mitigation of my ſorrow; for in dreams of ſadneſs I was torn from the arms of Arminfeld, and ſeparated from him by immeaſurable wilds and fathomleſs ſeas!

The dawn was overcaſt with dark and louring clouds, and as we ſet forward on our journey, a heavy rain ſaddened the face of nature. While my heart, impreſſed with melancholy, accorded ill with the ſmile which concealed it.

I had entreated Arminfeld not to ſeek an interview with me on the morning

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ing of my departure; and he ſpared me the pain it would have coſt me. I reſolved to leave the roof he ſtill inhabited without any appearance of emotion; and it was only marked by a half ſuppreſſed ſigh, and an accompanying tear that dimmed my ſight, as I caſt the laſt glance towards the houſe of the amiable Baroneſs Wetzler.

Our journey to this place was rapid; but even the quick ſucceſſion of new ſcenes had not power to chaſe away the ſadneſs which, in ſpite of my endeavours to baniſh it, took poſſeſſion of my ſoul. I truſt my kind parents have not perceived the leaſt reluctance to my change of reſidence. In their ſociety no place can be diſagreeable. Yet I regret the picturesque ſcenes of my native country, and ſigh at the remembrance of the rural haunts of my childhood, while I gaze unintereſted on the crowded ſtreets of

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of this buſy metropolis, the reſidence of a ſplendid court: but even here I might find pleaſure and happineſs if my mind were at eaſe; for contentment is more in our own hearts than in local ſituation.

I have at preſent ſeveral ſubjects of inquietude; the conſtant remembrance of my poor brother's melancholy ſtate, Arminfeld's ſorrows, and yours my beloved friend Angelica, encreaſe the meaſure of my own grief occaſioned by abſence from you all. Ours my friend has been doubly felt ſince your ſilence; it is many tedious months ſince I have had the delight of hearing from you; remember this Angelica, and that the inſtant you know my preſent addreſs I ſhall expect you to write to me. Recollect that my impatience to receive intelligence from you encreaſes in quadruple proportion to the length of your ſilence;

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ſilence; and bear in mind alſo that I now ſtand in the utmoſt need of all the conſolation friendſhip can beſtow.

Mine for you, my deareſt Angelica, in every change of ſituation or place remains unalterable; and wherever I am you have an affectionate and faithful friend.—Farewel!

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LETTER XLI.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, Nov. 4.

My deareſt and moſt amiable of friends!

YOUR letter of laſt month ſurpriſed me yeſterday; but the arrival of Arminfeld in London this morning aſtoniſhed me ſtill more!

I feel that it is indeed many months ſince I have been obliged to relinquiſh the pleaſure of writing to you; and my impatience to addreſs you has of late been encreaſed, by the ardent deſire of communicating intelligence reſpecting myſelf, in which I am

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I am assured your tender friendship will take the liveliest interest; and this persuasion, added to your entreaties to hear from me immediately, induces me to seize the first leisure moment since the receipt of your letter, to acquaint you, my dearest Gertrude, that in the beginning of October I became a mother, and had the inexpressible delight of realizing the flattering hopes I had entertained, that the birth of my little boy would awaken Lord Albion to a sense of his duties towards me, his child, and himself.

When my infant was presented to me, all the tender maternal feelings rushed to my heart, and led me to hope that the once virtuous Lord Albion must be susceptible of paternal affection. As I gazed on the soft features of my child, I traced his father's likeness; and felt that I could pardon all his failings towards

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wards myſelf if he were kind to our little innocent. As the warm tear of forgiveneſs trickled down my cheek, I requeſted to ſee my Lord, he inſtantly obeyed my ſummons, and as he entered my room I perceived the traces of anxiety in his countenance, which a gleam of joy irradiated, as he bent over the infant in my arms.

Making a ſign for the attendants to withdraw, I carried his hand to my boſom, and demanded if he could trace any likeneſs in my child. Lord Albion gazed on it, and told me he did not perceive any. "I have heard," added he, "that children will take the reſemblance of thoſe on whom their mother's thoughts have been chiefly employed; and in that caſe Lady Albion beſt knows who her little one ought to be like."

I ſmiled. "Then my Lord the pretty fellow muſt reſemble you."

He

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He coloured, ſighed deeply, and aſſured me with a faltering voice, which marked confuſion, that he could not have imagined himſelf to have been ſo much the ſubject of my thoughts. "But your ſex are ſuch inſinuating flatterers," added he, taking my hand and preſſing it, "that you can perſuade us to any thing,"

"Ah! Albion, can I indeed perſuade you to become the kind domeſtic huſband you once were? Yet hold—I aſk nothing but your eſteem and company. Grant me but that and I will not weary you with the demonſtrations of a love you no longer ſeek. To be your deareſt friend, and conſtant companion is all I demand.

"Ah! my dear Albion," cried I with emotion, "let this day which makes us parents, reunite us in friendſhip and confidence, and let this dear pledge

pledge of our firſt affections be the bond of our reciprocal duties; let us both endeavour to forget the paſt and live only to the future."

"Forget the paſt!" repeated Lord Albion, ſighing deeply.—"Alas! Angelica, why recal to my tortured remembrance the irrevocable breach of that faith, which can alone be the ſafeguard of conjugal fidelity and confidence!"

He roſe, and paced the room in extreme agitation, whilſt I wept over my child. Tears of contrition ſtarted to Albion's eyes. He fixed them on mine with a look of eager enquiry, and then ſeating himſelf at the ſide of my bed, hung for ſome moments over my ſmiling infant, and embracing it, ſaid in a ſoftened accent, "Sweet innocent! For thy ſake we ought to live in harmony.—Thou ſhalt atone for thy parent's indiſcretions,

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cretions, and become the future guardian of once perjured vows."

"Yes! ſweet babe, I feel thou canſt procure a pardon for thy parent, who by the frank confeſſion of fatal errors, teſtifies contrition for them. And perhaps the time may come when thy amuſive ſports and prattle will chaſe from our remembrance, thoſe failings which preceded thy birth.

"Never mayſt thou know thy parent's frailty, nor feel a diminution of reſpect for the authors of thy exiſtence!"

"And will Albion regard Angelica in future, as he did before thoſe errors which for a time eſtranged his love?"

As I ſpoke, a ſhower of tears almoſt choaked my utterence.

"My future conduct towards you," replied Lord Albion, "will prove more than

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than all my promiſes." And as he ſaid this he kiſſed my cheek with a tenderneſs which perſuaded me of every thing I wiſhed to believe.

His attentions during my confinement convinced me he would avoid the courſe of diſſipation into which his relaxed virtue had plunged him; and on my recovery I had the inexpreſſible happineſs of ſeeing him aſſume the regulated conduct and domeſtic character in which he once gloried. Sometimes I perceive the ſorrow of painful retroſpection cloud his brow; but my gentle aſſiduities have happily the power of diſpelling this temporary gloom, and I always carefully avoid reverting to any ſubject in the moſt diſtant manner, connected with thoſe deviations which my happineſs as well as Albion's requires I ſhould forget.

Thus far I have enlarged on my own ſituation. Yours my deareſt Gertrude, intereſts

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intereſts me almoſt equally; and friend-ſhip haſtens to aſſure you of my tenderest ſympathy in all your feelings.

Your exemplary conduct in every inſtance deifies you as much in my opinion as in Arminfeld's, and this is declaring all that can be ſaid.

I feel convinced that you will thank me for dwelling on his praiſes; which muſt be the ſtrain of all communication reſpecting him. I found him ſomewhat altered both in appearance and deportment. An expreſſion of dejection, which renders his looks more intereſting than ever, gives a ſoftneſs to his manner that is extremely touching; and ſhews me that chearfulneſs and ſadneſs are equally becoming and pleaſing in your engaging lover.

His abrupt entrance this morning whilſt I was ſitting with Albion, ſurpriſed me extremely. Apprized of his cruel diſappointment,

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diſappointment, in his ardent expectations at the moment he fondly imagined they would immediately be realized, his ſituation intereſted me infinitely; and feeling that to mention you would awaken a thouſand affecting recollections I forbore to ſpeak of you before Lord Albion; whoſe preſence, as a ſtranger, might embarraſs the ſentimental Arminfeld. I felicitated myſelf on this fortunate precaution on perceiving him greatly agitated by the information that I had yeſterday received a letter from Stutgard, although I did not mention your name.

I believe my Lord perceived it, as he ſhortly afterwards left us alone. As ſoon as the reſtraint of Albion's preence was removed, Arminfeld ſpoke of you with a refinement of ſentiment, and an enthuſiaſm peculiarly his own.

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My invitation to dinner, buſineſs prevented his accepting, but his company this evening has been delightful to me.

Whilſt I dwelt in general terms on the pleaſures I had enjoyed in Swiſſerland, his frequent ſighs convinced me you were the ſubject of his thoughts as well as mine, although we refrained from ſpeaking of you. The bluſh of emotion crimſoned his cheek, his eyes gliſtened with tears of exquiſite ſenſibility, and a viſible tremour diſcovered an extreme agitation in ſpite of his evident deſire of concealing it from Lord Albion. He informed me in the courſe of our converſation that he had been induced to quit his country, ſince it no longer contained attractions for him. "I am come to London," added he, "to purſue my profeſſional ſtudies. I had been perſuaded to leave Swiſſerland for that purpoſe; and felt the abſolute

ſalute neceſſity of ſhunning the growing melancholy which would there have devoured me

"The Germans recommended their own medical ſchools, and the French aſſured me Paris was the only place to finiſh an education; but my judicious friend Dr. Weſſerman, with his uſual impartial judgment adviſed me to viſit England, in ſearch of profound ſcience and ſolid improvement; and my inclinations," continued Arminfeld, bowing to me, "ſeconded a counſel which I have haſtened to follow, from the ſtrong deſire of beholding the amiable Lady Albion, and the hopes of ſtill being permitted to enjoy the well known, and long regretted pleaſures of her ſociety."

Thus ſpoke the inſinuating Arminfeld, and I received his flattering compliment to my country and myſelf with a ſmile which muſt have aſſured

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him that the friend of his beloved Gertrude would receive him daily with the ſincereſt welcome.

Yes! the amiable Arminfeld ſhall ſhare with you the animated friendſhip of your affectionate Angelica.

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LETTER XLII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

St. James's Square, Nov. 16.

CAN the amiable and faultleſs Gertrude forgive the wretched and guilty Angelica, the commiſſion of the moſt unpardonable of crimes towards her whom ſhe called her deareſt friend?

This is an interrogation I have often put to myſelf; and I now venture to aſk your indulgence this queſtion.

You will demand why I entreat your forgiveneſs. Alas! Gertrude, prepare to hear a diſtreſſing narrative of my folly and indiſcretion, which had nearly ruined my reputation, injured Lord Albion's

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honor, and endangered the precious lives of my huſband, and your amiable lover.

How often my friend have I had reaſon to admire your angelic diſpoſition! I have now put it and your friendſhip to the ſevereſt trial. Say, can you forgive my having been the cauſe of Arminfeld's engaging in a duel? Can you, Gertrude, continue to call me by the endearing title of friend, after having occaſioned his ſuffering the riſk and anguiſh of an almoſt mortal wound?

I ſhudder, and my hand trembles while my pen traces this direful intelligence. But Arminfeld lives, and will himſelf entreat your pardon for me; I think you will not refuſe his requeſt. I know his generoſity, and that he will endeavour to excuſe me to you, and I know he can perſuade you to any thing. Yet I will not ſkreen myſelf from your condem-

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condemnation; a candid diſcloſure of my errors will entitle me more to your indulgence, and to it I ſubmit the encloſed letters relative to a ſubject which they will beſt explain.

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(LETTER I.)

Enclosed in Lady Albion's packet.

From Lord ALBION to Sir CHARLES BELFONT, Bart.

St. James's Square, Nov. 9.

FOUR times have I taken up the pen to address you; my dear Belfont, and as often have I laid it aside, irresolute in my purpose; but friendship, honor, and necessity compel me to a detested task.

How ought I to break the heart-rending intelligence, that I am dishonored by your sister's infidelity?

By heaven's it is too certain!

Forgive me, Belfont, if I wound your feelings, my own are on the rack. Commiserate

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miſerate me my friend, and haſten to town.

I have much to ſay to you; but I have already told you ſufficient to prepare you for the diſcloſure of a reſolution I have taken to ſeparate myſelf for ever from her who has forgotten her duty to me, and ſtill more to herſelf.

For the ſake of my innocent, and helpleſs infant, out of reſpect to my own name, and yours alſo, I wiſh to avoid a public expoſure of my wretched ſituation. I will ſhun revenging my wrongs on her who has wounded, in the tendereſt point, a heart which idolized her.

Our ſeparation ſhall be private. And to you I mean to commit the future protection of a wife whom I ſtill regard as the mother of my child; your ſanction will be neceſſary for her when I am abſent.

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I have ſolicited profeſſional employment, and in expectation of being ordered to ſea, I think it probable I may ſoon leave England, perhaps for ever!

Wherever my duty may lead me, aſſure yourſelf, my dear Belfont, that you have a friend who, in ſpite of every diſregarded tie, muſt always regard you with the affection of a brother.

ALBION.

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(LETTER II.)

Enclosed in Lady Albion's packet.

From Sir CHARLES BELFONT to the Right Hon. Lord ALBION, &c. &c. &c.

Portsmouth, Nov. 10.

Dear Albion,

THE duty which has detained me here for many months will unavoidably delay my departure hence till the beginning of the ensuing week; I will then attend your distressing summons. But, for God's sake, in the mean while write me some particulars of this dreadful affair, which must, if true, for ever destroy the honor and happiness of our respective families.

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Grant to a brother's ſolicitations ſome lights which may juſtify my condemnation of a ſiſter whom I would fain endeavour to defend; yet your well-known calmneſs, and the ſtrict juſtice hat invariably guides your deciſions, almoſt deſtroy the fond hope of proving an innocence in which fraternal affection would glory.

You have indeed Albion ſhocked and wounded my feelings; yet I muſt forgive you, and pity your ſituation; but I ſtand too much in need of conſolation myſelf to attempt affording you any, and therefore abridge a letter which I wiſh may aſſure you of my unalterable eſteem and friendſhip.

CHARLES BELFONT.

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(LETTER III.)

Enclosed in Lady Albion's packet.

From Lord ALBION to Sir CHARLES BELFONT, Bart.

St. James's Square, Nov. 11.

THE brother of the once adored and innocent, though now faithless and guilty, Angelica, has an unquestionable right to demand the explanation of an affair almost as wounding to fraternal as to conjugal feelings; and however mine may be hurt by the circumstantial recital of my wrongs, I feel it due to your request.

You Belfont ought to know my character, who have been the intimate friend

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friend of my youth, the companion of my whole life, and who have bravely ſhared with me the dangers of a profeſſion that made us brothers of election before a cloſer connection united our affection by fraternal bonds; and you pronounce that I am not raſh in judgment. To yours however I now haſten to ſubmit what I believe to be the ſtrongeſt evidences of Lady Albion's diſhonor.

When I received from you, my dear Belfont, the hand of your virgin ſiſter I relied implicitly on a modeſty that muſt have diſarmed jealouſy itſelf of every ſuſpicion. My mind had never been depraved by baſe miſtruſt of female virtue, that muſt originate alone in a conſcious criminality, which has artfully and ſucceſsfully ſeduced innocence. A cloſe attention to my profeſſion, and a daily maturing paſſion for the fair Angelica uſurped my heart, fixed my fancy, and

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and preſerved my youth immaculate againſt all meretricious arts. Purity alone had charms for me, and I adored it too much in the mind and perſon of her who captivated my firſt affections, to waver even in my boyiſh choice; manhood approved it, and I became the happieſt of huſbands, till in a fatal hour I received the following billet, the ſignature of which honor obliges me to conceal:

"My dear Lord,

"The warmth of my affection for "you renders me ſolicitous for your "felicity and honor.

"I have been aſſured by a perſon, "whoſe name I will not now diſcover, "that Lady Albion has made an ap- "pointment with a favored lover at the "maſquerade. Their dreſſes, and the "place of aſſignation have likewiſe "been

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" been diſcloſed to me; and if your " Lordſhip will come to me at half paſt " eight o'clock, and will attend me to " the Pantheon, you will have an op- " portunity of convicting a groſs de- " ceiver either in Lady Albion, or the " perſon who has dared to aſperſe her " character. In me you will poſſeſs a " confidential, affectionate, and zealous " friend, who will be a faithful witneſs " either to condemn or clear a repu- " tation of the moſt eſſential conſe- " quence to your peace and honor. " My wiſhes and hopes are to ſave " both yours and Lady Albion's, whoſe " innocence I cannot yet ſuſpect; your " refuſing to come will imply however " that you doubt it, and muſt prevent " the poſſibility of detecting her de- " famer in a falſhood.

" Believe me ever yours moſt faith- fully—adieu my dear Lord till we meet."

Naturally

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Naturally unſuſpicious I had ſeen Lady Albion celebrated, and followed by a flattering crowd without the leaſt uneaſineſs. Her beauty, her gaiety, and ſportive manners, had a faſcinating attraction for general admiration, that gratified my vanity inſtead of awakening any apprehenſions for her innocence, which ſeemed diſregardful, and even unconſcious of her charms or their power.

Her animated affection for me, ever playfully expreſſed, evinced ſincerity and a reliance on my fidelity, which proved her own, and rendered the breach of mine impoſſible.

On the receipt of the foregoing note, which was delivered to me in my library, on the evening of the maſquerade juſt before tea, indignation againſt the traducer of my wife, rather than jealouſy of her took poſſeſſion of me. I deſired

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desired nothing more ardently than publicly to disprove and chastise what I imagined a base aspersion by some concealed enemy, whom it became my duty to discover and punish. Full of the hopes of avenging my honor and Lady Albion's, which I supposed unjustly stigmatized, I resolved to repair to the appointment, in the entire certainty of convincing the person who professed herself my friend, that the information transmitted through her to me was fallacious.

Lady Albion had repeatedly expressed aversion to a masquerade, had absolutely refused my offers of conducting her thither, and on the very evening of it, assured me she had no engagement for that night. Mine to sup at a tavern with some brother officers at a late hour did not prevent my accompanying my informer to the Pantheon; but before I went

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went I drank tea with your ſiſter, who aſſured me ſhe ſhould remain at home and read, to beguile the time till my return, reſpecting which ſhe had cloſely queſtioned me with a ſolicitude that appeared to me the effect of love rather than perfidy.

The innocence of her manner, and the tender profeſſions of her affection, at the moment I was repairing to my appointment, made me feel that my keeping it was a duty I owed her and myſelf; and I expected to return to her arms triumphant over our enemies, and if poſſible more aſſured than ever of her faith.

Fool that I was to confide in it! but let me be patient.

The lady whom I accompanied to the maſquerade was a woman I had never eſteemed; yet I had been compelled to a kind of intimacy with her from courteſy,

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teſy, and out of complaiſance to Lady Albion; who in compliance with faſhion admitted her to her acquaintance and houſe.

On entering the Pantheon about ten o'clock, my conductor pointed out amongſt the crowd two perſons in the diſguiſe of a religious habit, whom ſhe ſuſpected to be Lady Albion and her gallant. The latter muffled in a monk's dreſs I could not diſcover; but the nymph-like figure of Angelica, although partly concealed by a nun's veil, was too familiar to my admiration to be eaſily miſtaken. With emotion I obſerved her paſs her arm under that of a man, who from his familiarity, and being her only attendant at this licentious ſcene of nocturnal revelry, I could not doubt was a favored lover.

Good God! what were my ſenſations when I followed her, whom I believed my

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my faithleſs wife, to a private apartment, whither her infamous ſeducer conducted her.

There I ſaw her unmaſk a face where I beheld depicted the timidity of conſcious criminality, which I had till then miſtaken for the diffidence of female modeſty.

I ruſhed forward through the paſſage leading to the room where ſhe had retired, with the deteſtable deſtroyer of her innocence and my peace, intending to demand ſatisfaction by the point of my ſword; but before I could reach the apartment, the entrance of a maſk or two preceding us obliged Lady Albion to replace her's; reaſon reſumed th command over the torturing paſſions which almoſt diſtracted me, and calmneſs reſtrained the fury which would publicly have ruined our fame.

Thoſe

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Thoſe who bear honours ſhould preſerve them unſullied; and rank ſhould become a virtuous inſtead of a vicious example. Such were my reflections whilſt I lamented the fall of Lady Albion!

Say Belfont, have I not given you convincing proofs of her deceit, her ſhameleſs indiſcretion? Yet I can afford ſtronger evidences of her abandonment and my diſhonor!

What elſe could have brought her to the maſquerade, could have induced her to conceal it from me by falſhoods, and inſtigated her to retire in ſuch a place alone, with one whom ſhe encouraged by whiſpers and private conference?

Unable any longer to endure the humiliating and afflicting ſight of degraded rank and fallen innocence, I haſtened from the ſcene of its ſacrifice which I could not prevent!

Propriety

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Propriety and humanity required my protection of the lady whom I had attended to the Pantheon; I led her to her carriage, and beheld the baſe ſeducer of my faithleſs wife bribing a ſtrange coachman to conduct him and a lady to a place the direction of which I could not diſtinctly hear. A momentary ſentiment impelled me to ſecret myſelf, arreſt my guilty wife, and bear her home; but this would have occaſioned a buſtle that might have defeated my purpoſe, and expoſed us to public contempt, without preſerving the honor or innocence of your ſiſter, which could alone be ſafe in her own keeping under the incorruptible guardianſhip of morality and religion. Vainly does Aſiatic tyranny and jealouſy confide in perſonal chaſtity by female ſecluſion. True purity reſides in the mind; and a woman's heart is the only confidential ſafeguard to the charm

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charm of feminine modeſty and reſerve, and her huſband's honor.

Lamenting with the bittereſt anguiſh the deſtruction of Lady Albion's principles, I eſcorted my companion to her own houſe; where ſhe would have detained me by a ſeduction that revolted me. Could I with juſtice have felt myſelf aggrieved by my wife's infraction of ſacred vows, had I permitted myſelf to infringe them?

Not even the alluring promiſe of diſcovering my deteſted rival could induce me to a breach of laws human and devine, which ſocial order and piety both ſtrictly enjoin. Mankind abſurdly licence conjugal infidelity in our ſex, whilſt they require chaſtity in the other, without conſidering that our obligations to it, both politically and religiouſly, are equal; ſince the abandonment of men will always unavoidably influence that of

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of women in exact proportion to their own.

Afraid to truſt myſelf alone to the direction of my irritated paſſions, I reſolved to repair to my ſupper appointment, in order to endeavour to diſſipate in conviviality the remembrance of my ſituation; but the enlivening liquor of intoxication did not drown the conſciouſneſs of my wretchedneſs; and towards morning I quitted the ſocial party, whoſe encreaſing mirth ill accorded with my ſadneſs.

As I ſtepped aſide to pay my ſhare of the entertainment I was obliged to wait for change, and being ſhewn into a private room at the tavern, I threw myſelf upon a ſopha, where my feelings were again ſhocked by finding the identical maſk, which Lady Albion had worn at the maſquerade that evening, careleſsly thrown on the ſeat with a roſary, and the

cowl and girdle of the diabolical villain who, under the habit of religion, had been tranſgreſſing its commandments!

The ſpeedy entrance of the waiter compelled me to hide the agitation occaſioned by this additional proof of my wife's depravity and my ſhame. Upon enquiry, I found that a few hours before a female, who muſt have been your ſiſter, had deſired to be ſhewn into a private apartment at the tavern!—what could have brought her to ſuch a place in ſuch a manner, but the wiſh of enjoying, without the fear of interruption or domeſtic diſcovery, the company of the baſe wretch who was the deſtroyer of her innocence and my peace?

Confeſs Belfont, that there needed no further evidences of her guilt!

I hurried home, ſhe had retired to reſt.—Yes! my friend, Angelica could

ſleep

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ſleep though ſhe had ſtabbed her huſband to the very heart!

After deliberating with myſelf the ſteps proper to be taken, and compoſing the maddening rage of offended pride and wounded love, I repaired to her chamber with an intention of declaring my diſcovery, and the reſolution of ſeparating myſelf for ever from her who could ſo wickedly deceive and wrong me. In my way up ſtairs I reſolved to refrain from harſh and unavailing reproaches; but on entering her room I found every thing quiet. The faithleſs Lady Albion was huſhed in calm repoſe!

Even the knowledge of her guilt could not render me inſenſible to her lovelineſs. She had retired to reſt in evident haſte, which diſordered her appearance. As ſhe ſlept peacefully I contemplated her deceitful beauty, that I

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reſolved to fly with a pang of keen regret. Her flaxen hair in careleſs ringlets waved on her poliſhed forehead and ſnowy boſom, as it heaved in reſpiration; while a ſoft bluſh on her dimpling cheek made the hand on which it reſted, ſeem more delicately white than alabaſter emulated by her ſkin.

The ſight of charms on which I had ſo often gazed enraptured, awakened all my tenderneſs; and even in the anguiſh of my ſoul which her perfidy had inflicted, her power over me was ſo great that I determined to ſpare her the confuſion of finding by my confeſſion that her diſhonor was diſcovered.

I left her to repoſe in peace, although ſhe had murdered mine!

On the following day her conſcious guilt ſhunned my regards. My conduct was reſerved, diſtant, and even cold, yet ſhe dared not reproach me. Her

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Her behaviour to me perſuaded me her conſcience accuſed her of being unworthy of my love and confidence; her vivacity forſook her, and the entire ſecluſion in which ſhe lived after this period, led me to hope her repentance. Sometimes the traces of tears on her faded cheeks pierced me to the ſoul; and her frequent ſighs, like the aereal ſhades of our murdered happineſs, haunted my imagination inceſſantly; and I could only obſerve the reſolution of ſhunning her careſſes by flying to ſcenes of hated diſſipation where I vainly ſtrove to ſteep my ſorrows in wine.

Cruelly deceived by the only woman I had ever loved, I have carefully preſerved myſelf from the arts of all her ſex beſide; and Angelica alone could have had the power of abuſing my confidence a ſecond time.—Yes! Belfont,

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she has again deceived the too credulous Albion.

Penetrated by the tendereſt ſentiments at the birth of my little boy, and moved by the affecting ſight of his repentant mother, I was induced to pardon my wrongs without reſerve, at the very moment her tongue confeſſed the breach of conjugal vows.

She preſented her new born infant to me with a faſcinating grace, as the bond of her future duty. She ſolicited the return of my regard, entreated me to become domeſtic, her companion as formerly, and to be her friend; all this I complied with, more ſhe dared not demand, nor could I have granted.

For the ſake of our child I treated its mother with reſpect, attention, and even confidence; and ſhe has again pierced the ſoul that truſted its peace to her care.

By

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By Heavens, Belfont, I can no longer bear to be the dupe of a woman who can ſo ill requite the adoration I once paid her, and the conſideration I even now ſhew her.

I am reſolved to fly Angelica for ever; and I can only eſcape her faſcination by leaving the country ſhe inhabits. In a ſhort time I hope to leave England, perhaps never to return! far from a faithleſs wife, abſent from my home, and loſt to my friends and child, I ſhall ſeek for conſolation amidſt the hardeſt privations, in the duties of my profeſſion.

The firſt ſeducer of your ſiſter eſcaped my diſcovery. She endeavoured to conceal her gallantry, but more accuſtomed to it now ſhe is leſs circumſpect, and her preſent adorer, with the licence of foreign manners, openly avows his adoration.

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Reſentment at times inſtigates me to chaſtiſe him; but I repreſs my revenge by the reflection that in the puniſhment of the offender, I might deſtroy the peace of many innocent perſons, and ſhould certainly tranſgreſs the laws of ſociety; which never delegate vengeance to individuals, but uſurp the ſole authority of juſtice, to prevent the commiſſion of crimes rather than revenge thoſe already perpetrated. Beſides this conſideration, which reſtrains my arm from pointing a murderous weapon at the breaſt of the diſturber of my peace, I am impreſſed with the idea that to fall in the cauſe of my king and the ſervice my country, is more honorable, more truly courageous, than to riſk my life in meaſuring ſwords with a man devoid of honor.

Can he who ſeduces the wife of another be a man of honor?

The

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The perſon to whom I refer is a young Swiſs, lately arrived in London, peculiarly elegant in his perſon, and inſinuating in his manners. Even jealouſy cannot find a ſingle fault in either; and alas! Lady Albion has found him too intereſting.

Tax me not, Belfont, with unwarrantable ſuſpicion. The young foreigner was introduced to me by your ſiſter as her particular friend, and he is here perpetually by her invitation.

Their mutual emotion and delight at meeting, his viſible dejection, the tenderneſs of his looks, the particular ſoftneſs of his manners towards Lady Albion, and his frequent ſighs, anſwered by hers, avow a reciprocal paſſion too plainly to be miſtaken; and which I cannot doubt was conceived and encouraged in Swiſſerland, and that neither party have now the power of con-

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quering or reſiſting. Every word and look of the young ſtranger bears witneſs that his whole ſoul is devoted to love; and I perceive a ſecret ſympathy and intelligence between him and the faithleſs Angelica, whom I can ſcarcely cenſure him for adoring. Yet I muſt condemn her for encouraging at preſent a paſſion, which her union with me renders criminal. Why did ſhe conſent to become mine? On her return from Swifferland ſhe received me coldly, and almoſt cancelled her engagement to me. To have given up my pretenſions to her hand, if beſtowing it elſewhere could have procured her a happineſs ſuperior to that I endeavoured to afford her, I could have endured; but to feel that I could have made every ſacrifice to her, and that I am diſhonored by her is inſupportable.

Yet

Yet that I am ſo cannot be doubted; —no Belfont. Liſten to the faithful account of her preſent conduct, and you with myſelf muſt be convinced of her indiſcretion. Has ſhe not already been guilty of it? and do I not now daily behold her tender ſolicitude for the enamoured ſtranger, who avows that he has left his country and ſought hers for the enjoyment of her ſociety; ſhe permits him, even in my preſence, to kiſs her hand; and one morning I found him painting her picture! In the evening I was obliged to leave home on buſineſs, and he ſpent the time of my abſence with her. When I returned at eleven o'clock at night he was ſtill with her, and they were both too deeply engaged in intereſting converſation to notice my approach. As I walked up ſtairs I ſaw them ſitting together on a

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ſopha in the front drawing-room; and wiſhing to avoid meeting the young man whoſe conduct gave me ſerious uneaſineſs, I remained in an adjoining apartment, whence I beheld their behaviour without being perceived by them. Several letters lay on the table, and ſeemed to have affected them even to tears. The youth at length drew out of his boſom a miniature ſuſpended by a ribbon, and gazing on it with an admiration of every feature, preſſed it with enthuſiaſm to his lips, and ſaluting the hand of Angelica, withdrew, after conſenting to accept a preſſing invitation for the following day. When he came he preſented to her with an empaſſioned air, a ſmall picture in a caſe which ſhe received with much ſenſibility, and I have frequently found her contemplating it with a tender emotion which convinces me it is the portrait of a being extremely dear to her.—May

I not

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I not with reaſon believe it is his reſemblance?

Tell me now Belfont, if you blame my ſuſpicions.

For heaven's ſake my friend, ſtill brother of my heart, preſs your journey to London, that you may arrive before I receive orders to leave it, which I daily expect from the Admiralty.

Let me commit thy ſiſter and my child to thy care; and let me conjure thee, Belfont, by our ancient amity, (a ſacred adjuration) not to riſk thy life againſt his who has diſturbed my peace. What the world terms demanding ſatisfaction can afford none, either to him who is called out or ſends the challenge. Duelling is a lawleſs cuſtom, the remains of barbariſm, and, diſcountenanced by the laws of civil ſociety, ought in obedience to them to be diſuſed by thoſe who live under their protection.

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protection. No man can have a right to throw away his life since it is the property of his country, and ought to be devoted to its service. Your life Belfont belongs particularly to the [illegible] and will become doubly valuable when I delegate to you the protection of Lady Albion and the heir of my honors and fortune, which shall also be committed to thy charge.

Once more my friend hasten to embrace, perhaps for the last time, your unfortunate but sincerely affectionate brother,

ALBION.

This letter my dearest Gertrude hurried Sir Charles to town; and the moment he arrived in Pall Mall he hastened to St. James's Square.

My lord was not at home, and my brother was shewn into my apartment, where

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where I was watching my ſleeping infant.

The unexpected entrance of a dear relative whom I had not ſeen for many months fluſhed my cheek with pleaſure, and I flew forward to embrace my long abſent brother; but inſtead of opening his fraternal arms to enfold his affectionate ſiſter, he repulſed me coldly from his breaſt with a ſtern countenance.

"Wherefore this change towards me, my dear Charles?" demanded I. "How have I been ſo unfortunate as to offend you?"

My brother anſwered not; but putting the encloſed letters into my hands, retreated to the window whilſt I peruſed them.—Good God! what were my ſenſations on finding myſelf apparently and really more culpable than I had imagined the now exculpated Albion!

To

To prove him ſtill faithful, and more amiable than ever, would have been a delight indeed, had not the ſtrong evidences of my ſuppoſed criminality flaſhed acroſs my tortured imagination.

"Alas!" cried I in deſpair, "it will be impoſſible for me to exculpate myſelf to the juſtly incenſed Albion.—No, he muſt believe me guilty, and hate me in future as greatly as he once loved me."

This thought diſtracted me, and I dropped on the ground in a ſwoon.

My alarmed and agitated brother flew to my aſſiſtance, and in ſome time reſtored me to animation, but it was only to recal me to miſery. Shame crimſoned my cheeks, and confuſion kept me ſilent.

"I ſee you are unable to clear yourſelf Angelica," ſaid Sir Charles at length in a ſevere accent, "and I am compelled

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led to relinquish the hope I at first too fondly encouraged of being able to exculpate you to the amiable Albion. I behold like him the strongest proofs of your faithlessness; and must join with him in condemning the degraded Angelica.

"Shame on you Lady Albion, thus to disgrace your sex and rank! but you will suffer for your errors, when deserted by Lord Albion and the world, self-stinging conscience, the only companion of your solitude, will hourly tell you that temporal punishment is not all you have to dread!"

He rose to leave me, and bending over my slumbering child, he kissed the smile of innocence on its soft infantine lips. The tender scene roused me from my stupid grief; and bursting into tears I entreated my brother to attend to a narrative

narrative explanatory of every thing reſpecting my ſituation.

He liſtened patiently while I recounted to him circumſtantially all that I have already related to you concerning the fatal maſquerade. Fire flaſhed from his eyes while I ſpoke of Mortimer; yet to conceal his name became impoſſible, and I dreaded a rencounter between him and my brother, notwithſtanding the diſſuaſions of Lord Albion againſt duelling.

I then informed Sir Charles of Arminfeld's arrival in London; and diſcloſed to him for the firſt time, his engagement with you, which out of delicacy to my brother's feelings I had forborne to mention before. I ſpoke of your late diſappointment, with the reaſons which delayed your union with Arminfeld, and the occaſion of his viſiting this country.

"You

"You will not I hope," continued I, "think me culpable in my conduct towards the amiable ſtranger, when you conſider that I am not the object of his paſſion, and that my friendſhip for the charming Gertrude impels me to ſhare it with her lover, and to ſhew him thoſe attentions his melancholy ſituation, in abſence from all he loves, requires and claims. To ſpeak of the admirable Gertrude is delightful to me as well as to Arminfeld, and this renders our converſation ſo mutually intereſting. Before Lord Albion he fears to truſt himſelf on the affecting topic of Gertrude and his love for her; but when we are alone he indulges in dwelling on the touching theme; and frequently with the ardour of enthuſiaſtic love, he kiſſes the beautiful portrait of my deareſt friend Gertrude which he always wears at his boſom. He has been ſo kind as

to

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to copy that charming miniature for me at my requeſt, and I have permitted him to take mine as a preſent for Gertrude."

The anger which had marked the countenance of my brother, while I related the villainy of the deteſtable Mortimer, yielded to a ſoft expreſſion as I mentioned you and Arminfeld; and nature pleading for me, acquitted me to his heart.

"You have entirely convinced me of your innocence my dear Angelica," cried my brother embracing me, "and I joyfully claſp to my boſom a ſiſter tenderly beloved."

"But alas! how ſhall I be able to clear myſelf to Lord Albion," exclaimed I; "that he ſhould ſuſpect me of the greateſt indiſcretion, is not ſurpriſing, after my having been guilty of ſuch an unpardonable one, in going to the maſquerade notwithſtanding my reſolves and promiſes againſt it."

Ah!

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"Ah! my brother, I feel how greatly I have erred, and am covered with confuſion, at the idea that there is nothing but my own teſtimony to vouch for my innocence, and that the baſe and wicked Mortimer has it in his power to ruin my reputation irrecoverably. I now perceive that it is not ſufficient to be really virtuous; we ſhould appear ſo; and that to give occaſion for the ſmalleſt ſcandal is to deſerve the greateſt calumny."

My brother endeavoured to tranquillize me, and anxious to clear me to Lord Albion, went in ſearch of him to ſeveral places he frequented, on learning from me that it was unlikely he ſhould return till dinner.

Left to myſelf, grief, ſhame, and deſperation abſorbed all my faculties. A ruined fame, an ignominious ſeparation from the moſt faithful and tendereſt of huſband's

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huſband's, and a wounded brother, expiring through my folly, took poſſeſſion of my fancy, and almoſt diſturbed my reaſon.

In this ſtate of diſtraction I was ſurpriſed by the amiable Arminfeld, whoſe diſtreſs on ſeeing mine almoſt ſurpaſſed deſcription. His firſt fear was that ſome melancholy intelligence from you, my dear Gertrude, had affected me; but I ſoon tranquillized his apprehenſions on your account. Yet the tenderneſs of his nature led him to participate in my ſufferings, and with the moſt delicate friendſhip he ſolicited my confidence. I felt he had a claim to it from his connection with the firſt friend of my heart, and I diſcloſed all its ſorrows to his ſympathy.

While I told my ſorrowful tale, the deepeſt intereſt in my misfortunes, was written in his countenance by the quick-

ly

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ly varying expreſſion of the moſt refined ſentiment. Compaſſion for my ſufferings, pity for Lord Albion and my brother, and abhorrence of the authors of my diſtreſſes, poſſeſſed by turns his noble ſoul, and awakened all its energies.

I lamented without reſerve, the loſs of my reputation, ſpoke my fears for my brother's ſafety, and anticipated the diſgrace of my ſeparation from Lord Albion; but the conſolations of Arminfeld had the power of calming all my apprehenſions.

At length however he departed, and the keenneſs of my diſtreſs returned.

My brother and Lord Albion ſoon came back together, and found me drowned in tears. I knew not how to meet the looks of my juſtly incenſed huſband, and felt that his right to queſtion my honor was infinitely greater than

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than mine to judge and condemn him as I had done. Yet with the uſual ſweetneſs of his nature he had credited all my brother's aſſertions of my innocence, and flew with him on the wings of fond affection, to pardon my indiſcretion and the torments it had cauſed him; but while he folded me in his arms, and entreated my forgiveneſs of his unjuſt ſuſpicions, I reflected that mine merited not his pardon, ſtill leſs ſuch indulgence; and delicacy told me I was but half acquitted to the generous Albion, ſince appearances had ſtrongly corroborated proofs of my guilt, which nothing but my own report could refute. Impreſſed with this idea happineſs ſeemed irrecoverably loſt to me, and the ſoft attentions of my Lord awakened my confuſion inſtead of diſpelling it.

I per-

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I perceived during dinner, that notwithstanding Lord Albion's and my brother's endeavours to appear composed, something extraordinary affected them both. In the evening they retired together into the library, and I as usual went into the nursery to amuse myself with my little boy.

I had not been there long, when my waiting-woman ran up stairs to us, pale and breathless, crying out that the handsome young gentleman who came from abroad was mortally wounded!

"By whom?" demanded I, hastily. "Why my lady by, by Mr. Mortimer," replied Milford, faltering as she spoke; "and La Brune, the young gentleman's servant, who brought the news, and his master's compliments to my lord, begging to see him immediately, tells me that Mr. Mortimer is wounded too; and that for fear of the other gentle-

man's death, and being brought to trial for killing him, he is run away to some foreign place abroad."

The dreadful certainty of Arminfeld's having risked his life to clear the reputation, I had lamented to him as lost, rushed into my distracted mind; and breaking into the presence of Lord Albion and my brother, I entreated them to fly instantly to the assistance of the nobly generous youth; in whose fate I perceived they both took an interest equal to that I felt.

After some time they returned with an assurance that he was entirely out of danger, and in a fair way of being speedily restored to us.

I learned that on leaving me he challenged Mr. Mortimer, to whom he had been introduced on his arrival in London, by a French gentleman. The duellists met according to appointment, early in the

the evening, before it grew dusk; and exchanged several fires before Mortimer would confess his villainy respecting me. A slight wound in his right arm at length disabled him; his dastardly spirit suggested to him the fear of expiring the moment he found himself shot; and as a dying confession and reparation for his crime, he openly avowed his treachery towards Lord Albion and me.

This was the only object of the brave youth, who immediately flew to support his alarmed antagonist, unmindful of his own wound, which the attending surgeon perceived, and feared might be fatal from excessive loss of blood. A ball had entered Arminfeld's side; and he was entreated to permit his wound to be dressed instantly; but before he could be prevailed on to attend to his own situation, he calmly ascertained that of his adversary, with whom, in a polite manner,

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publicly relinquished any further intercourse, although he expressed the most earnest desire of parting with him in christian charity.

"I am satisfied sir," said the amiable Arminfeld to Mortimer, "and I trust your sincere repentance will make atonement to Heaven."

"My professional knowledge convinces me your wound is not mortal, if mine be so I shall expire with the most perfect forgiveness towards you; though you deserved chastisement for having dared to offend female delicacy, which relied on your protection."

"My principles are averse from duelling, and nothing should have tempted me to call you out but the wish of restoring felicity to a charming family; whose happiness and honor you basely strove to destroy by malicious falsehoods and the blackest treachery.

These

Their insults the offended Lord Albion and Sir Charles Belfont would have thought themselves compelled to revenge, and their vengeance would perhaps have been severer than that which instigated me. I feel for Lady Albion as a friend, but warmer sentiments than mine would have nerved the arm of an incensed husband and brother, and either their lives or yours would have fallen a sacrifice.

"For the sake of your family, and still more out of regard to my principles of morality and religion, I sedulously avoided aiming a mortal wound; I wished to give you time for repentance, sir, and prepared myself for death by going to meet the probability of it, without rancour towards you, and a trust that the motives which induced me to challenge you, might in some measure, extenuate the criminality of the act.

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"I flattered myself I might escape, and hoped that if I fell, my death might prevent that of those, whose loss to society would be greater than mine can be at present."

This speech is the report of those who were present at the encounter. My heart thrilled with admiration and gratitude, whilst I listened to the encomiasts of the gallant Arminfeld. But how deeply was I affected on discovering that his challenge had, as he supposed, prevented a meeting between Mortimer and my husband and brother, which might have ended fatally to both the latter!

How can I ever repay my obligations to the most amiable of men? To Arminfeld I owe my retrieved reputation, my brother's safety, my husband's life, and all the future felicity of mine!

The instant Lord Albion was informed by my brother, of Mortimer's infamous

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infamous conduct he repaired to his houſe, and demanded how he could dare falſely to aſperſe his character to me, and afterwards audaciouſly inſult me.

"Had Lady Albion and I been characters of profeſſed gallantry," ſaid his Lordſhip, "it might have afforded ſome excuſe for your conduct; and I, equally criminal with yourſelf, ſhould have had but little right to call you to account for an intrigue my behaviour would have licenſed, and my vicious example tolerated. But your baſe defamation of myſelf, and your cowardly inſult towards my virtuous and unprotected lady, demands my chaſtiſement, and I am prepared to inflict it, not with honorable weapons.—Learn ſir, that I ſcorn to call any man out who proves himſelf deficient in courage and honor. My

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cane, sir, is all I shall deign to make you feel."

In the mean time my brother's anger meditated a challenge, and sent one, demanding a meeting on the next day at twelve o'clock, with Mortimer, who although a poltroon, felt he must appear contemptible in the eyes of his acquaintance, unless he required satisfaction of Lord Albion for the indignity he had offered him; and his resentment, which summoned my Lord to meet him at ten the next morning in Hyde Park, would undoubtedly have aimed a weapon at my husband's breast, which revenge might have rendered fatal.

Matters stood thus, when the spirited conduct of Arminfeld on the preceding evening terminated the whole affair by the hasty flight of the detested disturber of our peace; who, fearing the consequences of the duel, absconded instantly to the continent.

His

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His numerous creditors immediately laid an execution on the houſe he had occupied, and the late rendezvous of faſhion and folly no longer ſpreads its accuſtomed ſnares for the deſtruction of innocence and inexperienced youth.

What thoſe ſnares were you will diſcover, my dear Gertrude, from the following copy of a letter which my poor maid Milford found ſome time ago, and ſecreted through fear, but preſented to me on Mortimer's flight, which ſaved her from infamy and future diſtreſs, as ſhe confeſſed in contrition.

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COPY OF A LETTER

FROM MR. MORTIMER to JAMES TUFTON, Attorney at Law.

Upper Brook Street, April 16.

"Dear Tufton,

"PRAY thee don't peſter me ſo damnably about my curſed debt, till I am "in caſh, which will ſoon flow into my "now empty purſe from ſeveral quarters.

"I have many ſchemes hatching in "my head that can't fail to anſwer; and "as I have no concealments from thee, "my good fellow, I will let thee into

"my

" my plans: The firſt is that my wife is " trying to get Lord Albion into her " ſnares. It muſt be confeſſed the fel- " low is a damned *quiz*, yet, to give the " devil his due, he is generous; and as " he is rich we ſhall have fine pickings " if we can *bamboozle* his lordſhip into " preſents, &c. &c. Then the damages " I ſhall afterwards recover for *crim.* " *con.* can't be leſs than ten thou- " ſand pounds; this plunder thou " ſhalt ſhare with me, and the rich " gleanings in the ſuit ſhall be thine " alſo, if thou wilt perſuade my damned " debtor, who employs thee to teaze me, " to let me alone a little longer. If he " ſhould arreſt me my game will be up, " and thou wilt loſe by it greatly.

" The gains I promiſe thee, may be " reckoned on, Tufton, though my Lord " don't bite as moſt of his ſort; but if " he can't be lured to the bait like a

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" gudgeon, he will ſwim into the net
" like a ſalmon. My wife, who has
" a develiſh clever intriguing ſpirit, has
" concerted a plan by which Lord Al-
" bion is to be induced to believe his
" lady falſe to him; and this we ima-
" gine will overturn his curſed abſurd
" queer, old-faſhioned ideas of conju-
" gal fidelity, affection, and all that non-
" ſenſical ſtuff, which people of faſhion
" and ſpirit laugh at, and which ceaſes
" to ſhackle the world in this age of li-
" berty and reaſon.

" Now if we can effect our purpoſe,
" Lord Albion's infidelity and gallantry
" will be a handſome fund for us all,
" and will almoſt enſure me another;
" for if Lady Albion can be brought
" to think her Lord unfaithful, and ſhe
" ſhould take it into her head to be
" jealous, and offended (which I think
" ſhe will), her ſeduction, I know from

" experience

" experience, will not be a difficult job;
" and this shall be my undertaking for
" several reasons: Firstly she is a damn-
" ed fine creature, devilishly the fash-
" ion, and an affair of gallantry with
" her must add considerably to my
" figure and consequence.

" I have always found that nothing
" ensures a man's success with women
" of the world so much as their believ-
" ing him well received by ladies of
" fashion, rank, and celebrity. Now,
" between ourselves, Tufton, these in-
" trigues with women of *ton* answer
" devilishly well; for while we are in
" favor we have a thousand indulgen-
" ces and advantages, and, in case of a
" rupture, we are frequently bribed to
" silence. Money does every thing in
" this life, and I can't do without it.
" My faro-table (which by the bye ga-
" thers all the world to my house to be
" *pigeoned*),

" *pigeoned*), is as good as the bank to me.
" But I have lived fast to establish it,
" and am cursedly in debt. As for my
" trades-people I shall never think of
" paying them; and they, poor devils,
" give me unlimited credit for fear of
" losing, by offending me, the sums I
" already owe at their shops, where I
" go without scruple, because I know
" the *honest* souls of shop-keepers charge
" my debts with interest to those cus-
" tomers whom they consider good
" pay. So all my loose cash goes for
" card-money, bribes, and pocket ex-
" pences.

" Depend upon it Tufton, I shall be
" a rich fellow in a short time, for the
" hour of my wife's triumph and mine
" over the unsuspicious Lord and Lady
" Albion approaches fast; as the mas-
" querade is at hand, and by the assist-
" ance of a little cunning artifice I shall

" be

"be ſure of ſucceſs in the double pur-
"poſe of gallantry and gain, both for
"my wife and myſelf; who remain,
"dear Tufton,

"Sincerely Yours,
"THOMAS MORTIMER."

"*P. S.* Don't imagine me ſuch a
"novice in my art as not to have ſe-
"veral ſtrings to my bow. I aſſure
"you, Tufton, I have many irons in
"the fire at this moment; or to ſpeak
"more plainly, I have a good many
"intrigues on my hand at preſent.

"To ſay the truth, without boaſting,
"I have deveiliſh ſucceſs with the faſh-
"ionable women, and am what the
"world call a damned lucky fellow,
"becauſe I am fortunately in the *ton*;
"which is eaſily acquired even without
"perſonal advantages or fortune, by liv-
"ing in *ſtyle*. Whoever does ſo may in

"London

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" London have acceſs every where;
" a few faſhionable gallantries, a miſ-
" treſs in high keeping, a good houſe,
" excellent table, and elegant equipage,
" which, well managed, need not coſt
" a clever daſher one ſingle farthing,
" will enſure a man the firſt of all cha-
" racters, which is that of a *damned*
" *fine fellow*, and this title I have pretty
" well eſtabliſhed."

This letter, my dear Gertrude, the vile wretch Mortimer left behind him in a clandeſtine interview with my maid, whom he had been endeavouring to ſeduce. She was the daughter of my deceaſed nurſe, had lived with me ever ſince her mother's death, was naturally a well inclined creature, and ſeemed attached to me; but ſhe had been bribed from her duty by the deteſtable Mortimer. Milford's peaſant beauty had a charm

charm for him, and ſhe anſwered his purpoſes. To gratify his own paſſions he flattered hers, had the art of making himſelf agreeable, and aſſured her he would take her into moſt elegant keeping if ſhe would agree to live with him. The idea of becoming his miſtreſs, her own, and of a houſe, ſervants, and even a carriage, which he promiſed her, induced her to become ſubſervient to him. All this ſhe confeſſed after his eſcape; when a ſentiment of contrition impelled her to preſent the foregoing letter to me. She had broken the ſeal, and telling me it concerned me, requeſted me to read it, hoping, I ſuppoſe, that the inſight it would give into his treachery, reſpecting Lord Albion and myſelf, would in ſome meaſure excuſe her's, atone for it, and lead us to forgive her miſdemeanors.

After we had peruſed this letter we aſked Milford how ſhe could ſo greatly forget

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forget her duty as to liſten to any ſeducer, and particularly ſuch a one as Mr. Mortimer.

The poor deluded creature fell on her knees, cried, and ſobbing thanked God for her eſcape; telling us ſhe was juſt going to give me warning in order to live with him when he was obliged to fly.

"And how could you conſent to ſuch infamy, Milford?" demanded I,

"Ah! my lady," replied the wretched girl, "I now ſee the truth of a good old ſaying of my honored mother; who told me very often to avoid the ſmalleſt bad action, for that one ſin always brought on another."

"When I firſt liſtened to Mr. Mortimer's flattery, I am ſure I never dreamed that any harm could come of his calling me a pretty girl; and when I found his meaning I was aſhamed to let him

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him know I underſtood him; ſo I was forced to hear him quietly, without making any anſwer, and at laſt I was brought to believe there was no ſin in my living with him if I kept myſelf true to him, for I knew he was not ſo to his wife, nor ſhe to him. And ſo my Lady I was ſoon prevailed on, for fear of offending Mr. Mortimer, to let him have a pocket handkerchief of my Lord's and afterwards a favourite ring, which he inſiſted on my bringing him, threatening to get your Ladyſhip to turn me away in diſgrace if I did not, and that he would ſee me begging my bread in the ſtreets without aſſiſting me if I did not comply with his deſires. And ſo, my Lady, for fear of all this, I took the ring to him the next morning as he bid me, for which he gave me ten guineas. When I had done this wicked thing I repented, and would have given you the letter

and

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and confeſſed every thing, but I was aſhamed, and afraid of doing it till I felt myſelf ſafe out of his power."

"And are you really ſincere in your repentance Milford?" demanded I.

"Sincere!" ejaculated ſhe,—"Yes! indeed very ſincere; but if you, my Lady, are too angry with me to keep me in your ſervice any longer, I will return to my father's cottage near Belfont Park; and ſince my own dear mother is dead and gone, I will work hard to pleaſe my ſtep-mother, though ſhe is croſs and very ill natured to me; but I will bear it all rather than ſeek another place after yours, where I have been uſed ſo kindly.—No my Lady, I will never take another ſervice, for I ſee that a poor girl is liable to many temptations amongſt a ſet of wicked footmen, and bad gentlemen."

This

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This ſimple ſpeech was ſo expreſſive of contrition and natural good diſpoſitions, and it ſpoke ſo forcibly to my feelings, my obligations to take care of a defenceleſs girl committed to my charge by my deceaſed nurſe; whoſe claims to my attention my heart ever acknowledged, that I reſolved to pardon poor Milford, and ſtrive to ſtrengthen thoſe principles of goodneſs which a defective education left imperfectly explained, and too unſteadily founded.

To you, my friend, an apology for this long narrative, will be quite unneceſſary, ſince your heart muſt take the moſt lively intereſt in the account of Arminfeld's actions, which are rendered tranſcendently virtuous from the noble motives that actuate his conduct.

How many victims have been ſaved by the abolition of Mortimer's faro table!

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table! His leaving this country, to which he will never return, may have prevented the failure of many of his creditors, saved their families from ruin, and preserved Milford, and many others from infamy, and a futurity of temporal distress, and eternal condemnation! But no person is more indebted to Arminfeld than the affectionate friend of Gertrude; to whom gratitude towards her admirable lover will henceforth bind Angelica by an additional tie that will strengthen and immortalize her friendship!

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LETTER XLIII.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Stutgard, Dec. 3

WHY does Angelica aſk my forgiveneſs, ſince nothing but an intentional injury ought to be conſidered an offence? And my heart and judgment both abſolve you from any towards me.

I will not attempt to conceal from you that I have ſhed many tears at the account of Arminfeld's danger. Yet while I tremble for him, I am conſoled by the idea that his riſk has reſcued many from a dreadful fate; and that it

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it has reſtored thoſe to happineſs in whoſe ſituation my heart muſt ever be deeply intereſted.

Arminfeld has acted conſiſtently with the character of an enthuſiaſt. I am happy to obſerve that his energies are virtues, and to think that amongſt the reaſonable Engliſh he may acquire a controul over his exquiſite feelings which would render him perfect. Do not ſoften him too much by my remembrance, but rather divert his mind, and ſupport his firmneſs; ſince in moſt of the occurrences of life we have more occaſion for ſtrength of mind than an exceſſive ſenſibility. To direct the latter properly, and reſtrain it within the bounds conſiſtent with our own happineſs, and of thoſe around us is perhaps the moſt arduous taſk for humanity. Ah! my friend, how difficult have I found this leſſon of late; yet I flatter myſelf I ſhall improve in the

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the art of governing feelings much too acute for my tranquillity. Were I to give way to them I ſhould in a thouſand inſtances act in oppoſition to innumerable duties, and by egotiſm deſtroy the peace of thoſe with whom I am connected, without acquiring it for myſelf.

My father's ſituation here is every thing he could deſire. Univerſal reſpect, the friendſhip of the Prince in whoſe ſervice he is employed, and an agreeable ſociety, with an eligible eſtabliſhment, procure him and my beloved mother a happineſs which I participate even abſent from Arminfeld, and which I guard myſelf againſt leſſening by unreaſonable and unavailing regrets on our preſent unavoidable ſeparation.

I thank you my deareſt friend for the aſſurances of his being out of danger; which are corroborated by intel-

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ligence from himſelf. His letter is charming on many accounts; firſt, as it convinces me of his ſafety, and ſecondly, as it dwells on the praiſes of thoſe whom my heart has elected as its choiceſt friends.

He informs me that your delicate attentions towards him, and thoſe of your amiable Lord, and your brother Sir Charles, accelerate his recovery, render London charming, and that your ſociety conſoles him for the privation of mine! This is the ſtrongeſt proof of his prizing your friendſhip as he ought; and mine feels your kindneſs to him as an attention towards myſelf, which impreſſes my heart with the livelieſt ſentiments of gratitude to you each.

My deareſt friend farewel!

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LETTER XLIV.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, Dec. 19.

IN Gertrude perfection is perſonified. Why then ſhould I be ſurpriſed at the daily diſcovery of angelic qualities?

"To err is human, to forgive divine."—And thus we are each pourtrayed in this ſhort but comprehenſive ſentence of my favorite poet.

The amiable Arminfeld is perfectly recovered; and this happy event compleats our domeſtic felicity; which is the invaluable gift of your admirable lover. To him we each feel the high-

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eſt obligations, and think that every poſſible attention on our part, muſt be conſidered rather as an acknowledgment of our debt than a return for it. To repay Arminfeld's ſervices, except by gratitude, muſt ever be beyond my abilities!

Lord Albion thinks him the moſt amiable of men, regards his virtues as they merit, and my brother's friendſhip for him is unbounded, notwithſtanding the conſtant remembrance that he rivals him in the affections of that being whom he thinks the loveliеſt of her ſex. Surely Gertrude, you muſt at leaſt admire my brother for juſtice and generoſity!

When Arminfeld is unengaged by profeſſional purſuits, he always makes one of our domeſtic circle; and converſing with him of you my deareſt friend, almoſt deludes me into the idea of your preſence.

In

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In the charming miniature of you, which he wears, and which at my requeſt he has been ſo kind to copy for me, I daily admire the mild beams of your eyes, the ſoft ſmile of benignity and ſenſe united, and the inimitable art of the accompliſhed Arminfeld, who has ſo happily caught and exquiſitely touched that peculiar expreſſion of refined ſenſibility which characteriſes you both.

Why ſhould you fear your remembrance would ſoften Arminfeld too much?

To think of you is to contemplate a virtue which it is impoſſible to conſider without the deſire of emulating; and in your fortitude your ſentimental lover has the moſt admirable example of that ſtrength of mind ſo neceſſary in the courſe of human events.

Alas! Gertrude, I myſelf muſt ſhortly have occaſion for all the reſolution and reſignation I can ſummon.

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Lord Albion is preparing to take command of the channel fleet; and you who experience the pain of ſeparation from a beloved object, will know how keenly I muſt lament my Albion's abſence.

Write to me Gertrude, and conſole me. Tell me every thing about yourſelf and your ſituation, and that of your reſpectable family. Is your brother with you? and has a change of air and ſcene affected the re-eſtabliſhment we hoped? Every circumſtance that concerns you, my deareſt Gertrude, muſt ever be infinitely intereſting to my animated and faithful friendſhip.—Adieu!

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LETTER XLV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

St. James's Square, Dec. 27.

WHY alas! my beloved friend, am I cruelly doomed to give you continual uneaſineſs, by the unreſerved communication of events, which our mutual friendſhip prohibits our concealing, and yours participates with the tendereſt intereſts and feelings of which that ſentiment is ſuſceptible?

Lord Albion departs to-morrow! not for the ſhort diſtance of the channel ſtation, but to traverſe the unfathomable ocean, where intelligence of him will ſel-

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dom—perhaps never bleſs my ears till his return!

My amiable Lord, with his uſual tenderneſs, broke this affair to me by degrees, and prepared me for a length of ſeparation and diſtance, by accuſtoming me to anticipate a ſhort cruiſe and abſence. His delicacy endeavoured to conceal from me what my brother had already diſcovered, that Albion had ſolicited to be put on ſervice immediately, from the wiſh of avoiding a formal ſeparation from me; which muſt have attracted public notice, and attached cenſure and diſgrace on me at the time he found it requiſite for his peace, and imagined it neceſſary for his honor to leave me.

Thus ſhall I owe to my indiſcretion the afflicting abſence of the beſt of huſband's, and all the dangers he muſt inevitably encounter in the Mediterranean, ſurrounded by enemies at this tempeſtuous

tuous ſeaſon. This diſtreſſing event proves to me a truth, that almoſt every fault brings an attendant temporal chaſtiſement; which human interpoſition cannot avert.

I have determined to retire with my reſpected mother to Belfont Park. There in ſecluſion, and under the ſanction of a parent's preſence, I ſhall enjoy her ſociety, and devote myſelf to filial and maternal cares; which can alone tranquillize the unavoidable ſolicitudes my beloved Lord's abſence muſt occaſion in a heart deeply impreſſed with his virtues, and my obligations.

In my retirement I ſhall expect the conſolation of your letters, and ſhall endeavour to imitate your active fortitude.

Arminfeld kindly regrets our departure. Ah! how happy ſhould I have been, could we have continued to render

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London agreeable to him; but in the abſence of Lord Albion, I ſhould feel it inconſiſtent with propriety in my ſituation, and irkſome my feelings to live in that round of company which would have licenſed the conſtant viſits of your handſome lover; for ſcandal is ſoon raiſed and circulated.

We have had the honor and happineſs of introducing him to a circle of our moſt diſtinguiſhed and reſpectable friends who are deſerving of his ſociety from knowing how to value it, to eſtimate his character, and admire his accompliſhments.

He travels with the true ſpirit of improvement; and however admirable you formerly found him, expect to behold him, on his return to you, excelling not only others but himſelf. The teſt of human merit is an unremitted progreſſion towards perfection; and this is

Arminfeld's

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Arminfeld's conſtant aim. Endowed by nature with the fineſt feelings and abilities, he imp[illegible] them continually by an aſſiduity [illegible]h refines his taſte, meliorates his [illegible]gment, enlarges his underſtanding, and perfects his character.

With the ſweeteſt urbanity, the moſt inſinuating graces of addreſs, and the moſt intelligent mind he mixes with the inhabitants of this country; enquires into every particular reſpecting its government, laws, manufactures, ſciences, and cuſtoms; he examines every thing attentively, and judges of all he obſerves with an acute penetration, and a liberal and unprejudiced mind; which can alone imbibe a juſt knowledge in inquiries of every kind. He has accompanied us to ſeveral public places, and many private parties; and his ſenſible

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remarks have been a ſource of equal amuſement and improvement to me.

He thinks Engliſhmen extremely benevolent without courteſy, profoundly learned without brilliancy, and poſſeſſed of more intrinſic worth than men of other kingdoms, whoſe manners are more engaging. With reſpect to my country-women he finds them as handſome as they are amiable; infinitely better informed, more delicately modeſt, and more really virtuous than the females of other nations, but leſs faſcinating in addreſs and converſation; and thinks with me that Gertrude concenters in herſelf the various perfections of all her ſex. He judges of women by a compariſon with you, my charming friend; therefore entertain not the leaſt apprehenſion of his being enſnared by the corruptions of this metropolis. A heart like his inſpired by a pure paſſion,

and

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and devoted to it, is the ſureſt ſafeguard againſt vicious inclinations and purſuits; and Arminfeld's virtue muſt withſtand every temptation. Men of ſentiment cannot aſſociate with the abandoned of our ſex, and have too much principle to ſeduce innocence to infamy; thus they are preſerved from it themſelves; and generally unite the ineſtimable qualities of delicacy and ſobriety to every other virtue. This is the character of Arminfeld; whom nothing in this country ſurpriſes ſo much as the devotion of Engliſhmen to their bottle, their public aſſociation with women of vicious morals, and that being naturally liberal, and informed by education, they ſhould deſpiſe all foreigners, and even conſider their fellow-ſubjects the honeſt Welch, the clever and induſtrious Scotch, and the open-hearted Iriſh as little better than barbarous ſavages!

But

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But adieu my deareſt friend, my mother and brother are with me. Albion is returned from the calls of buſineſs to our domeſtic party at dinner, and I expect Arminfeld to join it to day, alas! for the laſt time.

Your health will go round the ſocial board; I ſhall wiſh it with a ſmile, my brother will drink it with a ſuppreſſed ſigh, your name will ſtart a tear into Arminfeld's eyes to mark the regrets of abſence, and every one preſent, appropriating the touching idea to their own ſituation, will mournfully anticipate our affecting ſeparation to-morrow! My deareſt Gertrude adieu!

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LETTER XLVI.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Stutgard, Jan. 8.

THE intelligence of Lord Albion's departure from England, made me weep in ſympathy with you my friend, and the news of your leaving London drew freſh tears from my eyes on poor Arminfeld's account; but I feel you have acted with propriety by retiring from the gay and thoughtleſs world in the abſence of your Lord, during which, to be immerſed in diſſipation, would mark a frivolous mind, if it could enjoy a round of amuſements that muſt be painful

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ful to feelings impreſſed with the ſorrows of ſeparation from an object tenderly beloved.

Your deſire of ſecluſion, and the wiſh of finding conſolation from an attention to your ſeveral duties, evince a ſoul of ſentiment, which muſt experience ſenſations of pleaſure from the obſervance of conjugal, filial, and maternal obligations; that comprehend even thoſe we owe to the Divinity himſelf, whoſe conſummate wiſdom has linked all ſocial and religious duties in one chain; no ſingle rivet of which can be broken without deranging the whole ſyſtem of morality and piety.

Your ſolicitouſly kind enquiries reſpecting my brother, merit my warmeſt acknowledgments. The friendſhip which awakens your intereſt, forbids my ſilence on this ſubject, although I am certain it muſt occaſion you pain to

to know that poor Auguſtus's change of reſidence has rather encreaſed than diminiſhed his corporeal weakneſs, and mental malady.

The only theme on which he ſpeaks is the regret of leaving Richterſwyl.

"The retreats of my native foreſts, the ſolitude of our mountains, and the wild gloom of their ſecluded cataracts," ſaid he to me on his arrival here, "were the only ſcenes fitted for my diſtracted mind. In them I traced the phantom of the peace I have loſt for ever!

"Ill does the crowded city, and the buſtling haunts of ſocial intercommunication accord with feelings like mine, averſe from human intercourſe."

"But wherefore this melancholy change, my brother?"

"The cauſe is here," cried he, pointing to his breaſt, "and here the ſtory of my woe ſhall ever be concealed till death

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death frees my ſoul from its load of ſorrow. To aſk its cauſe is only to renew my torments, and to offend me without altering my reſolve of eternal ſecrecy on the ſubject of my grief."

Here in the retirement of his lonely chamber he reads inceſſantly, nor can be prevailed on to walk abroad into the ſtreets of this buſy town.

In compliance with my parents deſires, I attend them to its pleaſures without partaking them, and enter the ſociety this city affords, without finding it amuſive to me. Yet, though the lively dance, the ſtrains of ſprightly harmony, and mirthful feſtivity, have ceaſed to delight me ſince my ſeparation from Arminfeld, I experience a pleaſure in aſſuming the appearance of a chearfulneſs which permits that of my beloved father and mother; and amongſt thoſe with whom we daily aſſociate, my feelings

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feelings have ſelected two intereſting perſons with whom I like to converſe.

The firſt is Baron Steinbach, whom, as my father's friend and patron, I view with a gratitude which ſtrengthens my eſteem; and the other perſon attracts ſentiments of approbation mingled with thoſe of ſympathetic pity.

I think I have diſcovered in a young, handſome, and agreeable French gentleman, introduced to us by the name of St. Croix, the Chevalier de Chateaufort, which appellation, he may have laid aſide from a deſire of concealment, as many of his countrymen reſort to this place.

The gaiety of his national character is ſomewhat moderated by a dejection, apparently unnatural to his diſpoſition which I feel can originate from nothing but the loſs of a ſupremely beloved object.

My

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My firſt ſuſpicion of his being the Chevalier was awakened by my obſerving that the mention of the Marchioneſs, of whom we frequently ſpeak, occaſioned a violent emotion in his mind. This diſcovery made me felicitate myſelf as having had the good fortune to find him whom Madame de Valmont fought; and from the ardent deſire of conferring happineſs on an amiable young man, and the Marchioneſs, to whom my family is much indebted, I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to gain the confidence of St. Croix. I find him reſerved reſpecting himſelf, but obſerve, that he liſtens with great attention to every thing I ſay relating to Madame de Valmont; of whom I can only ſpeak in general terms, feeling it would be indelicate to obtrude myſelf into his ſecrets without his leave. From my converſation he is informed of the Marquis de Valmont's deceaſe,

of

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of the Marchioneſs's preſent reſidence, and her intention of viſiting Italy in the enſuing ſummer. On her return to Richterſwyl ſhe hired the charming houſe Arminfeld had prepared for our reception; and intends to remain in it till the ſeaſon becomes more favorable for her intended travels.

Of her affection for the Chevalier propriety prevents my ſpeaking; but if this perſon be really Chateaufort, and he remain conſtant to his firſt attachment, I have ſaid enough to guide him to purſue it with hope.

Our intercourſe with Madame de Valmont is through my mother, who writes to her frequently, but whom I have not authorized to mention my ſuſpicions relative to St. Croix, wiſhing to ſave the Marchioneſs the affliction of a diſappointment in caſe I ſhould be miſtaken.

Expect

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Expect the ſequel of my ſuppoſed diſcovery; and believe me my charming friend yours with the moſt lively affection. Farewel!

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LETTER XLVII.

from the ſame to the ſame.

Caſtle of Steinbach, Jan. 12.

THIS date, which informs you of my unexpected removal from Stutgard, may probably ſurpriſe you my beloved Angelica, but that ſurpriſe will yield to an emotion of concern, when I explain to you that our reaſon for accepting Baron Steinbach's invitation to his country reſidence, originated from the neceſſity of my mother's leaving the buſtle and air of the town for the amelioration of her ſtill declining health.

My father has hopes alſo that this change of place may have reſtorative powers

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powers over my hapleſs brother's caſe; but my hopes reſpecting it exiſt no longer!

Poor Auguſtus lives—yet lives not for himſelf! his intereſting form is ſtill attractive, ſtill animated by the ſoul of ſentiment; but his mind devaſted ſhows the weakneſs of human intellect, and might make the abſurd yet vain and ſelf-ſufficient reaſoners doubt their mental powers, when they vauntingly degrade themſelves as the ſole intelligence of a fortuitous univerſe, too wonderful for their comprehenſion!

The attentions of Baron Steinbach are thoſe of friendſhip; and they render this caſtle a delightful retreat. Situated amongſt the mountains that ſurround Stutgard, we overlook the ſmoky city, ſtill more gloomy than even the leafleſs foreſts that wave their naked branches

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round the ancient battlements of this venerable pile.

Country ſecluſion at all times ſuits my diſpoſition and is particularly agreeable at preſent, that my ſpirits are eaſily flurried by gay and mixed companies. The gothic ſtructure of this old caſtle, the grave ornaments, and its dark apartments rather ſooth my mind than offer to it diſmal images, more readily admitted in a ſorrowful ſoul amidſt ſcenes of feſtivity; where the laughter of mirth grates diſſonantly on the nerves of ſenſibility.

The converſation of Baron Steinbach is agreeable to me, and his kind attentions grateful to my ſoftened heart, which regards him as the inſtrument of my father's advancement to a ſituation which he had long ardently deſired.

Sometimes at the Baron's requeſt I awaken the ſoft tones of my harp; and

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whilſt my trembling hand ſweeps the ſoul-vibrating ſtrings in plaintive melodies, my feelings are in uniſon with the chords of affecting harmony. But my voice dares not accompany the ſtrain, leſt the tear of ſentiment ſhould ſtart to mark the affliction I endeavour to conceal.

January 29.

I laid aſide my pen yeſterday, my beloved Angelica, to peruſe a letter from Arminfeld, which announced his return to Richterſwyl!

His ſudden removal from London ſurpriſed me much, as I knew he purpoſed ſpending the winter there. But he entreats me to excuſe this appearance of verſatility, and aſſures me the loſs of your ſociety (which could alone have

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have rendered the peculiar gloom of an Engliſh winter bearable to a foreigner), prevented the poſſibility of his remaining longer in the endurance of the foggy atmoſphere of London.

He tells me he finds it abſolutely impoſſible to live without ſpeaking of me to ſome confidential friend, and that your quitting London obliged him to fly to Madame de Valmont, as his only refuge againſt deſpair during our ſeparation.

He ſays that although the Marchioneſs does not dwell on my praiſes with the warmth which inſpired your eulogiums of your deareſt friend, yet that he finds Madame de Valmont's converſation more intereſting than that of thoſe who have not been bleſſed with my acquaintance. I could ſcarcely refrain from ſmiling at a ſentence in his letter where he entreats me not to judge too

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harſhly of the Marchioneſs from this repreſentation. "Perhaps," he adds, "it is not given to any woman, except the amiable Lady Albion, even to underſtand, much leſs to acknowledge with generoſity, the ſuperiority of Gertrude over her whole ſex."

This, as the impaſſioned language of an enthuſiaſtic lover, you my dear Angelica will certainly excuſe. Yet I cannot pardon his complimenting me at the expence of women-kind, and my deareſt friend herſelf.

As I promiſed you the continuation of my obſervations concerning St. Croix, I muſt inform you that I have had reaſons to alter my opinion of having diſcovered the Chevalier in him.

Yeſterday evening while I was playing the harp he was announced as our viſitor.

His

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His entrance was abrupt, and his appearance denoted great agitation. Almoſt unmindful of Baron Steinbach, the maſter of the houſe, where he had obtruded uninvited, he paid all his attentions to me, and with ſome confuſion entreated a private conference with me; which the ſtrangeneſs of his manner made me unwilling to grant, but ſtill more ſo to refuſe.

Whilſt the Baron was converſing with my father and mother, I took an opportunity of withdrawing to an adjoining apartment with St. Croix; who informed me that an unlucky and unexpected event compelled his departure from the principality of Wirtemberg; but that he could not bring himſelf to leave a place endeared by my preſence without aſſuring me that to whatever part of the world an ill-fated deſtiny might drive him, he muſt ever remember me with

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ſentiments which would accompany him to the grave.—"More than this," he added, "his unfortunate circumſtances prohibited his declaring, although my kind condeſcenſions towards him had inſpired him with confidence in my pity."

After ſaying this, with an evidently myſterious meaning, he bowed profoundly on my hand, and quitted the caſtle as ſuddenly as he had entered it; and I was informed that the inſtant he mounted his horſe he ſpurred it to a gallop, like a man who ſpeeds himſelf to eſcape juſtice or vengeance.

Apprehenſive leſt inadvertently I had encouraged ſentiments in his breaſt tenderer than I intended, or ought to have excited, I was loſt in amazement at a conduct which appeared extraordinary and unaccountable! But the reſult of my reflections reſpecting him was, that it

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it was improbable the Chevalier could be concealed in the perſon of St. Croix.

Had he really been Chateaufort, I think he would have flown, on the firſt diſcovery of Madame de Valmont's poſition, to proſtrate himſelf at her feet. Why ſhould he have ſo long lingered near me? Wherefore does he now fly like a criminal? and lament his deſtiny as unfortunate.

Every circumſtance relative to this young ſtranger puzzles conjecture, and ſeems inexplicable. Yet I cannot baniſh him from my thoughts, nor tranquillize the apprehenſion that his fate and mine are connected by a link of ſorrow. I feel ſhocked at the idea that my attentions to him on the Marchioneſs's account may have nouriſhed a paſſion which muſt be hopeleſs; and I add this uneaſineſs to all my griefs; which this ſweet intercourſe with you

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my charming friend is alone capable of alleviating.—Yes! Angelica, I find it can ſoften even the ſorrows of abſence from Arminfeld, and while friendſhip feels the powers of its conſolations it indulges the hope that our coreſpondence may beguile ſome of your lonely hours as ſweetly as it does mine. Amiable Angelica farewel!

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LETTER XLVIII.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

Belfont Park, Feb. 1.

As ſome apology for a ſilence unworthy of your friendſhip, my deareſt Gertrude, and of mine alſo, I feel myſelf compelled to confeſs that, when oppreſſed with grief, my mind has not the elaſticity of yours, nor am I capable of the virtuous exertions which invigorate your conduct to the moſt perfect propriety.

Reading, writing, and every occupation is become a taſk to me; and nothing but the fear of forfeiting your re-

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gard could ſtimulate me to take up the pen in my preſent ſtate of dejection.

To hear that I have been the cauſe of Arminfeld's leaving London ſooner than he intended, and that I may in future blame myſelf for having deranged his profeſſional plans has been an additional ſource of ſorrow to me. I am not ſurpriſed he found this ſeaſon gloomy. It has been horribly ſo to me, and nothing but my reſpected mother's ſociety, the care of nurturing my engaging infant, and the conſolation your letters afford could have prevented my ſpirits deſerting me entirely ſince my Lord's departure. While I liſten to the wintry tempeſt I ſhudder at the probability of Albion's danger. I weep to think his abſence was occaſioned by my folly; and that we have parted, perhaps, to meet no more!

But to infect you with melancholy is inconſiſtent with my friendſhip; which haſtens

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haſtens to diſpatch this teſtimony of its exiſtence, and of mine; and to aſſure you my beloved Gertrude that while I live I muſt regard you as the deareſt of my friends!

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LETTER XLIX.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Caſtle of Steinbach, Feb. 18.

WHAT are common woes to mine! Prepare Angelica to weep at their recital. My heart bleeds—Yet my eyes ſhed no tears. No my friend, my grief exceeds the uſual ſigns of ſuffering. All the miſery I ever endured ſeems peace to what I feel when I reflect that Arminfeld is no more! and that he died by his own hand!

Diſtraction accompanies the thought; and, in the wild phrenzy of my deſpair, I aſk myſelf if it be poſſible that the once virtuous and pious Arminfeld could be guilty

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guilty of ſo foul a deed as ſelf-deſtruction!

What drove him to the fatal act of deſperation is yet unknown; but that it has been perpetrated is alas! too certain.

I ſhudder, my hand trembles, and icy drops hang on my brow, wrung from the anguiſh of my tortured heart, while I open its wounds to your view, my deareſt friend.

My poor diſtracted brother's moody melancholy ſinks my dear mother to an untimely grave; and while I ſit by her ſick couch, watching the awful approach of a parent's diſſolution, filial affection conceals the death of Arminfeld from her, as its laſt act of duty, while agonizing grief ſeems to tear aſunder every fibre to which my ſoul communicates ſenſation.

My

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My father too, worn almoſt to death by the oppreſſive hand of accumulated misfortune, takes his ſad poſt of obſervation by my ſide at my beloved mother's pillow; knows by experience all that I muſt feel, and ſees in my fragile frame the fleeting ſhadow of his laſt earthly pleaſure!

Soon, yes! my friend, ſoon will my ſufferings find repoſe in the tomb. My health withers with ſorrow; and I feel that I cannot long ſurvive the blaſt which has nipped my joys in the very bud of hope.

Counteſs Delmanhoff had written me the moſt affectionate letter, and announced to us that Arminfeld's proſpects were brightening at the court of Furſtemberg, and that ſhe hoped to find in me the kind relation, the faithful friend, and the chearful companion of her future days.

I fondly

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I fondly anticipated the coming ſpring, that gay ſeaſon of blōomy bloſſoms, when the youthful heart expands exhilirated like the opening flowers which promiſe luxuriant ſummer and ſucceeding autumn with all its rich ſtore of mortal bleſſings. Mine I had hoped to find in an union with him whoſe dreadful fate was announced by a ſecond letter from the Counteſs to my father.

Like a thunderbolt the intelligence ſtruck my brain, and deprived me of ſenſe for ſome moments. But I have recovered the ſhock; and poſſeſs my reaſon to bend ſubmiſſive to the ſtroke, and revere the hand which chaſtens me.

Unſubſtantial are the plans of mortals! formed of vain wiſhes, like the fleeting clouds of vapour tinged with the ſun-beams, as our expectations are by hope's vivid rays, the latter diſſolve into

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into tears as the ever varying clouds defcend in ſhowers.

Yet bleſſed are they who can look beyond the grave, and contemplate with humble confidence, an endleſs perſpective of eternal beatitude! But ah! in that brilliant proſpect of bliſsful futurity I ſee no hope for the rebellious ſpirit of a daring ſuicide!

Celeſtial mercy and unerring juſtice in the divine eſſence balance each other in perfect equipoiſe.—Alas! poor Arminfeld!

Caſtle of Steinbach, Feb. 21.

By the pale lamp of midnight watchfulneſs while ſleep inveſts the ſurrounding world in reſt, and nature's ſelf repoſes, the tortured ſoul of Gertrude wakes to agonizing affliction. Yet, ſuffering all the mental anguiſh grief can inflict, I feel ſecure againſt encreaſing ſorrow,

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ſorrow, and find a peace even in the exceſs of woe.

The dart, which had ſo long been pointed at the breaſt of my mother, has at length been ſped!

Laſt night at twelve, her meek ſpirit, now fainted, winged its way from a terreſtrial priſon to bliſsful regions, leaving mortal torments for immortal joys! and now, at the ſame hour I reſume my poſt near her cold breathleſs corſe, and bathe the cold lifeleſs form of my departed parent, in tears of lamentation. Yet, why lament her happineſs? Can I wiſh her alive to ſorrows like thoſe which wring my heart? No, rather let me bleſs the mercy that ſpared her feeling mind the ſufferings I endure; and, while I weep a mother's death, let me praiſe Heaven for lending a filial hand to ſmooth her bed of ſickneſs, and a daughter's care to eaſe the laſt ſtruggles of fleeting animation.

Her

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Her bright example taught me how to live; and ſhe compleated her maternal leſſons in inſtructing me how to die. Actively virtuous in life, ſhe was calm and reſigned in death; giving in both an example of perfect Chriſtianity. I have tried to live like her; and, O! may I ſoon depart in peace as ſhe has done! Depreſſed with the keeneſt miſeries of humanity, my ſpirit pants to be releaſed from earthly bondage, and deſpairing grief ſuggeſts that the world no longer has a tie upon my ſoul; but religion whiſpers to my reaſon that while life is ſpared its giver deſigns it for ſome uſeful purpoſe. Then let me live to perform the duty yet enjoined me.—To comfort my afflicted father, and watch over my brother's helpleſs ſtate is yet my buſineſs; and to live for the conſolation of others ſhould be ours when mortal exiſtence becomes a burthen to ourſelves.

Stutgard,

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Stutgard, March 13.

In a vault at the Caſtle of Steinbach, the remains of my late revered mother are depoſited; and inveſted with her cares I am become the miſtreſs of my dear father's houſe at this place.

He has permitted me to aſſume weeds as the intended wife of Arminfeld; for whom, and for my departed parent, grief puts my heart in mourning which can never be laid aſide. Time has however aſſuaged the firſt exceſs of woe; and reaſon endeavours to check the frequent recurrence of thoſe involuntary burſts of anguiſh that threatened diſtraction to my mind. Supported by religion I calmly endure loſſes I can never ceaſe to feel acutely.

I endeavour to compoſe my diſturbed thoughts by reading devotional works; where I find the moſt ſolid grounds for that faith and hope, which can alone ſupport

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ſupport us through the diſtreſſes of life, and I ſee the moſt convincing arguments in favor of that entire reſignation to the will of Heaven, which muſt ſoften to a true Chriſtian the ſevereſt diſpenſations of Providence, who in the moſt conſummate wiſdom orders every thing ultimately for the beſt. Such are the pious meditations that relieve my heart; and when it is tranquillized by religious exerciſes I divert myſelf from unavailing, and perhaps impious regrets by peruſing hiſtory, where I every where meet with corroborative evidences in favor of the religion we profeſs; and in biography I admire examples of virtue and piety, which inſpire emulation. Poetry was once my favorite relaxation; and it is ſtill agreeable to me. I never found French verſification that had its charm, or eſſential requiſites. That eaſy flow of ſentences, that harmony of ſound, and thoſe ſtriking and beautiful tranſpoſi-

tions

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tions of words, which are the efficients of poetry, are not to be met with in the verſification of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, or any of the celebrated French writers, whoſe failure in excellence is rather owing to the deficiencies of their language than of their genius. Perhaps it never ſoared higher than in the noble flights of the Engliſh bards. My mind is ſtill awake to the brilliant fancy and ſtrong expreſſions of the ſurpriſing Shakſpeare, the ſublime imagination and expreſſive language of the great Milton, the nervous ſtyle and important truths of the inſtructive Young, the profound ſenſe and poliſhed elegance of the refined Pope, the vivid deſcriptions of nature and the ſoft lines of the amiable Thomſon; and the various graces of your innumerable minor poets. Theſe authors even now frequently abſorb my faculties in delight; and the pleaſing conceits of Taſſo, Guarini, and Metaſ-

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taſio, in ſoft metre and melodious ſtanzas, often compoſe my agitated ſpirits, occcupy my ſoul, and lead my mind out of itſelf. Reading has that power which other employments have not. Tears follow the traces of my pen, from the ſketches of my pencil a thouſand recollections embody themſelves in affecting forms, and the tones of muſic pierce my heart in the point of its tendereſt ſenſations.

No more will Gertrude dip her bruſhes in nature's tints; ſorrow has tarniſhed all her hues.

Never henceforth ſhall her hand ſtrike the chords of harmony. Her harp, for ever ſilent to melody, murmurs diſcordant vibrations to the ſighing wind as it ſweeps its aerial wings over the trembling ſtrings. Grief has ſaddened harmony.

Yet ſtill ſhall friendſhip guide the pen, ſtill weeping trace my afflictions, and

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and pourtray itſelf in the affecting page. There will affection prove its ſincerity by a teſtimony of tender remembrance through all the accumulated woes; which might have obliterated the characters moſt deepely engraven in the heart, and reflected in the clear tablet of memory.

Ah! Angelica, how ſoothing would the conſolations of friendſhip be to my grief-worn ſoul!

Yours would pour the balm of ſympathy into my ulcerated heart. But you my friend, are already too much oppreſſed to bear the weight of my afflictions in addition to thoſe you endure from the abſence of Lord Albion.

May ſafety reconduct him to you! and may his preſence conſole you whilſt you mourn for me!

My friendſhip will ſpare you the preſent knowledge of my griefs. Theſe ſheets I will detain, and to them at future

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ture periods I will add the remaining occurrences of a life which I feel is haſtening to a termination. My ſilence may alarm you, yet my friend blame me not for the uneaſineſs, the only uneaſineſs I ever voluntarily occaſioned you; the pain of ſuſpenſe muſt be leſs than that ariſing from the knowledge of my fate; ſince imagination cannot picture to itſelf circumſtances as direful as mine; and the apprehenſions of affection will prepare you for the grief of hearing that Gertrude is no more!

When ſhe has ceaſed to exiſt you will receive this packet as a memorial of her, and as a teſtimony that you and yours were the ſubject of ſome of her laſt thoughts.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND;

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, & vires, & quæ modo viſa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet——— OVID. Met.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
HOR. Ep.

LONDON:

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1802.

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'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed——
. . . . . Give you good night!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
What art thou that uſurp'ſt this time of night?
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Angels and miniſters of grace, defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee.——————
. . . . . Oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy *unhallow'd* bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? Why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we *thought* thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead corſe, again in *ghaſtly form*,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

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Say, why is this? Wherefore? What ſhould we do?

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Reaſon would ſay, 'tis but our phantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful ſight, twice ſeen of us.

. . . . . .

What if again this Apparition come!

. . . . . .

Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Look where it comes again! . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . it harrows me with fear and wonder!
It would be ſpoken to. . . . . .

. . . . . .

It is offended——*frowns and* ſtalks away.

. . . . . .

'Tis gone— . . . . . .

. . . . . .

It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of Day; and, at his warning,
Whether

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Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: And of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no Spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.
. . . . . .
But look, the morn in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
The Graves ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted Dead
Did *ſigh* and *wander* in the Roman ſtreets;
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
Diſaſters veil'd the Sun; and the moiſt Star,
Upon whoſe influence Neptune's Empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.

But

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But ſoft! behold! lo, where it comes again
I'll croſs it though it blaſt me. Stay, Illuſion
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Oh ſpeak! ——————

. . . . . .

It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
No, by no means.
It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.
Do not, my Lord.
Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again——I'll follow it——
What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er its baſe into the ſea;

And

And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea;
And hears it roar beneath.——————
It waves me still—go on—I'll follow thee.

. . . . . .

He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

. . . . . .

Have after.——To what issue will this come?

. . . . . .

Heav'n will direct it.——————

SHAKSPEARE.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND.

LETTER L.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

Belfont Park, March 14.

THE manſion clock has juſt ſtruck one, and the deep toned vibrations echo through the lonely chambers of this ſolitary habitation, while the wintry tempeſt

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howls around, ſhaking the rattling caſements.

My mother, my child, and our attendants, reſt in ſilence, and I alſo endeavoured to repoſe—but—I have ſtarted from my bed, affrighted by a horrific bloody ſpectre.

It was the ghoſt of Arminfeld that ſtood before my aſtoniſhed gaze!

I recognized his graceful figure in the aereal form, and his impreſſive features, although pale, and disfigured by a tremendous wound upon his forehead!—He pointed to it, groaned a deep ſigh, as if he had heaved it from beneath a ponderous tomb-ſtone, and ſeemed as if he would have ſpoken, had I not ſhrieked with terror.—My ſcream made the ghaſtly phantom vaniſh; and I would have laid my head again upon the pillow, but it was ſtained with blood!

Shocked,

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Shocked, Laroſe; and from the horrid ſight, I turned my eyes upon my ſleeping infant.—It ſtarted, moaned, and frowned, while a dimpling ſmile played round its infantine lips, that marked peace and ſafety hovering over its cradle to guard its placid ſlumbers.

Repoſe, ſweet babe, huſhed by the whiſtling wind, while by thy ſide I employ the preſent ſtill and ſolemn hour in this tranquilizing intercourſe of friendſhip, where the effuſions of the mind and heart compoſe them both.

Wherefore, my Gertrude, do you let your friend, your firſt, your deareſt friend, languiſh without your letters?

'Tis long—very long, ſince you have written to me; yet, why do I blame you, if Arminfeld be no more!—Tell me, Gertrude, in pity tell me if—But, no.—'Twas only an illuſive viſion that diſturbed me.

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In truth, your long unuſual ſilence makes me wretched;—ſomething tells my fancy you are ill.—This makes me ſad—Alas! very ſad.

The glimmering taper, by whoſe pale tremulous blaze I now write, ſheds a blue light from its enſanguined flame;—and from the gloomy duſkineſs at the further end of my wide and dreary chamber, an airy form advances with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps, unſounding to my liſtening ear.—Ha! It is the ghoſt of Arminfeld!

It ſtops its meaſured march, and ſtands aloof, inveſted in ſhade, and waves a gleaming dagger; from the gory point of which, a crimſon ſtream traces myſterious characters.

But why does the diſmal ſpectre frown on me?—Ah! I have read terrific words, written in blood upon the floor!

That

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That Arminfeld is his own murderer! —That I drove him to the raſh and fatal crime of ſuicide! and that the friend of his youth, the brother of my Gertrude, the amiable Auguſtus, is gone diſtracted through love of me!

Heavens! Can all this be true?

The taper now glimmers, almoſt extinguiſhed;—and from the ſhadowy wall another ſpirit iſſues, with haggard looks, and eyes ſunk in their orbits, glaring horror over death's pallid features.

Methinks, I trace in their marked outline, the reſemblance of my Albion!

It is my huſband's ſhade!—'Tis vaniſhed.

Pale was the viſage of the wandering ſpirit, while in a hollow and ſepulchral voice it told me, that his lifeleſs form (ſunk to the bottom of the raging ſea) lies there entombed by the ſad wreck of his loſt veſſel!

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Transfixed with grief and terror, I ſtood like a mourning ſtatue, fearing, and yet deſiring, the approach of my loved Albion's ſhade.—It glided forward with open arms, as if to claſp me to its clay-cold breaſt;—mine, chilled by the phantom's icy touch, ſtarted, recoiling involuntarily, and the repulſed and gentle ſpirit of my loved lord turned from me, with a look of ſorrowful reproach,—and, darting paſt me, frowned at the ſpectre of the ſelf-murdered Arminfeld, which again ſtalked forward.

A glance of jealous rage ſhot from the eyes of Albion's ghoſt.

" Ah! think not, my huſband, Angelica's heart was e'er impreſſed by any image but thy own. My youthful fancy, newly awakened to ſentiment, miſtook an admiration of Arminfeld for a paſſion, which the gallant Herbert, returning victorious and conſtant, firſt taught me how

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how to feel; and, when I gave my hand to him, love made my heart entirely his own!"

The placid ſpirit of Albion ſmiled benignantly at this avowal.—The bleeding phantom of the ſuicide vaniſhed through the darkneſs, and the ſhade of my loved Lord waved a fond adieu, and melted into the ſurrounding gloom, as a nocturnal meteor is loſt in the miſt of night.

I uſed to believe that the apparition of departed ſpirits was impoſſible; and I thought the fear of them a vulgar ſuperſtition; yet, I now credit the ſupernatural information of this horrific night,—feel myſelf, alas! a wretched widow! and fear that thou alſo mayeſt be one!

Write to me, Gertrude, and conſole thy widowed friend; yet,—are not thou like me? No, no;—ſurely Arminfeld lives.

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Yes! and thy brother too.—Alas!—Hark! a noiſe—a groan!

The cock crows.—I muſt haſten to bed,—the morning is chill, the blaſt is piercing, and I am ſhivering with cold; my joints are ſtiff, my hand is benumbed, and the mirror reflects a terrific paleneſs.

Gertrude, art thou ſtill my friend? and wilt thou ever love me, as I love thee?

The Continuation of GERTRUDE's Journal to Lady ALBION.

Stutgard, July 30.

THE affecting and extraordinary letter of my deareſt friend, Angelica, has moved and aſtoniſhed me beyond deſcription.

Ought I to believe you have received ſupernatural information of events, which I wiſhed

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I wiſhed to conceal from your affection, till I was no more?

How can I doubt it? Theſe ſheets, that contain the intelligence of my ſad calamities, remain in my poſſeſſion to convey to you the laſt remembrance of Gertrude, when the ſorrows which ſink her to the tomb will make no claim to the ſympathies of tender amity: its regrets for my loſs will be aſſuaged, by the idea that I am releaſed from a ſtate of intolerable ſuffering to that peace, which ought to conſole you for a friend who will be at reſt, and who could live to grief alone!

Impreſſed with this opinion and hope, I was grieved to learn you were apprized of my misfortunes.—Yet your letter ſhews you ignorant of their extent.—You have yet to learn, that I mourn my revered mother's deceaſe; and your par-

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tial information of my woes corroborates the notion, that you cannot have had any communication of my ſituation from living evidence! It would certainly have added the news of my lamented parent's death to that of Adalbert's, ſince they both occurred within a very few days of each other, and muſt be equally known to thoſe who are acquainted with events concerning me.

Reaſon and ſuperſtition combat each other daily in my mind; and while friendſhip each night gives a thought to bleſs thee, fancy pourtrays terrific phantoms.—But of them no more.

The cauſe of my poor brother's diſtraction I have but lately learned, from circumſtances known only to myſelf; and I was perſuaded, until the receipt of your laſt letter, that the knowledge of his hopeleſs paſſion for my friend Angelica

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Angelica was a ſecret excluſively diſcovered to me, ſince he is as ſilent as the grave reſpecting it.

The amiable Auguſtus, endowed with the greateſt vivacity, poſſeſſed a moſt ſuſceptible heart, and united with it a refined delicacy of thought, and integrity of honor, which prohibited his diſcloſing even to me, or his boſom friend, Adalbert, a love hopeleſs in its commencement, and which he afterwards perhaps conſidered criminal.

He knew of your engagement to Herbert.

The grief we all participated on your departure was too general a ſenſation to ſurpriſe us in the ſorrowful Auguſtus.

To ſpeak of you was a conſolation.—I once hinted the wiſh you expreſſed of returning amongſt us.—

" Is not your fair friend going to be married?" demanded my brother, with his accuſtomed gaiety.

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I ſhook my head;—and, I remember, he immediately regained the vivacity your abſence had, for a ſhort time, interrupted.—As I revert to theſe events, I am inclined to believe, he then permitted himſelf to indulge a fallacious hope, which your ſubſequent marriage deſtroyed; and his derangement I date from the period of that ſhock, which he had fortitude enough to receive in ſilence, but too acute a ſenſibility to endure, without his mind falling a ſacrifice to an impreſſion and ſentiment that has effaced and annihilated every other.

His entire alteration in appearance and habits, his ſeclusion, his ſilence, and dejection, awakened no ſuſpicion of any thing except the diſtraction we anticipated, and which was at length confirmed as an incurable malady.

I marked its progreſs with a ſiſter's apprehenſions and diſtreſs, but never

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divined the cauſe until after his arrival here. One evening, in the duſk of twilight, I obſerved him ſteal out ſomething from his boſom and kiſs it, believing himſelf unheeded. I determined to diſcover what that apparent treaſure was; and as I nightly ſtole to his room to watch his uneaſy ſlumbers, I found concealed at his heart a ringlet of your hair, which your friendſhip had granted to mine: I inſtantly recognized it as the one I had loſt from my pocket-book a little after your departure from Richterſwyl.

My heart eaſily drew a concluſion explanatory of the ſtate of his.—Yet, Angelica, blame not yourſelf for his fate, ſince Nature alone is anſwerable for giving him a ſenſibility as exquiſite as the attractions with which ſhe has endowed you are irreſiſtible.

How

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How can you be reproached either for the crime of the hapleſs Arminfeld?

Alas! devoted Adalbert, why didſt thou not remember the parting injunctions of Geſtrude; who ſaw with fear the impetuoſity of thy paſſions, and warned thee to reſtrain them by the reins of reaſon!

Whilſt I apoſtrophize the ſoul of Arminfeld, a chilling tremour pervades my fragile frame,—and terrified fancy beholds a mental viſion of the dread ſight which ſhewed dire horrors to the friend of my boſom:—with her I ſhudder at the terrific warning, which marked, in tremendous characters, the bloody crime of Arminfeld!

Ah! Angelica, my ſick ſoul ſhrinks at the thought of the remorſeful pangs Adalbert's now may feel; and while diſtracted imagination ſtarts at the idea of

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of a perturbed and wandering ſpirit, I aſk, with direful preſentiment of certainty, if the ſupernatural information of the virtuous Albion's death be equally true as that of Arminfeld's?

Angelica,—my friend,—muſt we then weep together?—muſt we mourn the ſame woe?—No:—ſoft and placid is thy grief compared with mine;—Albion in his duty found a grave, and ſunk to it in peace, to riſe to joys immortal;—but Adalbert ruſhed to a tomb of unexpiable guilt, to wake in torments more agonizing than thoſe he ſought to ſhun!

Richterſwyl, September 25.

The ſad ſoul of Gertrude ſtill lingers in her drooping frame, and feebly ſupports it in the faded reſemblance of her former

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former ſelf;—like the emblem of her joys, withered before maturity!

My father has been ſummoned here to arrange the affairs of the ill-fated Arminfeld, and I entreated to be the partner of his journey to our native village. At firſt he refuſed my requeſt, fearful of tearing open afreſh the wounds of my heart;—but they, alas! remain uncloſed, and death alone can eaſe their anguiſh.

I aſſured my kind parent that place was indifferent to my affliction, which muſt be my conſtant companion, in ſociety as well as ſolitude, and in every ſituation.

My ſorrow is become tranquil,—deep, and yet calm, like the lake of Zurich, which I gaze on for hours through ſilently deſcending tears;—every object in my native reſidence apoſtrophizes my

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my heart with the recollections of former times; and each meadow, tree, and ſhrub is the record of pleaſures fled for ever: but in dwelling on the remembrance of thoſe who endeared theſe ſcenes I devote no more time to regrets here than I ſhould elſewhere; ſince in every place the objects of my love occupy my thoughts unceaſingly.

We are accommodated at a houſe in the village near that where the unfortunate Arminfeld's impious hand daringly ſigned his eternal perdition with his own blood! From my windows I behold thoſe of his former reſidence; and I ſhudder as I turn my eyes to their diſmal aſpect: my heart tells me his chambers are forlorn; and ſentiment repeats continually to my thoughts, Adalbert is not here.—He is gone.—He is dead! Ah! He is loſt for ever!

My

My agonizing ſoul burſts, in theſe frequently recurring ideas, every nerve that unites it to my trembling frame, and I experience all the mental and corporeal anguiſh mortality can feel. Yet I am contented to live as long as Heaven may pleaſe.

Surely the griefs of Arminfeld, however poignant, could never be as acute as thoſe woes I now endure! And yet he murmured rebelliouſly againſt the dread Author of his exiſtence! with daring impiety fled from his poſt of dutiful ſubmiſſion to Infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs,—and ruſhed, unlicenſed, into the awful preſence of Almighty Power and unerring Juſtice!

Whilſt I ſtart back with horror at a crime ſo great, I bend reſignedly to the Will of my Creator, and truſting infinitely leſs to my own obedience than to the merits of a Mediator, I brighten the

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the dreary proſpect of this ſad world of trial, by the enlivening perſpective of another,—There, as I mentally gaze on its glorious refulgence, emanating from the Divine Preſence of Perfect Righteouſneſs, I behold my ſainted mother's ſpirit beckoning me to enjoy beatitude!

I lament my departed parent with the ſoft grief that admits the hope of a reunion; but I mourn my loſt lover in an anguiſh that excludes the idea of a future meeting.—Alas! we have parted for eternity!

Richterſwyl, Sept. 27.

Whilſt my father is engaged in looking over the papers belonging to my late and lamented Adalbert, I have employed my ſolitary leiſure in peruſing the letters addreſſed to my deceaſed and revered mother. Her correſpondence with

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with people of worth, genius, and erudition was extenſive; and in reading their epiſtles, addreſſed to their once ineſtimable friend, filial affection retraces in the opinions of her acquaintance thoſe rare endowments which attracted in her lifetime a general admiration and regard, as animated as the regrets occaſioned by her death. Madame de Valmont was amongſt the number of thoſe honored by her epiſtolary intercourſe.—The Marchioneſs's letters were, like herſelf, pleaſant, gay, and full of anecdote. When they arrived they created a general intereſt and amuſement, as intelligence of our native canton. We peruſed them in common; but amongſt the number I found one, which my beloved mother's tenderneſs concealed from my knowledge. An extract from it will explain her reaſon for ſecrecy.

" Your

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"Your ſon-in-law elect comes as
"uſual frequently to ſee me, and con-
"tinues to ſpeak of Gertrude; yet I
"perceive he ſupports his abſence from
"her better, much better, than I could
"have imagined, conſidering the me-
"lancholy with which he anticipated
"the ſeparation;—but it is the nature of
"violent love to exhauſt itſelf, as much
"as it is the diſpoſition of men to be
"inconſtant. I feel myſelf impelled,
"by my friendſhip for you and your
"amiable daughter, to advertiſe you,
"that Arminfeld, ſince his return here,
"has evinced a ſtrong attachment to
"a peaſant-girl. She is pretty, and
"unprotected;—and I have diſcovered
"that he viſits her conſtantly. It is
"ſaid, moreover, that he entirely
"maintains her and an aged grand-
"mother.

"What

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"What his motive is, I leave you "to determine.

"I have already warned my young "friend, Gertrude, againſt ſuch infide- "lities; and perhaps it will become a "maternal duty, to guard her under- "ſtanding againſt falſe opinions, and "her heart againſt deluſions deſtructive "of her future peace.

"Be not too apprehenſive of wound- "ing her ſenſibility; my penetrating "obſervation has diſcovered in her more "prudence than enthuſiaſm, and more "refinement of reaſon than energy of "ſentiment."

On peruſing this, a variety of contending emotions perturbed my ſoul.

My mother knew how this intelligence muſt affect me; and maternal tenderneſs found it impoſſible to wound the heart of her child!

Ah!

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Ah! Arminfeld—must I then add to my ſorrows, by the belief that thou wert faithleſs to Gertrude—to love—to thy principles—to thyſelf!

I thought my grief incapable of increaſe, till this intelligence taught me there were pangs yet unknown to my anguiſh.

Could Arminfeld deceive? and could he deceive the tender, confiding, unſuſpecting Gertrude? Could he ruin innocence?

Hence torturing ſuſpicion;—unworthy of my love—my heart pleads for him—my judgment acquits him.

Yet—how account for Arminfeld's raſh act, except by ſuppoſing the ſtings of conſcience intolerable to his energetic ſoul?

I have learned ſince my arrival here, that previous to Adalbert's terminating his exiſtence, he appeared unuſually gloomy;

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gloomy; that he ſeemed to meditate deeply; that he was obſerved to ſtart, as if in horror, at uneaſy retroſpections; that he was remarked to pray fervently; and that no inconſiſtency of ſpeech or action bore the leaſt evidence of derangement of intellect.

Upon enquiry, we found, that for two evenings he had omitted his regular viſits to Madame de Valmont, and that he had alſo forborne to take his daily walk to the cottage of Maria Gluck, whom he had conſtantly viſited ſince his laſt return to Richterſwyl. He ſpent his time on the third day in ſtraying about the mountains; and retired to his apartments much wearied about an hour after ſunſet.

His ſervant, La Brune, brought his ſupper at the uſual time, but he ordered it away immediately, ſaying, he had affairs to arrange, and wiſhed to remain undiſ-

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undiſturbed. When La Brune left him he was writing.

About midnight, his ſervant was rouſed from ſleep by a ſudden noiſe that ſtartled him; but on liſtening, every thing was quiet, and he returned to reſt. In the morning he went into his maſter's room—he was ſurpriſed to perceive he had not been in bed, and ſtill more aſtoniſhed to find he had left his lodgings. In Arminfeld's ſtudy a candle was ſtill burning on the table; beſide a volume of Shakeſpear, open at Hamlet's ſoliloquy on death, lay a loaded piſtol; another, which had been diſcharged, (and the report of which had diſturbed La Brune in the night,) ſeemed to have been thrown on the ground—the floor was ſtained with blood, and a bloody handkerchief lay on a chair, to tell the dreadful truth of Adalbert's horrid fate.—His keys were encloſed in a ſealed paper,

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directed to Count Delmanhoff; and on his desk was found, written in a fair steady hand, the following testament:

" As I am about to forfeit a place of " interment in consecrated ground, by " the last act of a wretched existence, I " request to be buried in the spot I have " purchased.

" Madame de Valmont, to whom the " cause of my despair is known, will not, " I am certain, refuse to let my body " rest in the garden of the villa at pre- " sent occupied by her.

" It is the *only* favor I solicit from " her indulgence; and, as it is the *last* " she can ever grant to my entreaty, I " flatter myself she will not refuse it to " an unfortunate being whom she ho- " nored with her friendship.

" It is also my request, that three- " fourths of my property may be distri- " buted amongst those whose indigent cir- " cumstances

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" cumſtances claim it from compaſſion,
" and that the remaining fourth-part
" may be ſecured to Maria Gluck, for
" the ſupport of herſelf and her grand-
" mother, and the exigencies of another
" being in whoſe future fate ſhe knows I
" am deeply intereſted.

" It would have been my wiſh to ap-
" point my eſteemed friend Dr. Weſ-
" ſerman, executor of this my laſt will—
" but delicacy towards his feelings pre-
" vents my nominating him to this
" office."

It is ſuppoſed he ſhot himſelf immediately after having written the above directions. The diſcharged piſtol and bloody handkerchief were horrid teſtimonies of the dreadful deed. Probably the wound not being inſtantaneouſly mortal, the deſire of ſelf-deſtruction and ſpeedy diſſolution, prompted him to ſeek the lake of Zurich as a ſurer means

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of effecting his dreadful purpoſe—and his hat, found on the following morning on a height impending over the water, marked the tremendous ſpot whence he precipitated his body into the unfathomable deep, and plunged his ſoul into the abyſs of eternity!

The affection of his fellow villagers has erected a monumental urn to Arminfeld's memory, in the garden of his villa, which his taſte beautified. Madame de Valmont fled the mournful ſcene immediately after the fatal event, with a promiſe of returning to give up the premiſes when her regret is a little calmed.

In conſequence of her abſence, I am deprived of the conſolation I ſhould feel in converſing with her on a ſubject deeply intereſting to my ſorrowful heart.—Yes! Adalbert, thy memory is ſtill dear to it, and muſt ever be ſo, notwithſtanding the errors of thy latter days—Whatever

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ever they were towards me, I pardon them—and Gertrude's affection will ſeek thy ſad monument to bedew it with tears of love!

Richterſwyl, September 28.

Yeſterday evening I purſued the way up the mountain, leading to the villa of Arminfeld.—I arrived at the houſe as the ſun ſunk behind it—The dwelling was deſerted, the garden was deſolated, and the autumnal blaſt, which had ſcattered the faded flowers on the moiſt boſom of the cold earth, whirled around a ſhower of withered leaves, to mix with thoſe already turned to clay on the pebbled walks, now overgrown with weeds.

How altered ſeemed the place ſince I had ſeen it with Arminfeld, and admired

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mired the luxuriance of blooming ſummer!—That ſeaſon of our feſtive viſit had given place to autumn, whoſe chilling rains and bleak winds bring on dark winter and its gloomy tempeſts.—The emblem of our blaſted joys ſtruck to my heart, and almoſt overpowered my ſinking frame, as I reached the awe-inſpiring ſpot, which I conſidered the grave of my murdered happineſs!

A verdant aſcent led me to the monumental urn, on the ruſticated baſe of which the departing light ſhewed the following inſcription:

"Sacred to the Memory
of
ADALBERT ARMINFELD,
Whoſe Monument
Conſecrates this Ground, where
Genius and Virtue
Muſt ever mourn,
and
Affection bathe his funeral Urn
With Tears of unceaſing Regret!"

Theſe

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Theſe few words ſpoke volumes to my heart! and, leaning againſt the cold marble, I wept over it.—My tears bedewed a wreath of fading flowers, which ſeemed to have been entwined round the urn, by a being to whom it was particularly dear.—

Whilſt I ſadly contemplated this periſhable memento of ſimple, yet tender affection, a peaſant girl approached the ſpot with a baſket of flowers—On perceiving me, ſhe ſeemed irreſolute whether to advance or retire; until ſeeing I was a fellow-mourner, ſhe ſilently replaced the withered wreath with a freſh garland, and was retiring with a deep ſigh, that convinced me we were indeed partners in affliction.

My heart recognized, in this young ruſtic, Maria Glück!—Her idea awakened in my ſoul a momentary ſenſation of repugnance bordering on jealouſy,

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which her village courteſy ſoftened into pity—The faded bloom of her cheeks, rendered almoſt pallid by the traces of tears, augmented the ſentiment of commiſeration.—Sympathy unites hearts, and ours interchanged the communication of congenial feelings by ſighs.

"Did you really love Arminfeld?" demanded I.

"Heaven only now knows how dearly!" replied the village maiden.

"And was he whom you ſo lament your only friend?" added I.

"Alas! the only one I had, except my grandmother, ſince Jaſper left me." The name of Jaſper was articulated with a heavy ſigh.

"And who is Jaſper?"

"My huſband," replied the young peaſant, with a bluſh that heightened the ruſtic beauty I admired; the colour mantling into her cheek ſeemed to ſpring

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ſpring from the ſpirit of youthful affection, whoſe ſource was in the heart; and mine expanded towards her with benevolence.—"I think," ſaid I, regarding her with a ſmile of friendſhip, "your name is Maria Gluck"—

She courteſied aſſent; and, looking at me with an expreſſion of innocent confidence, ſhe ſaid—"I did not know, Madam, that my late generous benefactor acquainted any perſon with his charitable kindneſs to me—He always commanded me to keep it a ſecret; and, in obedience to him, I refrained from expreſſing my gratitude even to him;—ſo it was only to my revered aged grandmother, that I could indulge myſelf by praiſing his generoſity—Ah! ſhe loved to talk of his goodneſs as much as I did—Since her death, (for ſhe only outlived him, dear amiable gentleman! two days,) I have made it my duty, as

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it is my pleaſure, to dreſs his urn with theſe flowers every morning and evening; I ſpend my time in gathering them, and ſtringing them in garlands; and whilſt I am tying them together, I water them with my tears, which fall to his memory, my dear grandmother's, and my beloved Jaſper's."

Maria wiped her eyes—and mine overflowed with ſympathy—"Poor Maria," ſaid I, "you are young to be ſo acquainted with ſorrow, and to be left in a wide world alone without a friend or a protector.—Henceforth, however, you ſhall have one in me while I live; and when I am no more, I will leave you to the care of my father, who will, for my ſake, extend to you his parental kindneſs.—But what is become of your huſband? has he deſerted you?"

"Ah! Madam, Jaſper left me two years ago, and three weeks after we were

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were married—he was forced to go for a ſoldier to France.—It had nearly broken all our hearts; but poverty has no choice!—I would have followed him but for the ſake of my aged grandmother, who was too old either to travel to a foreign country, or maintain herſelf in her own.—I worked hard to ſupport her and myſelf, and got a tolerable livelihood, till ſickneſs brought us to diſtreſs—Inſtead of earning our ſubſiſtence, I was obliged to attend my poor grandmother; and we ſhould both have periſhed had it not been for the kind-hearted gentleman Arminfeld—He came regularly twice a-day to ſee the old woman; he brought her medicines; he gave us ſufficient money to ſupport us in comfort; and what was kinder than all, he conſoled our hearts by his ſweet condeſcending manners, and his good advice.—His behaviour

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was ſo engaging, that I loved him as I would have loved a brother—all our ſorrows were confided to him, and he inſiſted on ſending a ſum to Paris to procure my huſband's diſcharge—"You will ſoon want a protector, Maria," ſaid the dear gentleman, as he watched my poor grandmother's decline, "and, I truſt, Jaſper will get his diſmiſſal, and be able to return happily to his home before his wife loſes the guardianſhip of her reſpectable old parent."—It was his ſkill and attention alone that kept her alive; for two days before his death he omitted viſiting us as he was accuſtomed to do, and my grandmother grew worſe—I was alarmed at her ſituation, and our good friend's abſence; and fearing he was ill, I went to enquire about him—Ah! never ſhall I forget the ſhock I received, in hearing we had loſt him for ever! All the village were in tears

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—I was almoſt diſtracted—and my poor grandmother died of grief in two days after the ſhocking event!"

The ſimple tale of the innocent Maria, and her unaffected afflictions, penetrated my heart; and, unharbouring every ſentiment injurious to Arminfeld's faith and my love, juſtified him to it entirely—An impulſe, more animated than benevolence, actuated me to befriend the mournful Maria; and giving her my addreſs, I deſired her to call on me the next morning.

Taking this as a diſmiſſal, ſhe departed, after an ejaculatory bleſſing on the ſoul of Arminfeld, to which my heart added an Amen!

From the elevated ſite of Arminfeld's urn, I beheld the affectionate peaſant wind her ſolitary way round the mountain, whoſe lofty ſummit was faintly illumined by the evening creſcent riſing from

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from behind the cliffs.—The chill miſt of autumn aſcended from the lake below, and ſpread over the darkening landſcape—a ſolemn ſtillneſs reigned around.—Love and enthuſiaſm bent my knees on the pedeſtal of Arminfeld's monumental urn; and, claſping the cold marble in my arms, I leaned my aching head againſt the chilling ſtone, wet with the dew of evening; and aſpirating a prayer to Heaven for religious ſupport under my affliction, concluded with apoſtrophizing the ſpirit of Adalbert—"Ah! wherefore did thy ſoul, which claimed kindred with angels, by the emulation of celeſtial virtues, forfeit, by one raſh deed alone, the immortal reward of human merit?"

A deep ſigh from the monument thrilled to my heart! Yet I was ſtill alone——the ſigh was repeated audibly! I trembled—again it vibrated on my liſtening

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liſtening ear! I ſtarted from the urn—And as I gazed in aſtoniſhment and horror, I raiſed my tearful eyes to the lunar creſcent—it was magnified by the foggy atmoſphere, which, inſtead of reflecting her clear argentine beams, ſhed around the planet of the night a pale ſanguine light.—Intending to bend my ſteps homeward, I gave a farewel look to the awe-inſpiring monument, when ſuddenly from behind it, I ſaw a tall ſolemn figure advancing towards me as I was retiring thence——fain would I have fled—but terror detained me motionleſs—my trembling knees refuſed to obey my will—The horrific apparition ſtood before me—and as it gazed in awful ſilence, a faſcination more than human fixed me to the ſpot—At length the apparition fell at my feet, and graſping my hands with an icy touch, articulated ſome-

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ſomething in a hoarſe whiſper, which terror rendered inexplicable.—

The fear that had till then kept me motionleſs, impelled me forward with an elaſtic ſpring; and ſtriking acroſs the garden, I ſoon gained the path that led me home with trembling ſteps.

My father, uneaſy at my abſence, was watching my return.—With paternal tenderneſs he gently chided me me for prolonging my walk till the piercing air of that late hour of evening, to which he attributed the paleneſs occaſioned by the late myſterious circumſtance. The impreſſion it had made on my heart left too great a languor on my ſpirits, to permit my truſting my feelings with an explanation of their agitation.

On

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On retiring to my chamber, I feared to allow myſelf the liberty of reflecting on the event of the evening.—

The night was dark and tempeſtuous—Apprehenſion was on the alarm—The whiſtling wind ſtartled me as it ſighed at my caſement; but reaſon huſhed ſuperſtition to repoſe, by queſtioning why divine Mercy, conſummate Wiſdom, and unerring Judgment, ſhould permit the ſpirits of departed beings to trouble thoſe who, ſtill lingering in this life, can know nothing of a future ſtate, except the important truths taught by celeſtial revelation.

In the morning Maria came according to appointment. Her ſimple and affecting ſtory had touched my heart, and the ſympathy of mine attached hers to me.

She lived in hopes of Jaſper's releaſe from the Swiſs guards at Verſailles, but knew

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knew not when to expect his return; and with joy accepted the offer of living with me whilſt her huſband remained abſent—Maria will be my attendant, my friend; and in her faithful arms I ſhall expire. I feel my diſſolution drawing near. Perhaps my laſt ſigh will die away on the air which I firſt reſpired, and my native ſoil may afford me a grave. With placid awe I ſhould receive the ſummons to my laſt peaceful home.—But I am perfectly reſigned to the Will of Heaven, and to die when and where it may command. Should I live to return to Germany, the faithful Maria will accompany me thither, and remain under my father's protection until Jaſper is permitted to afford her his.

My

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Richterſwyl, Sept. 29.

My father brought me this morning a packet, which he found among Adalbert's papers, with my miniature enclosed in them—Judge of my feelings, Angelica, when I perused the enclosed letters!

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BILLET I.

From the Marchioneſs DE VALMONT to ARMINFELD.

Monday night, 11 *o'Clock.*

TRULY you are an eccentric and unaccountable being! And ſo you are poſitively enraged againſt me, becauſe I have acted the part of a ſincere friend!

I thought laſt night you parted with me in diſpleaſure; but indeed I had a better opinion of your ſenſe, and your politeneſs alſo, than to ſuſpect you would continue in your anger—Your not coming to ſpend this evening with me as uſual,

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uſual, proves, however, that I judged you too favourably.

I have waited your arrival with impatience,—but the hour of expectation is paſt—and it is my turn to quarrel with you.

Pray, Arminfeld, what cauſe have I given you to doubt my friendſhip, or ſuſpect my truth?

Have I not, ingrate, done all I could to promote thy future ſucceſs—thy happineſs? Yes! at the forfeit of my own.

Did I not mediate between thee and Gertrude in love quarrels—labour to promote thy intereſt in the world—and conſole thee in the ſorrows of abſence?

And canſt thou doubt my friendſhip and my truth when I tell thee thou art deceived—and deceiveſt thyſelf?

Wilt thou deny that Gertrude poſtponed her union with thee from intereſted

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reſted motives—that ſhe coldly reaſoned on fortitude at ſeparation, and taught thee to acquire it?—Didſt thou not obſerve her reliſh for amuſement—her love of wealth and ſplendor, and her reſpect for title?

No, Arminfeld;—love and enthuſiaſm blinded thee to all this;—but I, at the caſtle of Delmanhoff, obſerved it;—and whilſt I felicitated Gertrude in the poſſeſſion of thy heart, I marked hers elated by the attentions of the Prince of Furſtemberg, and ſaw her cheeks glow, and her eyes ſparkle at the courteſies and compliments of the nobles in his Highneſs's train.

Why, after this, could I doubt her encouraging the addreſſes of my friend Baron Steinbach?

His letters to me, ſince his introduction to her, ſpoke his adoration of her; his late accounts expreſſed his hopes

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hopes of her being favourable to his ſuit; and his laſt letter tells of his diſappointment in fearing her attachment to a new admirer!

But if you queſtion my word, read the accompanying letter, and judge for yourſelf.

I feel I am too condeſcending thus to ſeek my juſtification, and the renewal of your intercourſe and confidence—but the heart of the Marchioneſs de Valmont is not formed for indifference!

I ſhall expect you at my feet to-morrow morning;—and then, if you entreat a return of my kindneſs, my confidence may diſcloſe to you ſentiments capable of any or every ſacrifice for your felicity.

HELOÏSE DE VALENCE, Marchioneſs de Valmont.

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LETTER

(Encloſed in the foregoing Billet)

From Baron STEINBACH to the Marchioneſs DE VALMONT.

Caſtle of Steinbach, Feb. 1.

To you, Madam, who have been the confident of my paſſion for the too charming Gertrude, I feel I owe the ſequel of an account, which I much fear will be that of an unfortunate attachment.

Her engaging deportment, the ſoft encouragement ſhe gave my hopes, the evident pleaſure with which ſhe ſought my converſation, and the happineſs ſhe

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ſhe expreſſed in making my caſtle her abode, haſtened the diſcloſure of my ſentiments of admiration for her.

She received the confeſſion of my reſpectful attachment with a winning ſweetneſs, that gave me every reaſon to flatter the hopes I had for ſome time entertained.

Her approbation of my domain, and her wiſhes to anticipate my deſires, and comply with every thing that could pleaſe my fancy, kept me in a ſtate ſo delightful, that although I looked forward with extacy, to the felicity of an union with ſo much perfection, I felt the poſſibility of deferring the abſolute propoſal for it, until my neceſſary attendance at the court of my ſovereign; to whom I purpoſed to preſent her as its chief ornament, and to entreat his Highneſs to beſtow her on me as a reward for my faithful ſervices.

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Indulging ſuch fond contemplations of future happineſs, I enjoyed with rapture that of the moment, while admiration gazed rivetted on her charms, as her elegant form bent over her harp, and her matchleſsly beauteous hands ſtruck from its dulcet chords a harmony as raviſhing as the ſoft expreſſion of her eyes. As they looked on me they faſcinated my ſoul with the radiant lovelineſs which beamed from them over her angelic countenance.

Thus indulging and indulged by her muſic, I was ſeated beſide her the other evening, when the entrance of an intruder interrupted my enjoyment.

This intruder was St. Croix, a young French adventurer. Although genteel in his deportment, polite in his manners, and handſome in his perſon, I never liked him much;—and I now deteſted him for thus obtruding.—His

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confuſion on entering,—her withdrawing into another room with him,—the earneſtneſs of their converſation, which I could partly hear, from ſeveral ſentences that caught my ear, to be a declaration of love,—and the evident agitation of her ſpirits on re-entering the ſaloon, have repreſſed my hopes.

Yet her continued condeſcenſions to me, and her marked aſſiduity to pleaſe me, ſtill ſtagger the opinion which jealouſy ſuggeſted that St. Croix is not indifferent to her.—At Stutgard I have ſeen her liſten to his ſoft converſation with evident pleaſure.—He was much at her father's houſe;—and he muſt have followed her hither by her invitation, for his viſit was unqueſtionably to her;—and he kiſſed her hand with the fervor of a favoured admirer at his departure.

What am I to think of all this?

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That the too fascinating Gertrude is a false coquette!

Ah! Madame de Valmont, pity your unfortunate friend and servant, who may too fatally prove this suspicion to be a truth.

LEOPOLD HERMAN STEINBACH.

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BILLET II.

From the Marchioneſs DE VALMONT to ARMINFELD.

Tueſday night.

AMIABLE—yet cruel Arminfeld!

Heloïſe expected you this morning to entreat her forgiveneſs,—but ſhe was diſappointed!

She waited your accuſtomed evening viſit,—but you came not!

Of *peace* or *war* ſhe gives you the choice.

You *muſt* decide on one or the other;—and *politeneſs muſt* accede to the interview which *etiquette* demands.

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To-morrow at ten my *indulgence* appoints a meeting.—You will find me awake—for I ſleep not.—Probably you may behold me riſen, and at my toilette—becauſe I deſire to appear engaging in your eyes.

Perhaps delicacy may think I ſpeak too unreſervedly.—Heloïſe ſcorns diſguiſe—Her ſoul, warmed by the fires of ſentiment, diſdains the aſſumption of coldneſs, known only to frigid diſpoſitions!

Come, Arminfeld, and behold me prompt to ſerve thee, ready to adminiſter to thy enjoyments, and capable *even* of condoling with thee on love's late perfidy!

Come—and, on the animated boſom of the gay Heloïſe, forget the prudent and deceitful Gertrude, and learn that the aliment of love is joy—not ſadneſs.—

Whatever

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Whatever ſituation, fortune and ſplendor can adminiſter to thy pleaſure, it ſhall be my care and delight to beſtow in exchange for thy heart alone!

HELOÏSE DE VALENCE, Marchioneſs de Valmont.

COPY of a Writing in ARMINFELD's hand, found in his Deſk.

Wedneſday night.

"DECEIVED, abandoned, perhaps "even forgotten, by her for whom "alone I exiſted, I am weary of life.— "It can offer me no bribe to endure it "longer.—What is the friendſhip of "Madame de Valmont? What the value "even of the warmer ſentiment ſhe "profeſſes? Nothing worth to me!

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"Away with love—cruel tormentor
"of the human breaſt!—Too well I
"feel, that whilſt life beats in mine, it
"will mingle in the current ruſhing
"through my heart, flow through my
"ſyſtem, thrill in every nerve, and pant
"in every vein.

"Thought will dwell on Gertrude,
"fancy paint her charms, remembrance
"feaſt on tender recollections, jealouſy
"view her in a rival's arms, and phrenzy
"fire my brain!

"Already does the throne of reaſon
"totter—I feel the maddening rage
"wrack every fibre of ſenſation.

"Why ſhould Adalbert live?

"Bereft of reaſon, the chief orna-
"ment of man, ſhall he exiſt more deſ-
"picable than the beaſt, whom inſtinct
"guides almoſt to rationality, inſpiring the
"wiſe with pity, and the fool with ſcorn.

"Rather—

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"Rather—yes! rather let me termi-
"nate the uſeleſs tenor of my inſigni-
"ficant days.—Judgment and ſcience,
"ſhook from their ſeat, will leave the
"empire of my mind to idiocy—No
"longer ſhall I have the bleſſing to
"heal the ſick, eaſe the infirm, conſole
"the wretched, and feel the luxury of
"doing good.—This may be the office
"of my patrimony,—and, unencum-
"bered of my wants, its powers of relief
"will be encreaſed.

"It ſhall be ſo!

"Maria, I have provided for thy
"comfort—and Oh! may the ſmall
"kindneſs I have done for thee, in
"relieving thy diſtreſs, and watching
"over thy innocence, to give it unſul-
"lied to thy huſband's arms, veil my
"paſt failings before the throne of
"Judgment!

" Auguſtus, companion of my youth, " friendſhip now offers a laſt prayer for " thee! And for all thoſe beings, to " whom my ſoul was attached by ſocial " bonds, I leave the tendereſt wiſhes " benevolence can form!

" To thee, Gertrude, my firſt, my " laſt, my only love, although falſe, my " heart bequeathes a bleſſing!

" The clock ſtrikes midnight;—and " I may ſay with Young, " It is the " knell of my departed hours."

" Adieu to the world—Farewel to " time—and welcome to eternity!"

I cannot, Angelica, attempt to deſcribe the ſenſations awakened by the peruſal of this packet.—Neither will I permit myſelf to comment on the conduct of Madame de Valmont!

Methought my grief admitted of no augmentation—but I was deceived!—

Was

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Was it not enough to mourn thee, Arminfeld, loft to me—to thyſelf! But muſt I lament thee loſt by my own conduct? Alas! Why did my heart expand to ſympathetic pity for St. Croix—Why did the intereſt it felt for the Marchioneſs ſeek to diſcover, in that myſterious ſtranger, the Chevalier du Chateaufort—and wherefore did my gratitude for Baron Steinbach prompt me to a behaviour towards him, which has deluded him, deſtroyed Adalbert, and plunged me into miſery!

Richterſwyl, October 3.

A few evenings ſince, whilſt my father was buſied in the late abode of the unfortunate Arminfeld arranging his affairs, I ſeated myſelf at my chamber window, and fixing my eyes on the dwelling whence his ſpirit prepared to

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take its flight to eternity, I was abſorbed in awful contemplations—Raiſing my eyes to that immenſity of ſpace, which Almighty Power has filled with myriads of wonders, I beheld the ætherial arch ſuddenly obſcured by louring clouds portending a dreadful ſtorm.—The atmoſphere was ſoon on fire with vivid lightning, flaſhing from the impending blackneſs, and gleaming through the firmament in a univerſal glare, or ſtreaming in blue coruſcations over the darkened ſky; while tremendous exploſions of thunder ſeemed to burſt over the lake of Zurich, and roll in lengthened peals, whoſe diſtant grumblings were loſt in recurring loud craſhes, echoed in deep roars through the ſurrounding mountains, and reverberated from their craggy ſummits.

As I contemplated with awe the ſublimity of the terrific tempeſt, the abrupt

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abrupt entrance of Maria, and the concern depicted in her countenance, turned my attention to her.

The humane ruſtic came to inform me, that a young female ſtranger in a neighbouring inn, who had juſt arrived at the village in the commencement of the ſtorm, lay ſenſeleſs, ſtruck by the lightning.

Humanity immediately pointed out my duty; I inſtantly diſpatched a haſty ſummons for my father's attendance, and defending myſelf from the beating rain and boiſterous wind, by a long thick cloak, I ran to the ſcene of diſtreſs—On a bed I beheld a lady apparently lifeleſs—I flew towards her—fixed my enquiring looks upon her livid countenance, and recognized the Marchioneſs de Valmont! A momentary averſion repelled me from her—I recoiled a few paces, and covered my

face

face with my hands.—"She ſtill breathes, Madam," ſaid Maria, whoſe kindneſs had followed me to the chriſtian duty I had wiſhed to fulfil.

I looked at Maria, as ſhe bent over Madame de Valmont.—Her eyes were cloſed apparently in death, but benevolence beamed in the anxious regards of her ſurrounding attendants.—My heart reproached itſelf for the involuntary ſentiment it had admitted—repentance baniſhed the ſenſation of enmity, and I threw myſelf on my knees beſide the Marchioneſs, ſeized her cold hand, and dropping a warm tear of forgiveneſs on her pallid cheek, felt I had obtained my own pardon.

My father ſoon arrived—He beheld Madame de Valmont with the mingled ſentiments of reſentment and pity.—His ſkill pronounced her recovering from a fainting fit—his applications accelerated her

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her reſtoration to animation. — She opened her eyes, knew me inſtantly, and caſting a look of ſorrow on my mourning habit, preſſed both my hands to her boſom.

My father appeared affected by the ſcene.—The hurrying ſummons he had received obliged him to leave his buſineſs in too deranged a condition to be abſent longer than was abſolutely requiſite; and perceiving that Madame de Valmont's indiſpoſition had been miſtaken, and that there ſeemed no danger of her relapſing into the ſwoon from which he had recovered her, he excuſed his immediate departure to the Marchioneſs, and took a polite leave of her:— his courteſy, however, was mingled with ſo much coldneſs, and his manner towards the Marchioneſs ſo different from that which he had always aſſumed, that con-

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consciousness took the alarm.—For the first time since our acquaintance, I perceived her confounded.—Unwilling to add to her confusion by looking at her, I cast my regards on the ground, reflecting how I should avoid a wounding severity, whilst sincerity avowed a change of sentiment respecting her, that must terminate any future intimate intercourse.—I felt the possibility of pardoning her for her suspicions and insinuations about me; but, at the same time, I felt the impossibility of continuing to profess for her the regard I once really experienced and encouraged.

Madame de Valmont's penetration, perhaps, divined my embarrassment; and willing to relieve her own, by an address of which she was a perfect mistress, she seized my hand, and, in an affecting and affectionate tone, demanded if I could

forgive

forgive her for having been the cauſe of my fatal removal from our native village?

Agitation kept me ſilent, and the Marchioneſs proceeded — "I beheld you, my amiable little friend, and admired you.—I became acquainted with you, and knew how to eſteem you.—I was indebted to you for civilities and kindneſs, and I intereſted myſelf in your happineſs.—I beheld yours ariſing from rural pleaſures and domeſtic delights, and judging of your heart by my own, which was more alive to worldly enjoyments than touched by the placidity of a ſequeſtered life, I employed my intereſt to procure for you what I ſhould have deſired for myſelf.—Yet the experiment has proved, that what my credit procured for your aggrandizement, woefully ſubtracted from your happineſs! Tell me then, my amiable girl,

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girl, can you pardon my interference in your fate, and being the cauſe of your removal hence?"

"Yes! Madam—I can forgive this —and more!

"I pardon you *every* thing."—

Madame de Valmont ſtarted;—and I continued—"Your interference, Madam, might have been intended *kindly*. —Alas! you misjudged my heart in thinking it ſenſible to worldly pleaſures and enjoyments;—and in judging of it by your own, you have ſuſpected it *wrongfully* more than *once*.—But I mean not to reproach you.—No, Madam, ſince you could *abandon* and *forget a virgin* attachment, and a *firſt* love, I cannot ſo much condemn you for believing me capable of what you found poſſible."

"And are you acquainted with my unfortunate paſſion for ——?"

The

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The name of Arminfeld died away half articulated on her trembling lips—ſhe dropped my hand—put her's to her boſom, and ſeemed ſtruggling for reſpiration.—

"Ah! Madam, too well I know the cauſe of the dire calamity which clothes me in theſe widow veſtments.—I have ſeen your letters to the unhappy youth, whoſe untimely fate I lament; and I forgive you all—even your unjuſt ſuſpicions of myſelf!"

Madame de Valmont burſt into tears—I wept with her.—At length, wiſhing to clear myſelf entirely of every thing, which could leave the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of my having been even for an inſtant, or in idea, falſe to the remembrance of Arminfeld, I explained the motives of my conduct towards Baron Steinbach, and the reaſons for my attentions to St. Croix.

When

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When I had concluded my recital, the Marchioneſs placed herſelf before me in an humbly ſupplicative attitude, and demanded permiſſion to exculpate herſelf, in ſome meaſure, from the extent of criminality I ſhould be juſtified in attributing to her.

I aſſured her, I was impatient to hear every circumſtance which might tend to reinſtate her in my eſteem: and ſhe continued—"You, moſt amiable, moſt injured of women, who have acknowledged the empire of him, who could never be ſeen by a female eye without exciting admiration, nor be known to the moſt inſenſible heart without ſubduing it, cannot be ſurpriſed at the ſentiments awakened in mine by his perfections.

"My admiration of Arminfeld was, however, guiltleſs (at leaſt towards you), for I believed, on firſt ſeeing you together, that he was your brother.—The crime

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crime of loving him was involuntary; for his attractions ſurpriſed my affections before I believed yours devoted to him. I conſidered you merely as a rival who might become dangerous:—and it was, not until I imagined myſelf ſecure of engroſſing him entirely, that I diſcovered your mutual attachment and engagement.

"Heaven is my witneſs that I reſpected it, and ſtrove to conquer my paſſion; yet I had not power ſufficient to fly the ſociety, which each day became more dangerous and faſcinating—If we would be virtuous, we ſhould carefully avoid every temptation that may lead us aſtray; the human mind betrays itſelf, frequently believes all it wiſhes, and may at length, by ſophiſtical arguments, flatter itſelf into a perſuaſion, and almoſt a conviction, that an action really originating from a baſe motive is meritorious. Incapable

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capable of the ſuperior conduct I ſaw you adopt, and the noble ſacrifices you made to love, I believed you uninſpired by that ſentiment, which in its purity elevates the ſoul as greatly as it debaſes the mind that contaminates its flame, by an admixture of ſenſual paſſions. I abſurdly imagined you indifferent to Arminfeld—flattered by admiration myſelf, I fancied you not inſenſible to it—and I credited your encouragement of Baron Steinbach, and the young St. Croix.—Indulging myſelf without reſtraint in the daily ſociety of Arminfeld, I formed the deſire of conſoling him for your neglect; and, blinded by my ungoverned paſſions, I believed I was performing a meritorious act, when I was gratifying them, by diſcovering to Arminfeld that my affections were devoted to him, whilſt yours were indifferent reſpecting him; and that my heart was,

as

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as I imagined, more fitted to reward his energetic love than yours."

The candid confeſſion of Madame de Valmont diſarmed reſentment. I reaſſured her of my forgiveneſs.—The Marchioneſs ſeized my hands, and falling on one knee before me, exclaimed —"Gertrude, you are more than human—you are angelic! Ah! my God, what a wretch am I! perfidious to friendſhip! falſe to love! and at the very moment you were generouſly riſking your happineſs to forward mine, by reſtoring a loſt and deſerted lover to me, I was baſely endeavouring to ſupplant you in the eſteem and affections of that being for whom alone you exiſted!!!

"But I have been ſeverely puniſhed for my guilt—The torments it has inflicted, have avenged you, Gertrude! My peace is murdered—I am wretched —Deſpiſe me, for I merit your contempt—Hate me, becauſe I deſerve your

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your abhorrence—Reproach me, Gertrude, ſpurn me from you, for I deſerve ſuch treatment."

Madame de Valmont's agony exceeded deſcription.—My ſoul compaſſionated her ſufferings—my feelings were hurt by her humiliation.—I endeavoured to raiſe her from the ground, claſped her in my arms; ſhe hid her face in my boſom in a paſſion of tears, and I wept over her.—Suddenly the door opened—I looked up, and beheld St. Croix ſtanding before me!

The Marchioneſs raiſed her eyes towards the ſtranger, and uttering the name of Chateaufort, ſunk again upon my boſom in a ſwoon!

The alarmed Chateaufort aſſiſted to reſtore her to animation with the aſſiduities of a lover.—When ſhe was ſomewhat recovered, he ſpoke his obligations to me for having guided him to Madame

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dame de Valmont.—"We owe every thing," ſaid he to the Marchioneſs, "to this admirable being," pointing to me. —"Madam," cried Chateaufort, bowing on my hand, "I acknowledge you my guardian angel—Your penetration, perhaps, diſcovered my ſituation; your pity, condeſcenſion, and ſympathy rendered it ſupportable; you ſpoke of Madame de Valmont in a language gratifying to my heart, and ſoothing to my love—in your praiſes of the Marchioneſs I almoſt enjoyed her preſence, whilſt delicacy detained me from it.—I reſolved not to throw myſelf at her feet until propriety authoriſed my devotion. —The arrival of my father, however, at the Court of Wirtemberg, in a diplomatic capacity, urged my departure thence ſooner than *etiquette* could have licenſed my addreſſing the relict of the Marquis de Valmont, with the profeſſions of my

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adoration, which, in her preſence, would not have ſubmitted to reſtraint—I was driven an exile from the preſence of the only woman who could conſole me for the abſence of her to whom I have ever been devoted. Obliged to fly my country, it was requiſite I ſhould be unknown; and, under the aſſumed name of St. Croix, I ſhould have been recogniſed by an incenſed father.

"Having, however, at length arrived at the period I had fixed for the termination of my baniſhment, I repaired hither; but the Marchioneſs was abſent.—Her return, however, was daily expected; and I each evening ſtrolled to her villa, near this village, to beguile the tedious hours in ſtraying through places endeared to me by being hers.—A few evenings ſince, I was walking through the garden, and beheld a female form, which, by uncertain moon-light, I ima-

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I imagined might be the beloved object I ſought; I threw myſelf at its feet, and alarmed a lady whom I found I had miſtaken."

Thus ſpoke Chateaufort, and in him I recognized the myſterious figure at the monument of Arminfeld—The recollection awakened an agitation that rendered me unfit for the ſociety of two perſons reunited in ſo extraordinary a manner after a long ſeparation.—Madame de Valmont muſt have perceived I was unequal to the pain of witneſſing the joy of her lover—I imagined my preſence might embarraſs her; and taking her hand, as I roſe to depart, I ſaid, "Adieu, Madam—as I ſhall ſoon leave this place, we may not meet again—I am happy to leave you under the protection of the amiable and faithful Chevalier—Reward his merits as they deſerve."

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Madame de Valmont comprehended the extent of my meaning—A bluſh of ſhame crimſoned her cheek—a tear of contrition ſtarted to her eye—She made a motion to embrace me; I opened my arms to receive her; ſhe threw herſelf upon my neck; I preſſed her to my boſom, in token of entire forgiveneſs—and we parted in amity.

Stutgard, April 16.

I HAVE bid adieu to Richterſwyl for ever! I have taken leave of my native village for the laſt time! I have beheld the lake of Zurich gliſtening through my tears, whilſt I left it to return no more!

As the embrowned woods ſurrounding it ſhook their branches to the wintry

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try wind, that ſtripped them of the laſt autumnal leaves, we departed from the ſcenes of our country, to reſide in a foreign one, where our aſhes ſhall moulder.—Amongſt the multiplicity of my regrets this ought not to be lamented—is not the earth of every country kindred to our duſt? and is not Heaven the native region of our ſouls? This world ought to attach them ſlightly—Duty and friendſhip are the ſole bonds it has on my heart—it ſtill pulſates with aching ſadneſs, to mark the courſe of tedious time—its lapſe aſſuages not my grief—the vernal ſun cheers not my eyes—the breath of ſpring renovates not my declining health—yet although the chaunt of birds exhilirates not my ſpirits, nor the bloom of flowers expands my ſenſes to enjoyment, my ſoul is not dead to pleaſure. I have been fortunate enough ſince my return hither to

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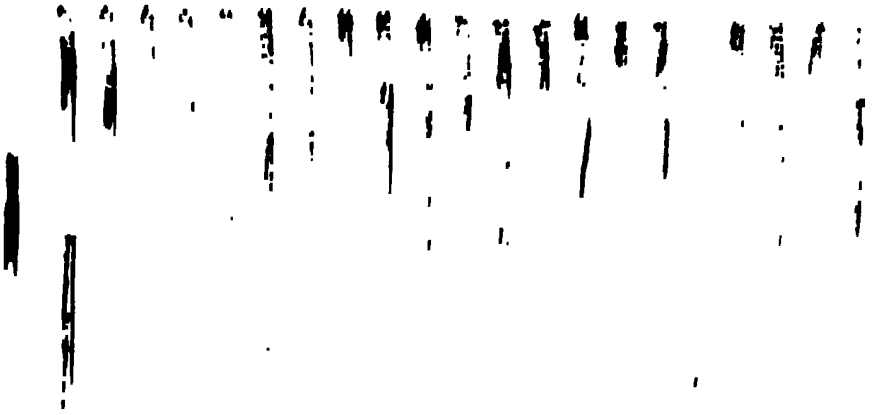

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LETTER

(Enclosed in GERTRUDE's Journal)

From Madame du CHATEAUFORT to GERTRUDE.

Paris, February 1.

ALREADY I was too much indebted to you, my kindeſt and beſt friend—but it delights you to lay me under additional obligations, and therefore I receive them with pleaſure.—

I now owe you *all* my happineſs—the poſſeſſion of the Chevalier, and the pardon and favour of his father. This has enabled us to return to our country—

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with ſafety, and in credit.—But, Gertrude, I owe you greater obligations than thoſe—I am indebted to you for the correction of my errors, the amelioration of my heart—from your example I have been inſtructed to avoid all feminine follies—I have learned ſteadineſs of principle and true piety.

Perfectly repentant for my former deviations from delicacy and rectitude, I have been taught to eſtimate a faithful heart, and to reward it with ſtrict fidelity.

The agitation I endured in reviſiting Richterſwyl, gave me an idea of the laſt torments of conſcious guilt—I fainted immediately on my arrival at that fatal place, while I contemplated the awful tempeſt, which ſeemed the vengeance of offended Heaven! On recovering from my ſwoon, the ſevere looks of your

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your juſtly incenſed and reſpectable father appeared my eternal condemnation; but in your forgiveneſs I revived to hopes of celeſtial pardon.

Chateaufort ſaw and adored your merits, from the commencement of your acquaintance; but I felt I ſhould be unjuſt to your virtues in concealing any of them; and in the diſcloſure of your exemplary conduct to me, I was obliged to diſcover the faults of mine.—The Chevalier's liberality has excuſed them, but the mind, awakened to a ſenſe of its errors, does not ſo readily pardon its own diviations from virtue; and in the frequent and unavoidable retroſpection of thoſe I have committed, I feel that *retributive juſtice* never fails to puniſh our faults; for even ſhould events prove fortunate, and our circumſtances be happy, the ſecret, yet certain and inevitable, condemnation of our own

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hearts, attended by conſcious humiliation, will aſſuredly embitter every ſweet in the cup of life: whilſt, on the contrary, a conſciouſneſs of rectitude muſt, even amidſt the ſevereſt afflictions, fill the boſom with ſerenity, and, by peace on earth, give us a foretaſte of the endleſs joys which, in a ſtate of immortality, reward the virtuous beings of this world of trial.

Such is your ſituation.

My admiration of you is beyond deſcription—my affection for you unbounded—and my gratitude as animated as my obligations to you are great and numerous!

HELOÏSE DE VALENCE
DU CHATEAUFORT.

My laſt remembrance of her will be a ſentiment of eſteem.—Angelica muſt pardon

pardon her former errors for the ſake of Gertrude.

Jaſper is liberated from the French guards—I preſented Maria to him, good, faithful, and happy as when he left her.—The honeſt ſoldier embraced her; and falling at my feet, thanked me for my care of his wife, and all the kindneſs ſhe had received ſince his departure from Swiſſerland.—Experiencing the love we bear our native country, I have given them leave to depart for their home; but Maria has declared ſhe will not part from me while I live, and her huſband remains our attendant——.

Good and happy couple! Soon will my death liberate you from the bond of gratitude which detains you from the peaceful and rural abode of your native canton—May domeſtic felicity await you both there when I ſhall be no more!

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My lamp of life is nearly extinguiſhed; glimmering, ready to expire, it renovates at moments into a faint blaze, while the felicity I have been happy enough to afford others cheers my heart, and enlivens my countenance with the reflected ſmile of complacency beaming from the eyes of thoſe around me.

Angelica, my firſt, my beſt beloved friend, farewel!

The ſweet remembrance of our faithful amity brightens my laſt hours—and theſe ſheets will be a teſtimony that friendſhip, devoting ſome of my lateſt thoughts to thee, knew no interruption but in the death of thy affectionate

GERTRUDE.

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LETTER LI.

From Dr. WESSERMAN to Sir CHARLES BELFONT, Bart.

Stutgard, May 1.

DEAR SIR,

IN reverence to the laſt requeſt of my expiring daughter, I tranſmit to your hands a packet I received from her's addreſſed to Lady Albion, to whom you will deliver it whenever your diſcretion judges it fit.

As the friends of my dying Gertrude I muſt ever regard you as mine. And I think it a debt due to your affection for

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for that amiable girl to inform you, that long ere this letter can reach you ſhe will have breathed her laſt ſigh!

Her exquiſite ſenſibility has from her infancy preyed on a frame naturally delicate—The ſufferings, the ſorrows, even of ſtrangers, ſympathy made her own: and the unhappy ſtate of her beloved brother, and the loſs of her revered mother would have been ſufficient to haſten her decline; but the death of her lover (who terminated his exiſtence in deſpair) has accelerated the moment of her diſſolution.

Submitting with exemplary reſignation to the diſpenſations of Heaven, piety has ſupported her in every trial of her life; and ſhe would willingly have ſacrificed it rather than fail in any of her ſocial, filial, or religious duties. Invariably kind, benignant, and affectionate, her manners have always been mild,

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mild, aſſiduous, and tender; and the ſweet ſerenity of her countenance correſponds with the purity of her ſoul.

In extreme youth her acute ſenſibility and weak frame ſuſtained with ſteady fortitude the ſevereſt afflictions of mortality—and ſhe endured her ſufferings with the moſt extraordinary patience. Worn down by a fatal malady that inflicted almoſt intolerable pains, and a prey to the mental torments of corroding grief, ſmiles have played around her pallid cheeks, even to the preſent laſt moments of a life which, paſſed in active virtue, ſhe is about to relinquiſh with a ſainted placidity.

This morning ſhe viſited her garden, as uſual, to breathe its refreſhing air; and on her return ſhe preſented to me the firſt blown bud of a vernal roſe, which filial affection had cultivated, and offered me as a gift expreſſive of itſelf.

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itſelf.—The roſe, as her emblem, is my favourite flower; and I received it from her hands as the richeſt treaſure. A pearly dew-drop, gliſtening pendant on its vermil leaves, was the reſemblance of a tear that ſtole down her hectic cheek —and as paternal tenderneſs kiſſed it off, a fellow-drop fell from her eye upon the roſe, and in ſilent eloquence told my heart many of my late enjoyments had been purchaſed by her tears.

I placed the endeared flower at my boſom—My beloved child ſoon after fainted in my arms from extreme weakneſs—And, alas! my profeſſional experience tells me, that ere the drooping roſe (my Gertrude's ſweet gift) withers, ſhe who preſented it will be no more!

Beauteous, bluſhing flower! blooming this morning as Gertrude lately did; thy ſcented bud, juſt unfolding to matu-

rity,

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rity, is faded and dying like her before thy prime.—

My laſt pleaſure dies with the roſe—My only conſolation expires with my child!

Yet the fond remembrance of the ſweet ſmiles that beam from her cloſing eyes, and the angelic expreſſion which, even in her laſt moments, irradiate her ſoft features, as ſhe reclines on her funereal couch, aſſure my mind that her's anticipates beatitude; and the hope of meeting her in regions of bliſs ſteals into my fancy, and almoſt ſoothes my heart to peace!

It tells me, my dear Sir, yours will require no apology for the length of this letter, which ſpeaks the feelings of a father to one whom he regards as his friend, and towards whom he muſt ever feel the ſincereſt ſentiments of inviolable attachment.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WESSERMAN.

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LETTER LII.

From Sir CHARLES BELFONT to Dr. WESSERMAN.

Belfont Park, June 3.

APPRIZED of the melancholy fate of my lamented friend Arminfeld, I was in ſome meaſure prepared for the ſad intelligence communicated by your favour to me—Yet the ſhock of its receipt was great—And this muſt apologize for my delay in anſwering it.——

Accept now, my dear Sir, my beſt acknowledgments for the touching account you did me the honour of tranſmitting, and that you did me the juſtice

to

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to believe would be infinitely intereſting to me—It has been deeply ſo indeed! and has affected me both as relating to a being who has impreſſed my heart for ever, and alſo as a teſtimony of your friendſhip, which I conſider invaluable.

The news of the unfortunate Arminfeld's deceaſe was announced to us by his ſervant La Brune; who ſet out for England immediately after his late maſter's death, and, arriving at Lady Albion's, unguardedly and abruptly diſcloſed the dreadful intelligence to my ſiſter's waiting-woman, Milford.

She communicated it in the ſame manner to her Lady; whoſe ſpirits in Lord Albion's abſence were too weak to bear the ſhock.—The dejection that had oppreſſed her on her Lord's departure increaſed, after the intelligence of Arminfeld's horrid fate, to an alarming malady;

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malady; and an occasional delirium, attendant on a lingering fever, gave us extreme uneasiness.—During her illness she frequently raved of having been the cause of the dreadful events we lamented—She blamed herself for having deserted the post of friendship, and, by absenting herself from London, having driven the lover of her beloved friend Gertrude to the solitary wilds of his native residence, where sadness threw him into a fatal despondence. She had also learned from Milford's simplicity, who was in the confidence of her admirer La Brune, that it had been surmised your amiable son's derangement originated from a hopeless passion for my sister.

These affecting reflections, added to apprehensions of her absent Lord's danger, were the subject of her frequent wanderings; and we have now discovered

vered that during a paroxyſm of delirium ſhe wrote and diſpatched a letter to the admirable and afflicted Gertrude.

She, whoſe every idea was dictated by delicacy, and whoſe every action was guided by ſtrict propriety, has returned, in the packet tranſmitted by you; all Lady Albion's letters—And ſince Lord Albion's return from ſea, and my ſiſter's perfect recovery, ſhe has arranged them with her late beloved and much lamented friend's charming epiſtles. The correſpondence forms an intereſting narrative; and here in retirement we have peruſed it, drawing from the affecting tale various morals, improving to the heart and inſtructive to the underſtanding.

In the admirable Gertrude's conduct we ſee diſplayed the faireſt virtues of human nature; and learn from her example that we may, by cultivating amiable

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amiable diſpoſitions, attain almoſt to perfection by making it our conſtant aim.

In the enthuſiaſtic Arminſeld's energetic character we behold thoſe ſame virtues at times reſplendent, yet liable to be obſcured by the ſhade of ſtrong paſſions too feebly governed; and we ought to tremble at the reflection that their impetuoſity, uncontrouled by reaſon, may endanger piety itſelf. In the unhappy Auguſtus's ſad fate we ſee the perils to which exceſſive ſenſibility expoſes a mind that neglects the neceſſary yet difficult taſk of diſciplining itſelf, to meet with firmneſs the caſualties of events, and ſupport with fortitude the diſappointments of life. In the levity of Madame du Chateaufort we obſerve the irremediable evils that may ariſe from unſteadineſs of principle, even in diſpoſitions naturally good. And in the hiſtory of Lord and Lady Albion, we find

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find that even the moſt amiable are expoſed to dangerous temptations in a life of faſhionable diſſipation.

Each ſtory exemplifies the other; for in that of Madame du Chateaufort and the Chevalier, of Lord Albion and his Lady, and Arminfeld and Gertrude, we muſt perceive that *unworthy ſuſpicions* of thoſe we love, and *ungoverned paſſions*, are the cauſe of innumerable *imaginary* and *real* misfortunes, and may ultimately be productive of the moſt direful conſequences!

It will perhaps be a ſatisfaction to you, my dear Sir, to learn that La Brune is married to Milford, who remains Lady Albion's attendant, and that the faithful ſervant of our late lamented friend Arminfeld is ſettled in Lord Albion's family as his valet.

My brother and ſiſter, reunited, and happy in each other and their beautiful

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boy, feel, whilſt they unceaſingly lament the loſs of their deareſt friends by an untimely fate, that the greateſt human felicity muſt ever be incomplete!

Every ſummer we ſhall aſſemble at this manſion, to devote ourſelves to the tender remembrance of Arminfeld and Gertrude—Our united gratitude and affection will erect a magnificent monument to them, in the church adjoining my domain at Belfont Park. There, every Sunday, friendſhip will heave a ſigh of memorial, and ſtart the tear of regret into the eyes of my mother, Lady Belfont, Lord Albion, and Angelica; and mine will overflow, whilſt I fix them on the marble record of thoſe virtues which pre-eminently diſtinguiſhed the incomparable Arminfeld and Gertrude.

Their names, united on the monumental tablet, will proclaim our obligations

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gations to them when we exiſt no longer to rehearſe them; will tell their innumerable perfections to the emulation of poſterity, and will ſhew ſucceeding generations that, living and dying inſeparable, they gave a ſtriking example of unequalled love and inviolable faith.

With affectionate ſentiments of the trueſt reſpect, I ſhall ever remain,

My dear Sir,
Your obliged friend,
and devoted ſervant,

CHARLES BELFONT.

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LETTER LIII.

From Lady ALBION to Dr. WESSERMAN.

Belfont Park, Auguſt 14.

I ADDRESS you, my dear Sir, with the affection of one whoſe heart muſt for ever be impreſſed with the tender remembrance of the late angelic Gertrude—and I flatter myſelf that the unalterable friendſhip with which ſhe honoured me, may, while I live, enſure me the favour of your regard.—To merit the approbation of your virtue will henceforth be almoſt my chief

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ambition—And the wiſh of affording conſolation to your parental grief is now my moſt earneſt deſire.

I have a tale to tell which will equally ſurprize and affect you—But—let me not keep you in ſuſpenſe.

My brother has already informed you, my dear Sir, of our intention to erect a monument to the memory of the amiable Arminfeld, and the incomparable Gertrude.

The work was hurried by our impatient affections; and the unremitted labours of an able artiſt afforded us the ſatisfaction of ſeeing his deſign arrive at Belfont Park ſome months ſooner than it had been expected.—Whilſt the ſtatuary was ſuperintending the erection of the monument, Lord Albion and I accompanied Sir Charles to view the ſculptured tablet, which our united gratitude and affection had devoted as

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their record to the ſacred memory of thoſe charming beings, whoſe remembrance muſt ever live in our hearts.

On entering the church a tear of regret trembling in my eye obſcured the inſcription, that told the perfections of the admirable couple, recorded as living and dying inſeparable, the perfect example of a pure yet ardent love, and the moſt inviolable faith. My brother turned aſide his face to conceal from our obſervation the ſorrow depicted on it; Albion, who unites the bravery of his nation and profeſſion to the ſoft virtues of a tender heart, paſſed his hand acroſs his eyes, and mine, ſtreaming in ſympathy, I covered with my handkerchief.

"Gertrude no more! Faithful to Arminfeld—Yet loſt to him for ever!" ejaculated a deep hollow voice with impreſſive emphaſis—The ſound thrilled on

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on my heart as the well-known accents of Arminfeld; and ſtarting, I aſked my Lord, after a moment's pauſe, if he had not heard and recognized the tones of our late lamented friend.

Albion ſmiled at my demand, ſaying the voice that had ſtartled me was my brother's; but on queſtioning him, and his proteſting he had not ſpoken, I ſaw Lord Albion joined in my aſtoniſhment, although he endeavoured to perſuade me that our fancy, aided by the mournful ſcene, and the ſolemnity of the place, had deluded us into a belief of having heard a voice which death had long ſince ſilenced.—"Surely," added he, "the grave cannot ſpeak to mortal ears."

Aſſenting to the truth of what my Lord had ſaid, I was abſorbed by the contemplation of the monument; where the figure of Virtue, in alto relievo,

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was mourning over the tomb of beauty, while angels were opening the portals of eternal happineſs to the ſoaring ſpirit of Innocence. The ſculptor's art had animated the marble, and the beautifully executed figures addreſſed the heart with an expreſſion to which it could not be inſenſible.—Our feelings bore an honourable teſtimony to the ſtatuary's abilities—We experienced the full power of his exquiſite art; and acknowledging that it could make marble expreſs in mute eloquence the feelings of the ſoul, and awaken pleaſure even from the ſentiment of regret, we left the church with a pleaſing melancholy inſpired by the ſoft remembrance of Arminfeld and Gertrude.

Some days following, we were informed that ſtrange noiſes had been heard by the villagers in the church, and that they believed it haunted. Lord Albion

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Albion and my brother endeavoured to quiet the apprehenſions of the ſimple ruſtics, by reaſoning with them on the ſubject of ſuperſtition, and aſſuring them that to it alone all the marvellous tales of ſupernatural agency and apparitions owed their origin.

The country people were unable to refute the arguments of his Lordſhip and my brother by reaſon, yet they poſitively maintained the truth of their aſſertions reſpecting the groans and lamentations in the church, which the ſexton had firſt heard, and which were afterwards liſtened to and affirmed by the clerk, and many of the moſt reſpectable pariſhioners.

La Brune had told the hiſtory of Arminfeld's fate; and the ſtory was circulated through the village with the addition, which was firmly believed, that his reſtleſs ſpirit nightly wandered

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round the monument of the amiable lady, beloved by him, whoſe death it recorded.

The church is an ancient edifice, and ſtands at ſome diſtance from the village on a cliff over-hanging the ſea; and the roar of its waves, with the ſolitude of the place, awakens an awe which may readily admit ſuperſtitious fears into an untutored mind. Converſing on the ſubject a few evenings ſince, I ſtrolled with my Lord and Sir Charles towards the ſhore, not far diſtant from the gate of Belfont Park.—The laſt rays of the ſun gleamed over the waves of the ſea, agitated by a gentle breeze to hollow murmurs, as it daſhed againſt the rocky baſe of the impending cliffs, and broke in circling ſurges on the pebbly beech, where we ſtood in contemplation of the ſublime ſcene.

Twilight

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Twilight ſoon enveloped each ſurrounding object in ſhade; and we were returning homeward, when a ſolitary and ſolemn figure on the cliff we were aſcending, ſtruck us all with an exact reſemblance to the light and elegant form of our long loſt and ſtill lamented Arminfeld.

"Tis his very ſhape!" cried I.

"It is his action alſo!" added my brother.

"And it is a wonderful reſemblance altogether!" ejaculated Albion, gazing on the figure; which at that moment was illumined by the riſing moon, and ſtood penſive on the brink of the precipice looking over the ſea.

We remained in motionleſs obſervance of it for ſome time; and beheld the form pace backward and forward with ſlowly meaſured ſteps, and ſolemnly majeſtic mein—It waved its

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arms in graceful action as if in earneſt converſe; yet it was alone.

"Let us approach this apparition," cried my Lord; "it cannot be the phantom of a weak imagination, ſince it is ſeen by us all—but, recognized by us each as a ſurpriſing reſemblance of one who is no longer an inhabitant of this earth, it becomes aſtoniſhing indeed!"

As Lord Albion ſaid this, I recollected the impreſſive voice uttered unaccountably in the church; and recoiling, apalled by the recurring remembrance of thoſe well-known accents, (rendered doubly ſurpriſing and terrific by the preſent awful appearance,) I entreated my Lord to deſiſt from following it.

"Wherefore ſhould we fear to encounter it?" cried Albion. "Nothing in human form ought to frighten beings endowed with reaſon; to whom that whiſpers

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whiſpers our ſouls are immortal, and, conſequently out of the power of any earthly harm."

While my Lord ſpoke he haſtened forward, and, unwilling to remain behind, I followed with my brother; whom amazement ſilenced.

As we approached the figure advanced—And, ſtopping within a few paces diſtance, offered to our aſtoniſhed gaze, not only the outline of Arminfeld's form but his countenance likewiſe; and although pallid and emaciated, it intereſted us as the reſemblance of his former graces.—His ſpirit ſeemed indeed to have borrowed an aëreal ſhade to embody itſelf to our ſenſes—We all ſtood motionleſs—The moon became obſcured by a ſhadowy paſſing cloud; but the guſt that drove it onward parted the fleecy vapours, and a broad beam of light fell on the ghaſtly countenance

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of the terrific viſion, which at that inſtant ſtarted ſuddenly from us with a deep groan, that vibrated audibly to our ears notwithſtanding the daſhing of the waves, their hoarſe murmurs in the diſtant deep, and the hollow ſighing of the riſing gale which agitated the foamy ſea. It was partially illumined by the radiance of the nocturnal planet —The moon-ſtream glittered in the undulating waters from afar, till the bold promontory, overſhadowing the boiſterous billows daſhing at its baſe, ſhewed the ſparkling particles of ſalt reſplendent as cryſtaline gems in the dark rolling ſurge.

My head turned giddy while I looked over the precipice, and perceived the myſterious figure approach its brink with haſtened, yet ſolemn ſteps.—Lord Albion, unmindful of my entreaties, followed it to the very edge, where it ſeemed

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ſeemed to vaniſh into the empty ſpace over which the rocky cliff frowned on the raging ſea.

We receded from the awful ſpot in ſilent wonder; and, as it was late, we choſe the ſhorteſt way homeward, which lay through the church-yard to the neareſt gate of the park.

The moon was occaſionally obſcured by clouds, and our path amongſt the tombs being intricate and uneven, we proceeded ſlowly, until we were arreſted by deep groans, which ſeemed to iſſue from the bowels of the earth.—We ſtood a while liſtening to the diſmal ſounds, as they recurred at intervals between the ſighing blaſt, and then dying away in mournful cadence, gave the ſtillneſs of night to the melancholy and monotonous interruption of the roaring ſea. I trembled as the groans vibrated on my heart—and even the intrepid Albion,

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Albion, on whoſe arm I ſupported myſelf, ſeemed agitated by the ſtrange coincidence of numerous extraordinary circumſtances.

As we paſſed the church door, a deep ſigh from within made us pauſe in the porch—and an audible footſtep rivetted our attention, while a hollow voice, in mournful accents, brought to our ears lamentations of the fair Gertrude's hapleſs fate. The doors were faſtened, and all the high windows cloſed againſt the poſſibility of human entrance!

"What are we to think of all this?" cried Albion; "I no longer wonder at the reports of ſupernatural agency, ſince our own obſervation has almoſt proved its exiſtence—I am reſolved to proſecute the idea of developing the myſteries of which our own eyes and ears have given unqueſtionable evidences. I will get the keys of the church, and watch the wonders

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wonders it may diſcloſe.—Angelica, let me entreat you to return with Belfont to the manſion, while I go in ſearch of the ſexton."

My brother ſeemed unwilling to let Albion explore the church without him; and on my requeſting to accompany them through it, they conſented to allow me.

The ſexton and clerk obeyed Lord Albion's ſummons, but came with apparently reluctant ſteps. They walked cloſe together, following my Lord—and as the ſexton unlocked and opened the heavy folding doors of the church, he trembled and turned pale—The clerk trimmed the lighted torch he bore, and joined his comrade in begging us not to enter—but we were reſolved on it, and proceeded up the iſles—All was ſtill—and nothing diſturbed the ſilence of the place but our footſteps.—The gleam

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gleam of the blazing torch glared on the echoing walls; and as we moved, our ſhadows in dark and tremulous ſhapes followed us in varying attitudes and groups, ſometimes vaniſhing into the obſcurity thrown around by the columns, and the receſſes of the pews—frequently, as the ſhades danced on the enlightened walls, the ſexton and clerk ſtarted in affright even at their own ſhadow—

"You ſee," cried my Lord, looking at my brother with a ſignificant glance of aſtoniſhment, "there are neither forms nor ſounds here except our own!"

"And yet, my Lord," added the ſexton, "I am poſitive the place is haunted; for indeed it is as true as we ſtand here, that ever ſince the fine monument has been put up, there have been the ſtrangeſt noiſes that can be imagined,

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imagined, of walking, ſighing, and groaning all about the church every evening at night-fall—and indeed it is not only I, but all the neighbourhood have been to liſten: and Mr. La Brune himſelf can vouch for the truth of what I ſay; for he came down one night to hear the ghoſt talk, and he declared that it ſpoke for all the world exactly like his poor young maſter who ſhot himſelf abroad. But then, ſays I, (very natural enough,) pray Mr. La Brune, ſays I, how can your maſter's ſpirit come out of the lake into which he threw himſelf, and travel ſo many miles over land, and ſea too, to this here out of the way place. But Lord bleſs us! my Lord, your valet tells me that ghoſts can go any where—and I believe he ſays true, for I am ſure I double-lock the doors, and bar all the windows quite faſt; and yet, for all that, the ghoſt comes all the ſame

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ſame as though I left both doors and windows wide open. Heaven bleſs us all! What is that, my Lord? Didn't your Lordſhip ſee ſomething moving yonder?"

It was merely the ſhadow of the ſimple ſexton himſelf, glancing over a column as he paſſed it, that had ſo greatly alarmed the honeſt fellow—and the clerk, who prided himſelf upon as much ſuperior courage as learning, took upon himſelf to chide the poor ſexton for his unmanly fears, while the torch he held ſhewed in his own ſimple countenance even more terror than was depicted on his ruſtic companion's face.

Having now taken the circuit of the church, without either ſeeing or hearing any thing extraordinary, we had arrived at the entrance, and were preparing to leave it, when a ſigh, iſſuing from beneath where we ſtood, arreſted our attention.

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tention.—Lord Albion looked round, with an expreſſion of inquiry mingled with ſurpriſe—The terrified ſexton dropped the keys upon the pavement—and the trembling clerk let the torch fall to the ground, where the damp extinguiſhed the blaze, and we were left in darkneſs!

A maſs of black clouds enveloped the moon, and obſcured it entirely for a moment; but, as the volume of condenſed vapours rolled away, their edges were ſilvered by the partially intercepted rays of the evening planet, which ſtreamed on the grave-ſtones in varying light and ſhade, and threw over the ſolemn iſles the ſhadows of huge columns, while their poliſhed ſurfaces, lucent in the moon-beams, ſhewed the contraſting darkneſs of the oaken pews even more diſmal than by day.—The ſcene was impreſſive, and I gazed round with a ſenſation

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ſation of awe inexplicable to myſelf, when a ſudden ſubterranean percuſſion ſeemed to ſhake the foundations of the church, and the loud hollow noiſe accompanying the ſhock echoed through the arches, rang along the walls of the extenſive iſles, and was reverberated in a ſolemn peal from the vaulted cieling!

We gazed on each other in ſilent amazement—Neither Lord Albion nor my brother could account for the wonderful circumſtances that had repeatedly occurred, corroborative of the clerk's and ſexton's marvellous evidences, of which our own ſenſes had too clearly proved the truth to admit our further doubt.

The terrified ſexton bleſſed himſelf devoutly, and haſtily cloſed and locked the door with tremulous hands, while the equally alarmed clerk faltered an apology

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apology for the extinction of his torch, assuring us, it must have been effected by supernatural means.—Unable to contradict this assertion by convincing arguments, Lord Albion and Sir Charles wished both our country attendants good night; and each, rejoiced to be liberated from the scene of dread and real horrors, gladly took a respectful, yet hasty leave; after which we bent our way in silence, through the village to Belfont Park.

More anxious, however, than before to investigate the mystery, which that night had proved, without elucidating, we agreed, on deliberation, to take our stand the following evening on the shore where we had already witnessed the phenomenon of Arminfeld's apparition.

Arriving at the cliff as the sun was setting, we beheld the sea calm, and reflecting on its clear and unruffled expanse the blush of the western horizon, where

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where ſtreaks of brighteſt purple and burniſhed gold marked the retiring refulgence of the ſinking luminary, whoſe ſplendid orb, glowing with celeſtial flames, darted through the ſtill illumined firmament rays of dazzling brillancy, refracted by the brightened æther.—As it faded into twilight, evening threw her grey mantle over the ſcene, blending in miſty obſcurity every object of the landſcape, except the projecting cliff, on which we fixed our gaze. The ſky was ſerene, and its clearneſs threw forward to our ſight the rude dark maſs of the rocky eminence; no ſhade but that of night was ſeen upon its craggy ſummit—not even the paſſing ſhadow of a cloud moved on its rough outline, nor did a breath of air diſturb the tranquillity of repoſing nature.—The moon at length aroſe, and ſhed over the gliſtening waves a ſea of radiance, while the promo-

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promontory near us caught its ſilver beam, and ſhewed us perfect ſolitude.

Albion propoſed that we ſhould aſcend to it through the church-yard path, and we walked onward in ſilence amongſt the rugged intricacies of the tombs, where the lettered grave-ſtones told the paſſenger that innumerable beings of times paſt had for ages ſlept in death—Humanity muſt ever tread with awe the ſacred ground where mortality ſpreads around mementos of our inevitably approaching diſſolution—And, abſorbed in muſing on the conjectural ſtate of unembodied ſpirits, I was ſtartled by a horrific ſcream!—As the ſhrill cry pierced the ſtillneſs of the ſilent hour, I trembled at the reflection, that probably the cold clay on which I trod had once been animated by a kindred ſoul, the breath of the divinity himſelf! and the fellow ſpirit enſhrined in my frame,

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frame, and awakened by ſerious contemplation to a conſciouſneſs of its own myſterious preſent exiſtence, felt that every thing muſt be poſſible to the creative Power which called us into a being not leſs wonderful in its mortal than eternal ſtate! Whilſt I was thus muſing, a ſecond ſhriek, cloſe to my ear, pierced my hearing with a deafening noiſe! I looked around, but did not perceive any thing near me, except my Lord, who was ſtunned by the ſcream equally with myſelf—Again the diſmal yell vibrated on the air; but, borne from a diſtance, ſounded more melancholy, though leſs terrible—it died away gradually into ſilence—then in louder and more horrible ſhrieks, it recurred, at intervals, around the ſpot where we ſtood on obſervation—At length the ſound aſcended; and, as we looked up whence it came, we found it was nothing but the ſcreech-owl, that flitted paſt from the

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the old ivied ſteeple of the church, to wing his nightly way through his nocturnal haunts.

Again all was quiet. The ſolitary bird, whoſe cries are ominous to ſuperſtition, flapped his unwieldy pinions to the ſounding air in heavy flight, and left the night to repoſe in all its ſolemn ſtillneſs.—

We paſſed on, when ſuddenly from a tomb-ſtone in our path, a tall thin figure ſtarted up! We ſtood in mutual gaze—It was the apparition of Armin-feld! I ſtarted back, as the moon-beams glancing over the pallid viſage, ſhewed me the wan emaciated reſemblance of our lamented friend's expreſſive countenance—My huſband and brother ſtretched out their arms to graſp the myſterious figure, but it ſhrunk from their touch, and glided to a diſtant ſepulchre.—It ſtopped to look at us;

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and perceiving our approach, ſeemed to ſink into the tomb on which it ſtood to watch our motions—My brother ſprung forward towards it; he ſtruck the iron railing round the ſepulchre, and the figure again ſtarting from it, ſtalked over the graves with haſtened ſtrides; and we beheld it bend its way to the lonely cliff overhanging the ſea.

"I will purſue it," cried Albion, diſengaging himſelf from my hold; "I "will follow it whitherſoever mortal "power can lead me."

As I leaned on my brother's arm, determining with him to go after my Lord, we ſaw the apparition wave his hand to Albion; and we ſoon loſt ſight of both —Trembling with an indefinable ſenſation, I quickened my pace towards the cliff, whither we had ſeen them go, but neither the phantom nor my Lord appeared!

Fearful

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Fearful leſt the latter had dared a leap from the precipice, whence the apparition on the preceding evening had vaniſhed from purſuit, I looked down the ſteep to the ſea, and at the foot of the cliff ſaw two figures clambering on the rock, which was waſhed by the circling waves—At length I heard Albion's voice apoſtrophizing the apparition to ſtop and declare its name and purpoſe.—It ſtood ſtill for a moment, and in the ſemblance and accents of Arminfeld, ſaid, with ſolemn and impreſſive emphaſis, "My name is dead amongſt the living; and, eraſed from the book of ſalvation in Heaven, is written in the records of the infernal and eternal priſons of futurity—My purpoſe is to wander unknown and unſeen by men—Guilt knows no repoſe—neither this world nor the next offer any reſt to me—The tombs are my aſylum—Surely thou wilt

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not dare to purſue me when I am about to enter the bowels of the earth! Then fare thee well, whoever thou art——Methinks I know thee for one who once could call me friend—our ſouls were then allied by virtue—now thou wouldeſt not claim kindred with a damned ſpirit, therefore, adieu; nor ſeek to know further reſpecting an exiſtence which is doomed henceforward to ſhun the haunts of human kind, and ſeek the repoſitory of the dead!—Farewel!"

By the glimpſe of the moon I ſaw Albion ſtretch forth his hand to graſp the ſpeaking figure, but ere he could effect his purpoſe it vaniſhed into the rock on which we ſtood!

Petrified with freſh amazement we all remained immoveable for ſome moments—At laſt we beckoned Albion towards us: and climbing the cliff he ſoon reached us, breathleſs, with aſtoniſhment;

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niſhment; and, telling us to gain the porch of the church, he ſtruck off towards the village, and in a few moments joined us at the appointed ſpot where he had deſired us to wait his return.—We found he had provided himſelf with the keys of the church, and a dark lanthorn; and that his intention was to conceal himſelf in ſome corner to watch the extraordinary agency we were authorized to expect.

We entered the church—All was quiet: and we remained for a conſiderable time in awful expectation of ſome wonderful appearance or ſound.—At length we heard a noiſe—it ceaſed—and then again broke on the ſtillneſs of the ſacred ſpot—Its ſolemnity was increaſed by the hour and our errand.

The clock ſtruck nine—As the deep-toned vibrations echoed through the long iſles, and were reverberated from

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the dome of the building, we heard a hollow tread; and directed our attention to the place whence it ſeemed to come. We heard the creaking of a heavy grating as it moved on its ruſty hinges; in a few minutes we felt the ſhock of the ſubterraneous percuſſion we had heard on the preceding night as we were leaving the church, and we beheld the myſterious figure, which had vaniſhed ſo wonderfully through the dark receſſes of the rock on the ſea-ſhore, iſſue from the entrance of the vault, where the piled coffins of our anceſtors mark the long-elapſed dates of their deceaſe.—I ſhuddered on beholding a human form thus ſtalk forth from the awful chamber of the dead—and, harrowed with dread, I watched it advance with meaſured and ſilent tread up the iſle, where we were ſtanding. Reaching Gertrude's monument it uttered

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tered a heart-rending groan; and, leaning on its baſe, it ſeemed to weep, as the moon-beam, ſtreaming through the Gothic windows, gave form to the ſculptured entablature, ſhewing the affecting ſtory of a faithful yet hapleſs love.

Albion now advanced towards the myſterious figure, which ſtarted from the monument and glided towards the vault—but my Lord had already gained the entrance; and flaſhing on the approaching apparition a beam of light, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! can I believe my ſenſes?

"Who art thou?—or rather what art thou that, in the ſemblance of one who has long been no more, reviſiteſt our ſenſes thus, in wonderful appearance of a moſt myſterious reality?"

The form, thus addreſſed, leaned againſt a column near the vault, with

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head declined and hands clasped together, in the attitude of despair.

He raised his eyes to meet the enquiring regards of Albion; and I recognized in the pale emaciated youth, our long lost Arminfeld in living form!

"Good God!" cried I, "whence do you come, my late lamented friend?"

Arminfeld, silent as a statue, gazed on us alternately, with a wildness in his look that terrified me.—My brother approached; and, recognizing our friend, enfolded him in his arms.

A deep sigh heaved convulsively the bosom of Arminfeld.—He spoke not—but he gazed on us each, with an expression of despair on his countenance that told our hearts the state of his, and said infinitely more to our feelings than words could have uttered. He fixed.

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fixed his eyes on Gertrude's monument, and burſt into tears!

We all wept—and our ſighs reſponded to each other.

At length Albion ſaid, "Let us leave this mournful ſcene, and endeavour to explain the myſtery it has diſcovered.

"Arminfeld, whom we have long imagined the ſpirit of another world, now ſhews himſelf ſtill the inhabitant of this; and from him we have much to learn. Come, Arminfeld, my long loſt friend; and in Belfont, Angelica; and Albion behold thine; each ready to ſerve thee, tranquillize thy agitation, and ſoothe thy grief."

"No, Albion," cried Arminfeld, waving his hand; "I am the pupil of Deſpair—I can have no intercourſe with comfort—I muſt henceforth live the companion of wretchedneſs—Conſolation is dead to me: it expired with

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Gertrude! Yet—pronounce not to my hearing that ſhe is no more, or I ſhall go diſtracted.——But why ſhould I fear a privation of underſtanding? rather let me invoke madneſs; and, in the anodyne of lunacy, forget the agonizing griefs that wrack my throbbing brain, and tear the fibres of my burſting heart! Sleep remembrance! Periſh intellect! And may thought be annihilated! I *cannot*—No—I *will not*—endure your torments.—Yet whither ſhall I fly? The world to me is full of miſery—Heaven is ſhut againſt me—and the gulph of perdition will render my anguiſh as eternal as my immortal ſoul!"

The deſpairing Arminfeld ſtruck his breaſt and forehead with phrenzied action—Wildneſs ſhot from his eyes—Their expreſſion petrified me with horror; and I ſunk for ſupport on the boſom of my huſband.

On

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On seeing me thus affected, Arminfeld became more calm.

My brother entreated him to accompany us to his manfion; and make it his home as long as it could be agreeable to him.

"My home," cried Arminfeld, "is the vault underneath this facred edifice—In my folitary rambles about the neighbouring cliff I have by chance explored an entrance to the fubterranean repofitory of the dead—this entrance is perhaps unknown to every one except me: an excavation in the rock overhanging the fea-fhore communicates with the adjoining vault; and I have fought it every evening of late, to bathe with the overflowings of my bleeding heart the marble record of my dreadful fate!

"Great God! What were my feelings at the moment it declared to me the

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extent of wretchedneſs which ignorance had half concealed from me. I believed myſelf deſerted by love, abandoned by Gertrude; perhaps her memory occupied by a rival, who had eraſed the remembrance of Arminfeld—A maddening rage accompanied the thought—Jealouſy purſued me every where—but—I had ſworn to live in expiation of the horrid purpoſe I had conceived of ſelf-deſtruction.—I had long lived a wandering wretched exiſtence, of which a ſincere repentance marked every hour—I hoped humbly for the pardon of Heaven—All my wiſhes were centered there; and I waited the moment of diſſolution with awful confidence of a poſſible ſalvation.—But the fatal day which ſhewed me Gertrude was no more—which told me ſhe had died faithful to a hapleſs love, and that while ſhe mourned me as dead, I had been

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the aſſaſſin of her ſpotleſs life—alas! that day robbed me of all hopes of celeſtial mercy! that day inflicted a living death.—I ſuffered all the torments of the damned, whom hope abandons for ever to deſpair!

"I am unfit for human ſociety—Leave me then ye whoſe kindneſs once beſtowed on me the ſacred title of friend—I can be no man's friend—Juſtly an outcaſt from human ſociety, I voluntarily exiled myſelf to the wilds uninhabited by mankind.

"I will not ſay it was chance that conducted me to the knowledge of my fate—I conſider it rather celeſtial juſtice—It led me into this church on the dreadful day when it received the monument of the angelic Gertrude's virtues—On reading the tablet that records her deceaſe and my crimes, my aſtoniſhment broke forth in articulated ſounds

ſounds—The univerſe diſſolved from my ſight—I felt nothing but the wretchedneſs of my own exiſtence; and, driven by deſpair, I ruſhed inſtantly from the church, and fought to hide myſelf from humankind—I ranged the ſolitary adjacent ſhore, and found amongſt the craggy cliffs a rocky cavern, the rugged intricacies of which I explored, till they led me to a grated iron door—The ruſt of years encruſted it, and the bolts moved with difficulty; but I at length unfaſtened it, and gained acceſs into a ſubterranean vault, where mementos of death were ranged around—I paſſed the day in the gloom of the ſepulchre, and at the approach of evening ventured through the chilling darkened arch towards the church, whoſe ſolemn iſle conducted me to the monument of my fate—I ſpent the night in bedewing it with tears—And each returning evening I regu-

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I regularly ſought the only ſpot where grief in utterance could relieve the weight with which it oppreſſed my labouring heart.

"Yeſterday evening, at ſunſet, I reached the cliff on whoſe brow this ſacred building conſecrates the ground, and walked penſively backward and forward near the precipice overhanging the ſea, in contemplation of a ſcene dreary yet ſublime—Nature in every aſpect addreſſes the heart—it often preſents an emblem of our minds; and then it affects us doubly—I had ſhunned the bright light of cheerful day as too great a contraſt to the ſadneſs of my ſoul, and ſought the gloomy cavernous ſepulchre as more congenial to my feelings: but as the ſhade of night wrapped the world in darkneſs, I iſſued from the cave, and met the blaſt perturbed as my own thoughts; and marked, with

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man more tenacious the loathsome sea is against its own foul. My solitude was at length surrounded on by several approaching persons—they pursued me; and I scrambled down the steep rock by my cavern, which conducted me to Bertram's monument——On hearing people entering the church I concealed myself in the recesses of the subterranean vault. But on this evening I again ventured forth—I procured some sustenance as an act of contrition; and then knew myself, in contemplation, upon a grave-stone buried in weeds and long waving grass—From this concealment I was roused by the sudden approach of yourselves, in whom my heart soon recognized friends still inexpressibly dear to it—but now totally unworthy of your regard, I determined to shun you; and hastening to a distant tomb I believed you would not follow me thi-

ther—

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ther—On seeing you bent on pursuing me, I waved you from me, and endeavoured to fly towards the cavern in the cliff: Lord Albion, however, leaped down the steep after me; and scrambling over the rugged subjacent stones, he addressed me in a voice which, recognized as his, I felt myself compelled to answer—My reply would, I trusted, secure me from his further pursuit and future enquiry; but in this I deceived myself.

"Thanks innumerable to you each for all your past favours and present solicitude—And grant the last request a wretch like me dares to entreat from your goodness—Let me still live as if I were really dead—forget me—to remember me will be to hate me—to abhor me—That curse is still wanting to complete my wretchedness! Farewell!"

Arminfeld

Arminfeld caſt on us each a parting glance ſo full of ſentiment that it penetrated to our ſouls, and drew them towards him with an encreaſed intereſt and affection. Lord Albion preſſed the youth to his boſom with all the ardour of a lively attachment, entreating him to be the companion of his future life.—I claſped the friendly hand of my amiable huſband to my heart, in token of the congeniality of my feelings with thoſe he expreſſed in ſo touching a manner; and preſſing the cold tremulous hand of Arminfeld between mine with the tenderneſs of a pure amity, I aſſured him he ſhould for ever occupy in my breaſt the place which ſacred friendſhip had conſecrated to itſelf.

Arminfeld bowed on my hand with a grace peculiar to himſelf, which can be taught by ſentiment alone—It was infinitely more eloquent than words, and

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and told me all his heart could have dictated; the energy of which would perhaps have evaporated in language, too feeble for the expreſſion of enthuſiaſm.

Whilſt the dejected Arminfeld wept in ſilence over my hand Sir Charles ſeized his, and repeated our joint invitation to Belfont Park in ſo friendly and preſſing a manner, that our new-found companion could no longer reſiſt the entreaties of ſincere affection. He moved forward with us to the manſion. On entering it we prepared my mother for the ſurpriſing event of the evening; and on beholding the youth whom ſhe had ever regarded, ſhe felt almoſt equally with ourſelves the joy of his recovery.

La Brune and Arminfeld were mutually affected at their wonderful meeting.

Our

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Our curioſity forbore every enquiry that might re-awaken the agitation we had witneſſed on our late interview.—We ſtrove by ſoothing attentions to compoſe his ſpirits, and adminſter peace to his mind.

During the evening he was calmly dejected.—On our retiring to repoſe I held out my hand to him as I wiſhed him good night.—

Arminſeld aſſumed the firſt ſmile I had ſeen him wear ſince our meeting, as he bowed upon my offered hand—the ſmile was a faint one, and more expreſſive of ſoft ſadneſs than pleaſure: for an inſtant it brightened his melancholy countenance, as the reflected rays of a wintry ſun ſhine through impending miſts over a gloomy proſpect.

"Theſe ſweet attentions from you," cried Arminſeld, "and the ſolicitous friendſhip of your amiable Lord and brother,

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brother, with the flattering regard of Lady Belfont, prove that the heart, amidſt the moſt poignant ſorrows, can never be inſenſible to the conſolations of amity."

On the following morning our intereſting gueſt appeared even more compoſed than he had been on the preceding night; and towards evening he propoſed a walk. Accompanied by Albion and my brother, we ſtrolled into the park—Arminfeld proceeded ſilently beſide me with folded arms; till, rambling through the woods, we arrived at a ſequeſtered ſpot, where the thickly interwoven branches of ſpreading trees embowered a rude ſtone—Tufts of graſs and ſoft moſſes growing over it had formed it into an eaſy ſeat; and withering fern, intermixed with green weeds, ſpreading a variegatedly verdant car-

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pet, induced us to reſt ourſelves.—A ſhady viſta through the ſurrounding foreſt ſhewed the ſetting ſun, illumining a rich proſpect of hills and dales. Arminfeld rivetted his gaze on the landſcape—he ſighed mournfully, and his eyes ſwam in tears as he ſaid, "Beautiful are the views of nature, even to the wretch bereft of *every* comfort!"

"None can be ſo unfortunate," added my brother—"We may be diſtant from our country, we may be ſeparated from our friends, may even loſe thoſe we loved moſt tenderly by death, and yet not be wretched; ſince the grave which buries our exquiſite joys, the tomb which ſnatches from our hearts the objects of its fondeſt affections, is the door that will ſpeedily open to our ſouls the conſolatory hope of a reunion

reunion with thoſe we love, and in whoſe ſociety we ſhall enjoy an eternity of bliſs!"

Arminfeld ſtarted from his ſeat—claſped his hands, and raiſing them to his forehead exclaimed, "To the wretched Arminfeld this world and the next are equally a blank——temporal happineſs is loſt to me—but—futurity will offer no recompence—The proſpect of eternity to me is dark and terrible! Hope, that exiſts in every heart, lies lifeleſs and entombed in mine—The univerſe is to me a void—futurity preſents a gulph of perdition! Juſt preparing to plunge into it, terror recoiled from the very brink of the abyſs to which the raſhly impious intent conſigned me.

Oh! for annihilation——Would that, by believing it poſſible, I could get a temporary

temporary releaſe from the idea of the dread fate that awaits me!"

We each endeavoured to recompoſe the agitated youth; my brother ſpoke with the ſoothing voice of friendſhip, my Lord uttered the calm reaſoning of a philoſopher and a Chriſtian.

Arminfeld became more calm.

On our return to the manſion he entreated me to let him ſee Gertrude's miniature, as he had loſt that he once poſſeſſed. Afraid of irritating him to deſperation by a refuſal, I permitted him to look at it—He wept over her reſemblance; and tears relieved his labouring breaſt, as he preſſed the portrait to it.

Imagining that the charming likeneſs might be a conſolation to him, I deſired him to keep it; telling him my friendſhip preſented him with a gift it conſidered invaluable.

"And

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"And love," cried Arminfeld, "thanks you for it a thouſand and a thouſand times. I accept with gratitude a preſent, of ſuch ineſtimable value that I ſhould fear to have aſked, even from your indulgence: a treaſure which the wealth of worlds could not have purchaſed. To your kindneſs I am indebted for a teſtimony of itſelf—and if any thing could enhance the value of this precious gift, to know I owe it to Lady Albion's friendſhip would increaſe its worth to me."

He requeſted me to favour him ſtill further, with the peruſal of Gertrude's letters.—And perceiving me heſitate about my permiſſion, he ſaid, "Ah! fear not to allow me what I intreat—Can my grief experience augmentation? Do I not know the worſt I have to dread?—Rather—yes, rather give my ſorrow ſome ſupport—Conſider I have

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for ever loſt my Gertrude's bright example; that henceforth it can live only in her letters; and that I ſtand in greateſt need of thoſe leſſons which can teach ſo admirably reſignation, patience, fortitude, and piety."

Thus ſolicited, I was unable to reſiſt his earneſt entreaties; and with a trembling hand I delivered to his the precious packet of letters indited by my firſt and deareſt friend.

Arminfeld's tears bedewed the traces of her pen.—But his eyes glanced with the fire of indignation over the billets of the Marchioneſs—As he peruſed them reſentment crimſoned his cheek, and he threw the hated ſcrawls from him in anger, exclaiming, "Deteſted woman! My ſoul abhors thee as the deſigning deſtroyer of my peace, as the wicked author of my paſt and preſent miſeries, as the cauſe of my future perdition!

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dition!——Revenge would blaſt thy name, would curſe thy very memory—but—Gertrude's virtue pardoned thee; and teaches me I alſo ought to forgive my wrongs, trifling when compared with thoſe ſuſpicion, envy, and malevolence offered my Gertrude's purity. Then let me, like her, be placable; and view the errors of my frail fellow-creatures with pity rather than a ſeverity of condemnation, which in weak mortals becomes a crime—Retributive juſtice is, perhaps, the attribute of perfect Righteouſneſs alone—When the Divinity condeſcends to mercy, humanity ſhould be lenient. May thy peace, Madame du Chateaufort, be already made with Heaven as it is with me! and may thy former errors, forgotten by me, never henceforth by repetition deſerve future reprehenſion!"

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Arminfeld, thus compoſed to peace by benignity, ſorrowed in placid grief over Gertrude's laſt affecting journal.—When he had finiſhed the peruſal of it, and again wept over the ſeveral paſſages where ſhe pathetically laments his ſuppoſed deceaſe, he recounted to us the circumſtances which had led us to believe it real.

"Alas!" cried the afflicted youth, beginning a touching recital, (which I ſhall give you, my dear Sir, in his own words,) "I am covered with confuſion at the confeſſion, that the unbridled paſſion of hateful jealouſy actuated me to intend the perpetration of a crime which even demons might view with deteſtation. The arch fiend waved his glaring torch of impious rebellion before my mental ſight, and ſhewed me the act of ſuicide by the dazzling light of

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of falſe reaſoning. Deſperation decided on it—and the appointed hour of twelve, ſtruck by the village clock, ſeemed to ſummon me from actual torment to future probable peace. As the laſt ſtroke of midnight vibrated through its ſolemn ſtillneſs, I graſped the piſtol deſtined for ſelf-deſtruction, and falling on my knees, pointed it to my forehead.—

"The night was ſtormy—the howling wind, whiſtling through the windows, unfaſtened the door of my apartment; and as it moved on its creaking hinges the weapon dropped from my nerveleſs hand! In its fall the charge exploded, and the bullet grazed my knee—my blood trickled on the floor—The ſight of it thus ſhed, in ſo heinous a manner, ſeemed to demand vengeance from my heart.—The breath of Heaven ſounded to my ears like the awful voice of the

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Divinity! Guilt makes us cowards, and I trembled.—

"I endeavoured to ſtanch the flowing blood with my handkerchief, and I bound up my wound, which was very ſlight, although it bled at firſt profuſely.

"Aſhamed of my intended raſh attempt on a life, which awakened conſcience's calm ſtill voice, (whiſpered by reaſon to my ſoul,) told me was not my property to deſtroy with impunity, I formed the reſolve of living to contrition. Repentance plunged the keen dagger of remorſe into my heart.—I wiſhed to fly myſelf—and, led by the uneaſy reſtleſs ſpirit within me, I ſtrayed to the ſummit of a craggy precipice hanging over the lake of Zurich; where I met the boiſterous guſt, which diſperſed the black clouds from the face of Heaven.—I beheld the moon riſe majeſtically over the mountain tops, ſilver the ſcene, and diffuſe her

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her gliſtening rays acroſs the undulating waves of the lake.—Often had her argentine beams ſhed into my perturbed ſoul the balm of peace—but—I had murdered peace! and like the ſculking aſſaſſin, who has ſtabbed at virtue, and flies to lurk in darkneſs, I ſought to hide my guilty head in the gloom of a neighbouring cavern.

"I had thrown myſelf on the rock overhanging the lake, and my hat had fallen off; but, unmindful of every thing except my wretchedneſs, I forgot to replace it on my head when I left the ſpot.

"I paſſed ſeveral hours in the lonely cave of the mountain.—My thoughts were perturbed as the bluſtering night, and my proſpects dark as its gloom. At length the ſun aroſe over the lake, and ſpread its refulgence around, reflected by the glittering water's ruffled

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ſurface—The dazzling light of day beamed over the face of nature, and my ſickening fancy ſhrunk from its brightneſs.—I remained in the cavern till grey evening ſtole on the darkening ſcene: I then wandered forth, according to my reſolution, far from my home. To ſhun Madame de Valmont for ever was my wiſh.—Diſguſt had driven me from her preſence; which never could have conſoled me for Gertrude's ſuppoſed perfidy.

"I determined to quit a country become hateful to me.—And a conſiderable ſum that I had depoſited in my pocket-book afforded me the means of tranſporting myſelf to England.

"Perſuaded that Gertrude was falſe, and cared not for me, I was indifferent about myſelf; yet I felt it was a juſt penance for my intended crime to ſupport all the torments of my exiſtence with

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with patience: and dragging on a miſerable life amongſt ſtrangers, unknowing and unknown, I wandered from place to place. I travelled over Wales on foot, and took up my nightly lodging in the rural cottages of the kind and hoſpitable peaſants of that romantic country; the mountainous and rich ſcenery of which reminded me frequently of my native land.

"Accuſtomed from my earlieſt youth to intenſe, and even abſtruſe ſtudies, it was with pain I relinquiſhed them, notwithſtanding the ſtate of my mind, which almoſt precluded the power of attention to every thing except its own melancholy reflections — Accompanied inceſſantly by theſe, and yet deſirous of diverting my thoughts from them by ſome conſtant occupation, I traverſed every unfrequented wild, explored the latent ſource of every river, and climbed

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each almoſt inacceſſible acclivity.—Sometimes benighted on ſome ſwampy moor or watery marſh, I counted the dreary hours till morning dawned; and often I paſſed the night upon a wide and barren heath, where the ſhelter of an aged and blaſted tree was all my defence from the nipping cold of froſts and ſnow, the drizzling ſhower, or the bleak piercing wind.—Sometimes I heard it howl along a deſert coaſt, or faced its cutting blaſt as it whiſtled through ancient ruins, and ſighed amongſt their ivy-mantled walls, overgrown with moſſes and weeds, and ſurrounded by thorny brambles. Deſtitute of books, to beguile my tedious time, the volume of nature was open before me, and I daily peruſed its delightful pages—in the ſtarry firmament I ſtudied aſtronomy—in the air, the earth, and waters, I explored the various ſcope of natural hiſtory

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hiſtory—And in the unſophiſticated manners of the innocent ruſtics I read the hiſtory of human kind—differing in every particular of education, employments, and purſuits, the men of every place, country, and time, are more alike than they are generally ſuppoſed—Similar powers, propenſities and paſſions muſt every where, and ever, form beings reſembling each other. Men of all nations ſhould conſider their fellow-creatures of every country as brothers—I regarded the honeſt Welch as mine, and their urbanity repaid my affection. I was always welcome to their ruſtic hearths; their cottages were my home, and their ſimple yet palatable and wholeſome fare was mine, without the deſire of any pecuniary gratuity. I acknowledged myſelf their debtor by a reciprocity of benevolence; I relieved the infirmities of age, I cured the mala-

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dies of youth by my medical ſcience; and every where I was a welcome gueſt to hoſts whoſe kindneſs wiſhed me to prolong my ſtay.

" In their rural hamlets I ſaw their feſtive throngs aſſembled, I witneſſed jocund ſports, heard the mirthful laugh, beheld the ſportive dance, and liſtened to the blithe ſong, unenvying, although my ſorrowful heart recognized thoſe pleaſures as once its own, and felt that to it the ſame joys were dead for ever!

" Ah! how often have I dwelt on the plaintive airs of the Welch harpers, till ſadneſs has racked every feeling, whilſt in remembrance fancy beheld Gertrude forgetful of me, and in my rival's happy arms!

" Thoſe were moments of maddening torture.

" Yet

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"Yet that was eaſe to what I ſince have felt!

"Leaving the weſtern principality of this country, I returned to England; and travelled heedleſsly, and almoſt without a deſign, till I reached this vicinity.

"The name of Belfont Park in my neighbourhood awakened an intereſt to my local ſituation.

"I underſtood the manſion was now inhabited by Sir Charles, his mother, and the amiable Lord Albion, with his Lady and child. Although decided to remain concealed, even from the family whom I had ſo much reaſon to reſpect and love, the idea of living in your vicinity ſeemed a conſolation to my grief. Frequently I ſtrolled round the paling that encloſes the park woods: and as I paſſed the gates leading to the manſion, I trembled with the mingled ſenſation

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of hope and dread that ſome of you might be in view. Ever impreſſed with the remembrance that Gertrude was unfaithful to my love, I felt that the ſight of you would give me afreſh the dreadful ſhock I experienced on hearing the Marchioneſs diſcloſe her perfidy.

" I had remained ſome weeks in your neighbourhood, which, like a magnet, acted with the oppoſed powers of an attractive and repulſive force, when my fate led me to the ſpot where Gertrude's monument ſhewed me *all* the horrors of my deſtiny, and taught me that I am the author of my miſeries!—Would to Heaven I had ſuffered alone! Alas! I have deſtroyed the happineſs and life of her who loved me too tenderly.—

" Gracious God! What a deſpicable wretch am I! The ſport of wild paſſions—the execrable example of their danger

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danger when ungoverned and indulged!

"Let the earth hide me!—Yet, Ah! I cannot fly myſelf—Conſcience is ever preſent with thought—thought purſues the ſoul, and its immortality will prolong my anguiſh to eternity.

"Dreadful—horrible idea!

"But my guilt deſerves the excruciating puniſhment I endure in knowing that the lovelieſt of women lived for me alone, and, that the ſame moment which proved it beyond the poſſibility of doubt, ſhewed me the dreadful certainty that my own criminality had forfeited her for ever!

"It is I who murdered Gertrude."—

Arminfeld writhed in agony.—We tried to conſole him.

"Oh! ſpeak not of comfort," cried Arminfeld, ſhaking his head in calm ſadneſs, and waving his right hand mournfully, whilſt he ſtruck his fore-

head

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head with the other.—"I am the aſſaſſin of happineſs!"

He claſped his hands together, heaved a heart-rending ſigh, hung his head in dejection, and paced the room with a ſtep that marked the anguiſh of his ſoul.

We gazed on him in ſilent ſorrow—Arminfeld ſtood ſtill—I looked up, and fixing my eyes on his, which were ſwimming in tears, I perceived a faint ſmile ſoftening the expreſſion of grief depicted on his countenance into a pleaſing melancholy.—I ſighed, and Arminfeld was ſoftened to tears.

"Why ſhould I weep?" exclaimed he; "Gertrude muſt now be at peace—Surely ſhe is bleſſed—Yes! Her virtues bore her pure ſpirit on wings of innocence to the celeſtial gate of mercy—Kindred ſeraphs hailed her approach, and angels, with approving ſmiles,

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ſmiles, opened the portals of eternity to admit her ſainted ſoul to the extatic enjoyment of beatitude!

Arminfeld raiſed his eyes to Heaven.

"Alas!" ejaculated he, "my crimes exclude me thence"——

The agonized youth ſtarted—recoiled ſome paces, and ſtaggering to a ſopha, threw himſelf on it; where leaning his head, he ſaid in ſoftened accents, "Ah! had it been my fate to watch with aſſiduous attentions the ſick couch of Gertrude, and to eaſe by my tenderneſs the pains of her diſſolution, I ſhould have entombed her in placid grief; and it would have been aſſuaged by my dutiful endeavours to conſole her father's ſorrows. But her parent—even he who was the kind preceptor of my youth, who once loved me as his ſon, will

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will curſe me with his laſt breath as the murderer of his child!

"Juſt God!" cried Arminfeld, ſtriking his forehead with violence, and looking wildly round him, "I feel—Yes! already I experience all the tortures hell can inflict on guilt!"

Again we ſtrove to tranquillize him with the hope that you would pardon him, and open your parental arms to receive your repentant pupil and ſon.

The knowledge of your goodneſs, my dear Sir, authoriſes this belief—And wiſhing you to join your cares with ours in the conſolation and preſervation of the long loſt and miraculouſly reſtored Arminfeld, Lord Albion and I ſhall immediately ſet forward on our journey, with my unhappy young friend, to your reſidence.

This

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This letter will prepare you for our arrival; and will in the meanwhile assure you, my dear Sir, of our faithfully affectionate friendship.

ANGELICA ALBION.

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LETTER LIV.

From Lady ALBION to Sir CHARLES BELFONT, Bart.

Stutgard, Sept. 9.

I SEIZE the earlieſt opportunity of acquainting you, my beloved mother, and brother, of our ſafe arrival here; where freſh ſurpriſes awaited us.

Dr. Weſſerman received us with all the kindneſs I expected, and with a joy that I had feared extinct for ever. He looked for our promiſed arrival with impatience, and came forward to welcome us with a complacent ſmile, which

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which ſmoothed the wrinkles cares and afflictions rather than age had written on his benignant countenance.——Its ſweet forgiving expreſſion encouraged the dejected Arminfeld to approach his reſpected preceptor with hopes of his pardon.

The youth bowed with expreſſively graceful reverence as he advanced towards his old friend; and, bending ſubmiſſively on one knee, affectionately preſſed to his lips and boſom, the tremulous hands which were kindly extended to raiſe a ſtill beloved pupil to the parental embraces of his inſtructor.

"Do you—can you, my dear Sir, forgive the enormities of the wretch now proſtrate before you, who is ſenſible of all his crimes, and repentant for them?" demanded Arminfeld, in a faltering voice of humble deprecation.

"I can—

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"I can—and will excuſe all your errors, my ſon," replied the amiable old man, ſmiling as he ſpoke—"I will even forget your faults, the wrongs they committed, and all the diſtreſſes occaſioned by them."

"Ah! my father, (for ſuch I will dare ſtill to call you, ſince your indulgence yet confers on me the endearing title of ſon,) your goodneſs overpowers me!—Affection knows not how to thank you ſufficiently—but you want not my poor acknowledgments, ſince benignity forms its own happineſs, and virtue muſt ever be an equivalent reward to itſelf. The ſeverity I might juſtly expect from you would deſtroy me—even your mildneſs diſtreſſes me—and your calmneſs is a tacit reproof to the turbulence of my paſſions, and the raſhneſs of thoſe actions which muſt ever cover me equally with ſhame and miſery,

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ſery, notwithſtanding your indulgent forgiveneſs of them.

"Reſtored to your affection the felicity of that favour will be deſtroyed by the apprehenſion that I can never obtain remiſſion of my ſins from Heaven."

"Then you do it injuſtice, Adalbert," rejoined Dr. Weſſerman, haſtily—"When man can excuſe, we muſt believe Providence will pardon—Can we, who hourly experience the infinite mercies of the Divinity in every inſtance, think the kindneſs of imperfect humanity can exceed that of Him who, making himſelf known to us as a God of mercy, ſeems to delight chiefly in that attribute?

"Ought we to imagine that celeſtial Truth could promiſe remiſſion to repentance without fulfilling His ſacred word?"

"Omni-

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"Omnipotence is merciful," added Arminfeld, "but He is likewiſe juſt, and vice muſt tremble."

"From the juſtice, as well as mercy of perfect Righteouſneſs, we may hope our ſalvation," rejoined the Doctor.—"Imperfect beings cannot be ſaved except by faith—this proves that our own works without it are inſufficient—infinite Mercy deviſed a certain means for the ſalvation of mortal imperfection, and eternal Juſtice will not condemn even the greateſt ſinner, who repentant humbly truſts that faith in the atoning merits of a Mediator will ſave a ſoul for whoſe redemption he expired.

"Your countenance, my ſon," added the reſpectable old gentleman, raiſing his pupil from the ground, "teſtifies a ſincere contrition which will not fail of pardon; believe, then, and hope likewiſe."

"I am

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"I am indeed, my father, truly repentant—I believe firmly—and I ſhall alſo endeavour to hope," cried the youth, throwing himſelf into the arms of Dr. Weſſerman, and burſting into tears.

The ſcene was extremely touching, and we were deeply affected.

When the hurry of our firſt ſalutations was over, our amiable hoſt looked at our ſable habits, and a tear ſtarted to his eye as he remarked the deep mourning, which, ſetting off the elegant figure of Arminfeld to the utmoſt advantage, and ſuiting the melancholy expreſſion of his intereſting countenance, ſpoke to every heart that he was the moſt amiable as he was the moſt ſorrowful of widowers.

"I would not, my friends," ſaid the Doctor, "receive you in mourning; I wiſhed to welcome you to my abode with demonſtrations of joy; and, ex-

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pecting your arrival, I have for a time laid aside the black garb, which since my wife's decease has marked me a constant mourner—I flattered myself we might each, on this happy interview, forget the griefs we all have, perhaps, sufficiently lamented."

Arminfeld passed his handkerchief over his eyes—and then riveted them on a whole-length portrait of our lamented Gertrude, which hung in the apartment.

As I glanced over the likeness, my heart felt with renewed force the shock of her decease—and her absence apostrophized my feelings with re-awakened recollection that we could never behold her more!

Yet while my friendship gazed on the well-delineated expression of her lovely countenance, the eyes of the faithful picture seemed to smile on my fancy

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fancy the tender amity of her ſteady affection—imagination almoſt heard the ſoft accents of kindneſs breathing from her ſmiling lips—and the painter's happy art had nearly deluded me into an idea (by the attitude his pencil had copied from the fair original's graces) that my friend was actually ſtepping forward towards me, with the animation the artiſt's colouring had caught from the ſentiments of her ſoul.

Dr. Weſſerman, perceiving my attention abſorbed by the beautiful likeneſs, ſaid he poſſeſſed a reſemblance of what his child had been, which was infinitely more ſtriking and animated than the portrait before us; and begging us to follow him into an adjoining room, he pointed, on entering, to a receſs veiled from us by a curtain at the upper end of the ſaloon.——Our conductor approached it, and demanded if we were

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ſufficiently prepared for the view of an affecting ſight.—After this queſtion he drew aſide the drapery, and diſcovered to us an elegant form reclining on a ſofa—It ſeemed to live—to move—it was Gertrude herſelf!

I flew to catch her in my arms, as ſhe roſe to meet my embraces.—We wept on each other's neck; but our tears were thoſe of joy, gliſtening through ſmiles, which, on the lovely cheeks of Gertrude, appeared like the tranſlucent ſhowers of ſpring ſparkling in cryſtaline drops on new-blown flowers.

I preſented my huſband to my friend—and ſhe with graceful courteſy welcomed him as hers.

During this hurried ſcene Arminfeld, petrified with amazement, ſtood immoveable as a ſtatue of ſurprize. Gertrude ſtepped forward towards her lover, with the elaſtic bound of joy and

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and affection.—Her approach animated him to recollection—to motion—he fell at her feet; and she raised him from his humble posture with one beauteous hand, while the other, laid with gentle confidence and blushing modesty on his shoulder as she bent over him, licenced a chastely ardent kiss, impressed by Arminfeld's glowing lips upon his mistress's cheek, where pleasure had renovated roses into bloom. The flush of extacy increased the brilliancy of their eloquent eyes, while the smile of felicity, dimpling round their lips, seemed to tell each other, and those who witnessed the affecting interview, that the present moments of rapture overpaid all their former sufferings.

When the first agitation of this meeting was somewhat subsided, Arminfeld's gay animation yielded to silent sadness; and a sigh heaved his bosom as he sat

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penſively beſide us, while Gertrude was narrating to me that, ſome months ſince, an acceſſion of indiſpoſition, and the perſuaſion of a quickly approaching diſſolution, had prompted her to deliver her journal, together with the packet of my confidential letters to her father's care, to forward immediately to me. "Daily expecting a releaſe from earth," added my charming friend, "I would not contradict your certainty of my deceaſe, by telling you I ſtill lived; for I believed it could only be a ſhort reſpite to the ſorrows of friendſhip for my loſs.

"But I have learned from Arminfeld's fate and mine, that patience may defy the corroſive powers of grief; and I have alſo been taught by experience, that mortal temerity ought never to dare the preſumption, even in the ſaddeſt moments of affliction, that life contains

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contains nothing worth our exiſtence.—Human ignorance can never attempt to ſcan the apparently inexplicable purpoſes of Providence, ſince it cannot foreſee future events, nor comprehend how Supreme Wiſdom prepares them from the long chain of antecedent cauſes."

Arminfeld had ſtarted from his ſeat, and was pacing the room with perturbed ſtrides while Gertrude ſpoke. The blood mantling to his cheek, and alternately receding thence, as he walked to and fro with hurried ſteps, marked the agitation of his ſoul.—

Gertrude's tenderneſs perceived his emotion; and with winning ſoftneſs ſhe beckoned him to reſume his ſeat beſide us on the ſofa.—

Arminfeld obeyed the gentle voice of love—but even beſide the idol of his ſoul, its gloom clouded his brow—Ger-

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trude ſmiled on her lover—but he hung his head in ſadneſs.

"You are diſquieted, Adalbert," ſaid the charming girl in ſoothing accents—"can nothing reſtore you to happineſs?" demanded my friend in a ſoft tone of reproach.

"Yes, Gertrude! your forgiveneſs, your ſmiles, ought to confer felicity," replied Arminfeld—He pauſed ſignificantly—trembled, and turned pale—while Gertrude, bluſhing, aſſured him, ſhe would do every thing in her power to make him happy.

Arminfeld ſeized her hand, and preſſed it to his boſom—"Gertrude," ſaid the youth, with a ſlowly ſolemn emphaſis—"you have every power over me, except that of teaching me to forget the paſt! You can perſuade me to believe every thing, but that I am worthy of you! No, Gertrude—ſweet excellence! my

my baſe ſuſpicions of you, and the deteſted crime my ungoverned paſſions prompted me to attempt, crowd upon my recollection, and blaſt even my preſent felicity, by telling me, I am unworthy of it. How can your perfection confide in a wretch ſo prone to error as I am? No, Gertrude, you *cannot*—you *ought not* to love me!"

"But *cannot* you correct your errors, Adalbert? *Ought* you not to endeavour to mend them?" demanded the ſweet girl, with an irreſiſtibly engaging ſmile.

The energetic Arminfeld dropped on one knee before her, and promiſed to do every thing ſhe wiſhed, to be all ſhe deſired.—Then taking her paſſive hand, and raiſing it to his forehead, he ſaid with a ſigh, "I would ſwear to you, my Gertrude, that I would ſtrive to govern my headſtrong paſſions, and to guide my feelings, did I not remember with

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ſhame, that I have already made this vow to you, and that it has been broken."

"Swear then," ſaid Gertrude, "you will not thus tranſgreſs again; and my affection will believe your preſent oath inviolable."

Arminfeld ſealed the vow with a fervent kiſs upon the ſnowy hand her indulgence had extended.—And his venerable preceptor, Dr. Weſſerman, raiſed his ſon elect from the ground, telling him, "that firmly to reſolve on the attainment of perfection was to render it poſſible, and that an unremitted progreſſion towards virtue muſt render us really virtuous.

"This hand," added he, taking his daughter's, and joining it to Arminfeld's, "is your temporal reward—May your united virtues obtain the celeſtial recompence which paternal tenderneſs will

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will pray for you to poſſeſs in eternity! and may a father's bleſſing be confirmed by one from Heaven, even before you are tranſlated thither!"

Arminfeld received the ineſtimable treaſure of Gertrude's hand with *ſilent* gratitude—It ſeemed to diſdain the bounds of language, too feeble to expreſs its force; and, felt by the heart, ſpoke to it all its extent in the ſentimental eloquence of the looks.

The bluſhing Gertrude ratified her parent's gift, by the preſentation of her picture; which drawing from her boſom, ſhe threw round her lover's neck—He inſtantly recognized the miniature he had ſo long worn at his heart, and had thence diſcarded on the night he had endeavoured to tear from its receſſes the mental image of Gertrude, repreſented faithleſs. Reſtoring the

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long-loſt treaſure to his breaſt, he vowed to wear it while he lived, as the ſhield of love to guard his wedded faith—and Gertrude ſmiled her approbation of the tender promiſe.

The health of my charming friend is perfectly re-eſtabliſhed by her felicity. The equanimity of her ſuperior mind, which ſupported her in affliction, tempers her preſent delight to a heavenly ſerenity, communicating to herſelf, and others, permanent and real enjoyment, from the unremitted exertion of every pious and ſocial quality. In grief ſhe could intereſt herſelf in the happineſs of others; and now amidſt all her pleaſures, her tender heart ſympathizes in the ſorrows of her fellow-creatures—She is here the admiration of all, the delight of her friends, and the conſolation of the afflicted.

Thoſe

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Thoſe only who can endure ſufferings with fortitude, are fitted to taſte the cup of joy without intoxication.

I have witneſſed the touching ſight of the innocent Maria and honeſt Jaſper Gluck, bathing with tears of affectionate gratitude the protecting hands of Armenfeld and Gertrude.

Their wonderful reſtoration to their friends and each other has filled every heart with joy—even the unhappy Auguſtus has opened his boſom to it, on the miraculous recovery of a friend whom he had long mourned as dead. They mutually wept, while each embraced the companion of their youth.

Auguſtus has ſpoken of me to Arminfeld, but the latter has not been able to perſuade his dejected friend to ſee me.—I feel the interview would be painful to me, yet ſhould it be deſired I ſhall willingly ſubmit to any degree of ſuffering

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ſuffering which may relieve, or perhaps reſtore a being to himſelf and to friends whom I love, and whoſe only unhappineſs ariſes from the ſorrowful ſtate of a near and beloved relative.

But, adieu, for the preſent—I am eager to diſpatch this, to the impatience of my dear mother and brother.—They may expect the ſequel of an intereſting tale in a few days; and, in the meanwhile, this packet will aſſure them of Angelica's affectionate remembrances, united to thoſe of Albion, and the amiable family whoſe gueſts we are at preſent.

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LETTER LV.

From the Same to the Same.

Stutgard, September 16.

ONCE more, my deareſt mother and brother, I reſume the pen, according to promiſe, with the deſire of communicating circumſtances in which I am certain you will be extremely intereſted.

Who can have known Auguſtus without feeling the deepeſt concern in his fate?—I have ſeen him—but I have not yet had an interview with him, as he ſeems reſolved to avoid me. From my chamber-windows I have beheld the

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the dejected youth wandering through the alleys of Dr. Wesserman's garden, and I could not forbear weeping to see the alteration in his amiable son's appearance.—His former vivacity has yielded to a sadness equally visible in the expression of his countenance, and his general manners.

Yesterday morning Albion followed him through his retreats, and at length introduced himself to the solitary youth —He seemed much agitated on hearing who my Lord was; but he, with an insinuation of address and conversation, gained so greatly on the esteem and confidence of Augustus, that today he has sought Albion's company, and they are now walking arm-in-arm through the garden whilst I write.——

But I am called away—therefore, for the present, farewel.

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September 18.

It was Albion who ſummoned me from this employment, to which I ſeize the firſt leiſure moment of returning, in order to inform you of occurrences that have given me both pain and pleaſure.

On laying aſide my pen, I went into the garden by Arminfeld's deſire, and we ſeated ourſelves in an alcove, where his friend ſoon entered, conducted by Albion. Seeing me thus unexpectedly, young Weſſerman would have withdrawn—but my Lord inſtantly preſented me to his companion, in ſuch a manner that it became impoſſible for him to avoid accoſting me, which he did with his accuſtomed politeneſs, yet with

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with ſo touching an air, that it ſtarted tears to my eyes.

Albion propoſed we ſhould all walk together, and Auguſtus could not refuſe accompanying us.

As we ſtrolled through the alleys, he loſt much of the embarraſſment with which he had ſaluted me; and our converſation becoming leſs conſtrained, I ventured at length to tell him, that I was ſeriouſly offended at his having neglected to pay his perſonal compliments to me on my arrival at Stutgard.

"I conſider myſelf moſt unfortunate," cried he, "in having incurred the diſpleaſure of Lady Albion; but her Ladyſhip ſhould make allowances for the impolite manners of a recluſe, whom ſtudy and entire ſecluſion, for a length of time, from poliſhed ſociety have completely ruſticated."

"That

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"That will be another ſubject of quarrel," reſumed I in a lively manner—"I ſhall expect, during my ſtay among my friends in this country, that they will each endeavour to render it agreeable to me; and pray remember, I ſhall not excuſe even a ſtudent from the forms of ſocial intercourſe and politeneſs."

Auguſtus bowed reſpectfully, and aſſured me, he muſt always be ambitious of my favour—and that I ſhould witneſs my power over him, and his obedience to my deſires, by ſeeing him remit the ſtudies to which he had lately been entirely devoted, to enjoy the infinitely ſuperior pleaſure of my company.

The fortunate effect of this interview, and the hopes of ſtill farther ſucceſs in reſtoring an amiable being to his friends, and to the advantages of ſociety, where his

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his qualities and talents will be a conſiderable acquiſition, inſpired a gaiety which gave to my manners all their natural vivacity, and the dejection of Auguſtus ſeemed in ſome meaſure to be diſſipated by it.

It is impoſſible for me to expreſs the joy I experienced on beholding him reſume his place at the ſocial board, join in converſation, and make one of the company which daily aſſembles at his reſpectable parent's hoſpitable abode. This change in Auguſtus has completed the felicity of Gertrude, has reſtored to Arminfeld the companion of his life, and the friend of his boſom, and has afforded their beloved father the moſt perfect happineſs he can taſte on earth.

Among our numerous viſitors, Baron Steinbach is the moſt conſtant.—Arrived at that age when the ardours of youth have given place to mature reaſon,

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ſon, he poſſeſſes one of the beſt hearts, a cultivated underſtanding, and pleaſing manners; and having laid aſide every pretenſion to the tender affections of Gertrude, when he learned from a knowledge of her fate they had been devoted to another, he made no claim except to her friendſhip, which his delicate aſſiduities obtained from her grateful heart; and convinced by the conſtant tenor of her ſteady conduct that ſhe is too ſuperior a character to admit feminine follies into her mind, he now reveres her virtues as highly as he formerly adored the beauties of her perſon, and ſees in her uniformly benignant manners, the moſt unbounded benevolence and perfect innocence, inſtead of the deſigning coquetry of which he once imagined himſelf the dupe.

Again I am called from this letter by the arrival of company; ſo adieu,

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adieu, until leiſure permits me to reſume the pen.

September 20.

THE viſitors who interrupted my writing to you, deareſt relatives, and whoſe preſence has retarded the diſpatch of this packet, were Baroneſs Wetzler, and her youngeſt daughter Ulrica.

The aunt of Arminſeld excited my regard and reſpect by the charms and dignity of her converſation and addreſs, while his fair couſin attracted both my admiration and affection by her appearance and manners.

Without ſtrict regularity of feature, ſhe poſſeſſes an indefinable beauty; and with the moſt artleſs deportment, ſhe has an irreſiſtable faſcination. Senſe beams in her eyes, youth blooms in her complexion,

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plexion, ſweetneſs dimples in her ſmiles, benevolence ſpeaks in her voice, innocence ſports in her manners, and all who behold her are captivated by the inexpreſſible lovelineſs which pervades her every look and geſture—Such is Ulrica Wetzler.—

She and Gertrude have now met for the firſt time; and both feel that reciprocity of admiration, eſteem, and affection which awakens and cements friendſhip.

Ulrica is an excellent muſician; ſhe plays with brilliant execution, and ſings with ſweetneſs and expreſſion. On the evening of her arrival, ſhe was entreated to perform, and complied with a willing modeſty which was charming. After a difficult leſſon on the piano-forte, ſhe favoured us with an Italian air, and accompanied by Gertrude on the harp, joined her in a duet.—My ſweet friend's

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enchanting voice penetrated to the ſoul, and guided by taſte and feeling awakened them in every one preſent, while her extraordinary vocal powers ſhewed all their extent and delicate flexibility.

Arminfeld hung enraptured on the ſurpriſingly dulcet tones which muſic drew from the melodious harmony of her inſtrument and ſong.

Beauty beamed in the expreſſion of her lovely countenance, and grace became perſonified in her form, whilſt ſhe ſwept the vibrating chords of her harp, and ſung in ſeraphic ſtrains.

Ulrica's powers ſeemed worthy to ſecond even thoſe of Gertrude, and their hearts appeared equally in concord with each other as their notes.

All the company were charmed; and the eyes of Auguſtus, fixed on Ulrica, tacitly expreſſed, that love in her form had

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had ſubdued a heart, whence his looks had caught the ſofteſt glances.—Obſerving the evident captivation of young Weſſerman, I endeavoured to confirm the impreſſion he had received, and to draw its confeſſion forth by the praiſes I addreſſed to him of the amiable muſician. Gertrude, the generous Gertrude herſelf, had anticipated all that admiration could ſay on the ſubject.

Perhaps there is ſcarcely a ſtronger proof of real excellence than allowing it duly to others—Conſcious deficiency can alone ſtimulate to envy ſuperior talents, ſince thoſe who poſſeſs them are happy to behold their pre-eminence even in others; but an endeavour to detract from merit indicates extreme inferiority.

My friend, unconſcious of her own innumerable charms, ſees them with delight in others—and, endowed with every

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accompliſhment, rejoices to behold them ſhine in her friends; whilſt the deſire of attaining each grace in its higheſt perfection, inſpires her with the wiſh of being equalled by her companions, rather than with the deſire of ſurpaſſing them.

Ulrica bowed with humility to the commendations her performances received—the applauſes of Auguſtus alone ſeemed to elate her: *and I diſcloſed* my obſervations to him with a ſignificant ſmile, which explained to him all I intended.

He coloured, ſighed; and, looking on the ground, ſaid, "Ah! Lady Albion, why ſhould you wiſh to encourage in me a dangerous ſentiment? Love is the torment of life—it deſtroys our tranquillity, robs us of happineſs, preys on our health, and enervates the mind."

"Truly,

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"Truly, my friend," replied I, "you have drawn a frightful portrait of the tender paſſion—But allow me to ſay, you have abſolutely miſſed the ſmalleſt likeneſs in your ſketch—I ſhould imagine the draught was taken from an improper and deſpairing flame rather than a pure love by your delineation."

Auguſtus ſmiled faintly at the gaiety of my ſpeech. — "Your Ladyſhip is happy," rejoined he, "not to have experienced the wretched effects of love—but do we not daily behold examples which might prove the truth of my aſſertions reſpecting its dreadful power?"

"Now, prythee, my good opponent," cried I, "don't look ſo horridly ſerious, for your gravity will remind me that I am diſputing with a ſcholaſtic reaſoner; and the apprehenſion of your logical accuracy will deprive me of any power, notwithſtanding my belief that

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a plain argument is frequently puzzled to abſtruſeneſs by deep diſcuſſion.—In argumentation people ſometimes miſtake the diſplay of learning for wiſdom, and frequently loſe truth in the intricacies of ſcience.—But let us return from this digreſſion to our ſubject: on which permit me to remark, that love, as the moſt benevolent and tendereſt of all human ſentiments, muſt conduce to happineſs rather than miſery.—When it becomes a torment, it muſt neceſſarily be defective in its aim. Conceived improperly, and nouriſhed unreaſonably, it is irrational.

"Beings endowed with underſtanding ſhould let it govern their paſſions as well as their actions; and in that caſe both would tend to ſelf-intereſt and general happineſs. Sentiment, accordingly as it is guided, forms either our felicity or miſery.—Whenever it commands imperi-

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imperiouſly, and enſlaves our judgment, it becomes a cruel tyrant, capricious, as all uſurpers are; but under regulation, ſenſibility adminiſters the moſt exquiſite enjoyments; as a well governed ſtate forms the honour and joy of its ſovereign."

"Perſuaſion from your lips, Lady Albion," ſaid Auguſtus, "becomes conviction. When you reaſon, I am your pupil."

"You want no inſtruction however in gallantry, my young friend," interrupted I, laughing.

At that inſtant Ulrica ſeated herſelf beſide me.

"You do well," cried Weſſerman, addreſſing himſelf to her with a peculiarly ſoft accent and ſmile, "to ſeek the converſation of Lady Albion; ſenſe and judgment ſpeak in her Ladyſhip's

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words, who has condeſcended to become my monitreſs and inſtructreſs."

"The leſſons of the fair Ulrica will, I am convinced, make a greater and more indelible impreſſion," added I, "and, ſolicitous for the inſtruction of my pupil, I conſign him to ſuperior tuition; ſince I am aſſured ſhe, to whom I reſign my ſcholar, can both teach and exemplify the truths I have merely been endeavouring to prove theoretically."

Ulrica demanded the ſubject of our converſation, and what Auguſtus was to learn. "I ſhould have ſuppoſed," cried the innocent girl, "that Monſieur Weſſerman was already ſufficiently learned and accompliſhed—ſurely he needs no improvement."

I ſmiled at Auguſtus—He coloured, and acknowledged his obligation to the artleſs

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artleſs Ulrica for her compliment, by a bow, which eloquently expreſſed how much he felt himſelf indebted to her.

Unconſcious that ſincerity could dictate any expreſſion which could call forth a bluſh on her virgin cheek, a ſmile dimpled in its bloom, while ſhe repeated her demand of our ſubject of conference.

"Our theme," cried Weſſerman, "was love—I was of opinion that it was one of the firſt ſources of human miſery."

"Believe it not, my dear girl," interrupted I with vivacity—"I have ventured a contradiction of this poſition, although it is advanced by a learned ſtudent. Deeply verſed in academic ſciences, ſcholars depreciate pleaſures unknown to them, and frequently deny the exiſtence of enjoyments, becauſe they differ from their own, or rather becauſe they have

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never tafted them. My young friend has fecluded himfelf from the world for a devotion to ftudy, and is not the only member of a univerfity whom retirement has rendered morofe and mifanthropic."——

"Hold, Madam!" cried Auguftus with animation, which improved his fmile—"I muft become your Ladyfhip's opponent in defence of the learned body of the fchools, fhould you fay one word more againft the members of honourable and ufeful feminaries.

"I did imagine Lady Albion was too certain of the weight of her arguments to have recourfe to the unfair means of illiberal perfonalities, which muft always weaken inftead of ftrengthening evidences, and in the fhape of glaring prejudice, warn us againft the adoption of its errors.

"I truft,"

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"I truſt," added Weſſerman, "our fair hearer will not ſuppoſe me either moroſe or miſanthropic.

"To the deciſion of her judgment I ſubmit our controverſy on love and ſenſibility—without meaning to bias her opinion, juſtice compels me to confeſs candidly, that I am more than half a convert to Lady Albion's aſſertion, that ſuſceptibility may become an inexhauſtible treaſure of happineſs to the heart; mine is open to conviction from the charming Ulrica."

"Ignorance," ſaid the ſweet girl, bluſhing, "ſhould modeſtly decline diſputation, for which it is unfitted; and ſhould equally avoid arrogant deciſion, which, ignorantly pronounced, becomes ridiculous inſtead of convincing."

"I verily believe," cried I to Ulrica in a whiſper, "that Weſſerman muſt be tutor inſtead of pupil."

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As ſhe liſtened to me, the blood ruſhing from her heart ſuffuſed her cheek with crimſon, over which a ſmile played with an expreſſion, that told me ſhe was more verſed in the theme of ſuſceptibility than ſhe would confeſs, or than ſhe believed.

How intereſting is it to ſee amiable beings mutually attracted by reciprocal admiration, which may conſtitute the chief felicity of their lives!

The aſſiduities of Auguſtus have, perhaps, already taught the young Ulrica how neceſſary they each may be to the other's future happineſs.

Social intercourſe, with ſcenes of gaiety, have chaced away the dejection which, too obſtinately indulged, had nearly brought his mind to a ſtate of abſolute derangement. Every thing that nouriſhes too exquiſite a ſenſibility, ſhould be avoided by thoſe whoſe ſouls are

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are under the dominion of acute feelings. Solitude to them will act as poiſon. In ſecluſion depreſſed by the ſlighteſt ſorrow, we dwell on the idea of our own unhappineſs; nothing contradicts our opinion that we are miſerable, and we become actually wretched.

Auguſtus has reſumed his gaiety, has recovered his attractive appearance.—Let deſpair learn from his fate, that reſolution can lead us to fortitude, that it can vanquiſh every weakneſs—that a mind enervated by the improper indulgence of extreme ſenſibility, may eaſily fall a prey to inſanity, which is the malady of the ſoul, unleſs its powers are ſtrengthened by invigorating exertions.

But a truce with moralizing—You, my dear Charles, have reſources for the full employment of your time, and the exertion of your faculties in the activity

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of a noble profeſſion; therefore you require not my ſermon.

We are preparing to leave Germany for Swiſſerland; and ſolicited by Baroneſs Wetzler to viſit her at Schaffhauſen, we ſhall ſet forward on our journey thither to-morrow in her company.

Auguſtus has not required much entreaty to join the party.—A politely preſſing invitation, addreſſed particularly to himſelf, by the mother of Ulrica, and a timid glance from the bluſhing maid, were ſufficient inſtantly to determine his conſent.

I ſhall now conclude, and diſpatch this packet, with a ſincere aſſurance that no change of place can alter my filial or ſiſterly affections, and that neither the higheſt pleaſures, nor the gayeſt feſtivities, not even thoſe attendant on the nuptials of my deareſt friends

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friends Arminfeld and Gertrude, can make Angelica unmindful of her reſpected mother and beloved brother—Therefore expect to hear from me in continuation; and, in the mean while, receive this as a token of remembrance and love. Adieu!

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LETTER LVI.

From the Same to the Same.

Schaffhauſen, September 29.

NEVER was a gayer, nor more agreeable company aſſembled, than that which at preſent enlivens the hoſpitable dwelling of Baroneſs Wetzler. Our party has been encreaſed by the addition of the Baron her ſon, and Count and Counteſs Delmanhoff. To ſay that they are each extremely pleaſing, is to beſtow on them a degree of commendation much too trifling for their deſerts,

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ſerts, and does not ſufficiently diſcriminate their characters from other agreeable people, who, however, are infinitely inferior in every reſpect to the amiable family of our noble hoſteſs. For a deſcription of each, I muſt refer you to that already given by Gertrude's pen.

In her preſent elevated and poliſhed circle, my deareſt friend ſhines conſpicuous.—Her virtues, graces, talents, and accompliſhments, with thoſe of Arminfeld, ſeem brilliant as the diamond's ſplendours, which, ſurrounded by other valuable gems, ſheds over them ſparkles of refulgence, that, emanating from its own luſtre, ſeem to radiate from the glow of the circling inferior jewels.

Since our arrival here, opportunity of intimate acquaintance and hourly intercourſe, have adminiſtered fuel to the flame

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flame in young Wefferman's heart, kindled ſome time ſince by the bright eyes of Ulrica.—And Auguſtus has ventured to diſcloſe his paſſion to her family, and even to its object, by the permiſſion and approbation of her friends. His divinity receives his worſhip propitiouſly—ſo I have quite given up all pretenſions to his gallantry—but the courteous Baron, and the polite Count, offer me all that vanity itſelf could deſire.—Therefore, pity me not, nor imagine me deſerted of flattering attentions, although admiration, love, and even adoration, attract to the ſhrine of beauty both Arminfeld and Auguſtus.

The nuptials of each are fixed for tomorrow. With an intention of adding an account of that joyous and intereſting day to this letter, I will delay its diſpatch.—But I am ſummoned from it by

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by the voice of pleaſure.—It now enlivens this dwelling, and my light ſpirits cannot reſiſt the call of gaiety—Therefore, adieu, my beloved mother and brother; although each inexpreſſibly dear to me, you cannot both together detain your ſprightly Angelica from the feſtivities preparatory to the nuptial entertainments of to-morrow.

Lady ALBION in continuation.

Schaffhauſen, September 30.

I AM almoſt exhauſted by gaiety—but in ſpite of fatigue, and the late hour, I cannot ſleep in peace until I have told you all the news of this eventful day.

Pray

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Pray then, my good mother and brother, place this more to the account of my kindneſs for you each, than to the ſcore of female loquacious communicativeneſs, and you will both find yourſelves great debtors to my affection: but it is almoſt ungenerous of me thus to preſs your weighty obligations to my attachment ſo much on your obſervation.

I will now proceed to inform you of things more novel, and ſcarcely leſs intereſting to us each, than my filial and ſifterly love.

This day's feſtivities have celebrated a *double wedding!* Hymen has united at his ſacred altar, the hands of Adalbert and Gertrude—of Auguſtus and Ulrica. Parental conſent bleſſed the doubly binding union of beloved relatives, and religion's ſanctifying ceremonies ſanctioned the public vows, which in ſecret had been interchanged between hearts bound together

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together by love's roſeat wreaths.—And mutual confidence, with reciprocal eſteem, will ever keep the garland of matrimony in its freſheſt bloom.

The dawn was uſhered in by a ſerenade; which was conducted by the taſte and gallantry of the two bridegrooms.—It was performed by ſurpriſe, and by a charming band ſtationed under our windows at day-break; and ſweet muſic's ſofteſt ſtrains, in melodious breathing of wind-inſtruments, awakened us to the firſt pleaſures of a joyous morning.

The ſun roſe in all his ſplendour from his golden couch, glittering in the eaſt, hung round with purple curtains by clouds, which, changeful as the ſoft folds of floating drapery, ſhone luſtrous to the light.

Gertrude, bluſhing as the roſy hours, iſſued from her apartment in bridal habiliments

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biliments of ſnowy white, emblematic of her virgin innocence—her veſtments were ſimply elegant; and the graces ſeemed to have been her hand-maids.—Her rich auburn treſſes were bound up in wreaths, and faſtened by a ſtring of pearl, which entwined round the gloſſy braids, and, confining their luxuriance into the antique form of Grecian taſte, hung behind her left ear, terminated by taſſels of ſmaller pearl: native beauty, however, was her chief decoration.—Some locks of her ſhining hair, in lightly-flowing ringlets, ſhaded her forehead, and ſtrayed on a neck, whoſe ſymmetry and poliſhed fairneſs appeared to emulate a buſt of Parian marble, modelled from the Medicean ſtatue of exquiſite female proportions.

My friend's ſalutations were ſoft as the ſtrains of muſic that had awakened her

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her from ſlumbers—and ſhe ſmiled an inexpreſſible kindneſs on Arminfeld, as ſhe acknowledged her feelings debtors to his gallantry and taſte, for their having conceived, ordered, and preſided over the morning concert.

"If Gertrude's correct judgment approve its performance," cried her lover, "I may be certain it has not fallen ſhort of my wiſhes; which by that means deſired to prove my love would ever be ſolicitous to procure the moſt exquiſite enjoyments for its admirable object."

Auguſtus received, with equal delight, the applauſe Ulrica beſtowed on the ſerenade, and the tenderly delicate aſſiduity which had inſpired him with the elegant idea of affording her ſuch a charming proof of ſolicitous attention to her pleaſure.

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The blooming girl, as Gertrude's ſiſter bride, was attired, like her, ſimply yet becomingly, and more adorned by nature than ſtudied art.

After the impreſſive ceremonies which ſolemnized the indiſſoluble union of the happy couples, we repaired to the vineyard, now in higheſt beauty; where its poſſeſſor, Baroneſs Wetzler, had ordered a rural breakfaſt to be ſpread for a numerous company, in the pavillion ſo charmingly deſcribed by the juſt pen of my deareſt friend, in her letters addreſſed to me from Schaffhauſen.

Picture us each aſſembled, ſurrounded by all the luxuriance of the vintage. The columns of the temple were entwined with garlands of flowers, which, in blooming wreaths, intermingled fragrant bloſſoms with the ripened

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ripened fruit of bluſhing vines hanging in rich feſtoons.

The board was ſpread with all the luxuries of the dairy and orchard; and the ſweeteſt gifts of Flora, diſpoſed in ruſtic baſkets over the table, ſeemed to vie, both in perfume and hue, with the choice ſtores of Pomona, while the nectarious juices of her moſt delicious fruit, expreſſed into the ſparkling goblets of Bacchus, ſhewed all the treaſures of his vineyards.

The fairy ſcene was enlivened by a full band, ſtationed on the Rhine in boats, with ſtreamers fluttering to the air, in honour of the day.—As the magnificent river, waſhing the ſloping lawn in front of the pavillion, rolled his current paſt us, the waters ſoftened the tones of harmony which floated on the breeze in melodious airs, while a

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happy group met to hail the enraptured Arminfeld and Auguſtus, leading their lovely brides to return, with courteous compliments, innumerable congratulatory ſalutations of the gueſts aſſembled to felicitate them.

During breakfaſt the bright luminary of day moved ſerene to his ſplendid throne of meridian refulgence, through his wide vaulted chamber of the ſky, under a canopy of deep celeſtial azure enwoven of pureſt ether; and from his morning path were diffuſed its moſt brilliant rays, refracted in priſmatic colours, by the foamy ſpray of the cataract of Lauffen, ſeen from the pavillion, and gliſtening in varying hues through early dew-drops, which engemmed nature's rich robe embroidered with a thouſand flowrets of brighteſt dye. While the ſpangled lawn warned

warned our footſteps from its dewy verdure, we traverſed the vineyard through its arborous walks, and ſeated in its trelliſed alcoves, we chaſed ſwift time by ſocial converſe till the hour of dinner. It was a ſumptuous repaſt, laid out in rural elegance, under the trees on the lawn—Our muſic played in the temple, and the ruſtling leaves of our ſhades joined in whiſpers to the ſtrains, while the ſweet choriſters of the woods, in mellifluous carols reſponded to every cadence in long warbled trills.

In the evening, our company ſtepped into magnificent barges, and, borne along on the ſwiftly-gliding ſtream of the Rhine, we marked the rich beauties of its varied banks, and viewed with wonder and awe the enchantingly picturesque ſcene of the ſtupendous and ſublime cataract of Lauffen, with all

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the accompaniments of its romantic landſcapes.

As the ſun ſunk in his reſplendent bed, evening threw around it his purple curtains, lined with ſaffron and fringed with gold—but twilight was rendered luminous by the full-orbed moon, and glittering ſtars, which decked the firmament with glowing gems; and their reflection in the undulating waters increaſed the radiance.

On landing, we beheld from the lawn an illumination in the pavilion. Brilliant luſtres, pendant from the dome of the temple, ſhed over the encircling foliage, and wreaths, hanging from them, a dazzling light; while coloured lamps, ranged in feſtoons, and entwining ſpirally round the columns, with blooming garlands, threw an air of enchantment over the ſplendid ſcene.

Our

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Our band, now ſtationed on the lawn, ſtruck up a full ſymphony as our company ſtepped on ſhore; and in varying ſtrains awakened all the powers of harmony, while we walked towards the pavilion.—On entering, the meaſures of melody changed from a ſoft adagio to ſprightly time in allegro, which inſpired the merry dance; and the dome of the temple echoed to our ſteps.

Arminfeld, animated to increaſed attractions, perſonated elegance in his addreſs: his converſation was as brilliant as the illumined ſcene—And his Gertrude, lovelier than her former ſelf, moved the deity of beauty and of grace.

Ulrica danced with a charming vivacity and lightneſs; and might have borne away triumphantly the firſt plaudits, had not my deareſt friend been preſent.

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The hours flew like moments on the wings of pleaſure, while the ſprightly dance exhilarated our ſpirits.

Baroneſs Wetzler herſelf joined in the ſportive mazes, conducted by my Lord; who was afterwards honoured by the gay Counteſs of Delmanhoff's hand—And I gave mine by turns to the courteous Baron, his brothers the polite Count, and intereſting Auguſtus, and to the engaging Arminfeld himſelf, without exciting the jealouſy of Albion!

But we have all ſuffered too ſeverely from that ſentiment, to admit it again into our boſoms—Let love avoid that paſſion as its greateſt bane!

We danced until a late hour—And this ſuperb ball cloſed the entertainments of the wedding feſtivities.

After a day of repoſe, we are to commence a long journey——*Whither*

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I will not now inform you, that I may keep *curiosity* awake—Let your impatience keep it company; and, eagerly waiting another letter, receive this as the faithful messenger of Angelica's filial and sisterly affection.

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LETTER LVII.

From the Same to the Same.

Villa of Arminfeld, Oct. 8.

I FIND this place as delightful as poets can fancy the garden of Eden, and I have named the place Elyſium—but I would not uſe it in my date, leſt you ſhould fear I was no longer an inhabitant of this world, as you knew not whither we intended to bend our long journey. It has been moſt agreeable —The weather was enchanting, and our hearts were as peaceful as the ſky was ſerene. Our gay party travelled hither

hither in a company—and its arrival was welcomed by a crowd of villagers, conducted by Maria and Jaſper Gluck; who were ſent forward to prepare every thing for our reception. The pavilion was illuminated, and a hoſpitable yet elegant entertainment gave the innocent ruſtics a joyous evening; who beheld, with unfeigned joy, the happy return of Arminfeld and Gertrude to their native home. In celebration of this event we all danced on the green, intermixed with the pictureſquely habited Swiſs peaſants—And the rural muſic of a goat-herd's rebec enlivened our ſprightly ſteps.

Arminfeld and my ſweet friend did the honours of their *fête* with a grace peculiarly their own.

He moved with elegant agility in an allemand, and Gertrude tripped with the eaſy lightneſs of a wood-nymph.

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New pleaſures have marked every hour ſince our arrival—I might almoſt believe myſelf in Heaven, ſurrounded by the virtuous ſpirits of the bleſſed.

Every ſpot here is familiar to me from my deareſt friend's exact deſcriptions.—The ruſtic pavilion at the entrance of the houſe, the elegant veſtibule, the beautiful ſtaircaſe, the ſuperb circular ſaloon, that commands the magnificent proſpect of this enchanting country,—the Gothic library, in the arrangement of which the taſte of Arminſeld preſided; the odoriferous garden, the embowering ſerpentine paths, and the charming ſequeſtered grotto, with the picturesque Alpine bridge, and the romantic caſcade, appeared to my fancy as if I had often ſtrayed about them.

In this ſweet retreat we paſs our days in rational employments of utility, we purſue

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purſue knowledge in ſtudy, improve our underſtandings by converſation, and refine our manners by ſocial intercourſe.

Contented in ourſelves, and happy in each other, we have not one wiſh ungratified! nothing interrupts our perfect felicity, except the idea that we muſt ſeparate!

Alas! thus our higheſt enjoyments prove themſelves incomplete.

Yet, why complain, when Heaven is indulgent, and gives to mortals every joy, except the completion of bliſs, which might render us unmindful of celeſtial beatitude? Providence, equally kind in what it denies, as in all it gives, points our ſouls' wiſhes to eternity by the imperfection of our earthly ſtate. —Then let us be grateful even for our diſappointments—and ſince our terreſtrial delights are tranſient, let us ſnatch their

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their gay bloſſoms from the tree of life, enjoy their fleeting fragrance for the paſſing hour, nor mourn unreaſonably when we behold them fade; but looking for a ſucceſſion of freſh ſweets, treaſure each floweret of pleaſure in our thankful boſom, as memorials of the paſt enjoyments Heaven's bounty gave for imperfect ſamples of celeſtial and imperiſhable bliſs.

Auguſtus is to live with his father; and has a promiſe of obtaining ſome appointment about the reigning Duke's perſon at Stutgard; where the fair Ulrica will ſupply the place of a daughter in Dr. Weſſerman's houſe. Baroneſs Wetzler, attached to Swiſſerland, will retain a home there, from which ſhe will make frequent excurſions to the reſidence of her children, and her nephew Arminfeld; who, with his Gertrude, will ſhine the chief ornaments of the Court

Court of Furſtemberg: and when a relaxation from buſineſs permits Arminfeld's abſence from the Prince, the happy couple will ſeek this ſweet retreat, in company with Auguſtus and Ulrica, and their reſpectable father.

Here annually reunited in domeſtic felicity, they will anticipate the joys of Heaven, while their virtues, by acts of beneficence, will transform this earth into a Paradiſe!

And now having completed the hiſtory of my deareſt friends, I muſt bid my beloved mother and brother adieu—

Dear ties of my heart, your reſidence in England divides my affections between my native land and this country.—Albion and I will ſometimes reviſit it at the call of friendſhip; and this idea will diminiſh our regrets on leaving it.

My little Herbert thrives prodigiouſly by change of air—and ſports in childiſh

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childiſh amity with the engaging heir of Count Delmanhoff.

Our boy ſhall be a citizen of the world—his mind ſhall not be contracted by illiberal prejudices againſt men of other kingdoms, though he ſhall love his own.—He ſhall eſteem the virtues of every nation—but—born a *Briton*, he ſhall be an *Engliſhman*, and add new luſtre to *Britannia*'s glory.—His name, enrolled amongſt her brave ſons, ſhall ſhine on the brazen records of fame, as having lived to the advantage of his country, or died for its honour—And devoted to the ſervice of his King, either as a gallant ſoldier, or an intrepid ſailor, maternal affection and national pride will pray, that he may gather the laurels of victory to deck the triumphal ſea-girt car of the Genius of our Iſle; while her buckler, emblazoned with the colours of *United Britain* ſhall ſhield the

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ſplendid crown and ſceptre of her Sovereign!

Once more, adieu, until we meet.—In the meanwhile, let us congratulate each other on the happy concluſion of the intereſting tale of Arminfeld and Gertrude—And may their fate warn the ſuicide to drop the inſtrument of ſelf-deſtruction ere it be too late to repent!

While wrapped in midnight darkneſs and mental gloom, he ponders on the impious deed of ſelf-murder, and lifts his daring hand to commit the fatally raſh act, let him recollect, that as returning morn will diſperſe the ſurrounding darkneſs, ſo may happineſs re-illumine his path through life. Let him remember, that religion can ſupport him in adverſity; that piety will tranquillize his ſoul in every affliction; and that the mercy of Providence, mingling the

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the cup of mortal exiſtence with juſt proportions of bitterneſs and ſweets, frequently renews our ſmiles from tears, as ſhowers renovate the flowers.

But, above all, let thoſe who meditate on ſuicide, never forget, that as *time* is nothing to *eternity*, ſo can there be no compariſon between *temporal ſufferings* and the *never-ending torments* to which that deed of foul rebellion conſigns the worſt of criminals, who premeditately dares a heinous ſin, which he knows can *never* be repented.

FINIS.

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